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Secret Memoirs and Manners of several Persons of Quality of Both Sexes from the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediterranean In 4 Vol

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AN

Island in the *Mediterranean.*

In Four Volumes.

VOL. IV.

The Sixth Edition.

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THE

French Tranſlator's

EPISTLE DEDICATORY

TO

LOUISA of *Savoy*,

Counteſs of ANGOULESM.

MADAM,

THE Firſt Volume of *Eginardus* having been Sacred to *Francis*, our Auguſt Monarch; the Second would have eſteemed it as an Indignity, to have implored Protection from any but your Highneſs.

THITHER, Madam, all honeſt Hearts have a natural Propenſity; with Pleaſure we behold You the happy Favourite of a vertuous Prince; our Souls repleniſhed with Delight! our Eyes crouded with Tears of Joy! acknowledge none ſo worthy.

Your Highneſs, Madam, ſucceeds the Dutcheſs of *Beaujou* in the Counſel and Eſteem of the King. That Deſign which was aſcrib'd to *Auguſtus*, when he appointed *Tiberius* to be his Succeſſor, that the Foil might ſhew the Diamond to Advantage, ſeems to have been in the Mind of our Monarch: By her falſe Glare, to diſplay the true Brightneſs of your Highneſs's Vertue.

The Dutcheſs of *Beaujou*, doubtleſs, made the Inſtrument of Heaven, to bring ſuch Goodneſs into the Family of BOURBON, never can forgive her ſelf the ONLY meritorious Action of her Life! You no ſooner appeared, Madam, but we breathed a new Air, from the ſweet Odour of *ſolid Vertue! ſound Religion, unfeigned Piety!*

Piety! unaffected Generosity! affectionate Reverence to the Throne! The Graces were seen to take Residence among us, instead of *Looser Gallantry*, *Heterodox* Opinions, *Ridiculing of Devotion*, *Rapacious Avarice*, *Contempt* and *Neglect* of our *Lawful Monarch*, by a *Fashionable Pride*, which made it a Mode to despise, what, next to our Religion, is dearest to us.

No sooner was your Highness the just Object of our Esteem, but You became one of Hatred to the Dutchess of *Beaujou*; she found her Error in bringing You to Court, and would have retrieved it; which being impossible, she began to persecute and reproach; she thought it Ingratitude and Presumption to dare to be good near her Person, she would ruin what she had raised. But not succeeding, because Your Highness was alway full of Vertue, full of Duty to the Throne; she terms the Countess of *Angoulesm* an *Ingrate*. You have repayed Reviling with Blessings, shewed a Meekness truly primitive; yet nothing has been able to influ-

ence that haughty Heart, which *ſcorns* to compound for leſs than Ruin! and who for having ONCE! *one* ONLY time of her Life, done a good Action! makes it her perpetual Boaſt and Regret; with the Vanity of retorting upon your Highneſs what all Mankind do upon her, *The Sin of Ingratitude.*

The whole Creation ſtands at a Gaze, to hear that Word ſo often uſed in the Family of the Dutcheſs of *Beaujou*, where it never ought to be named! In Policy the *Sound* ſhould be kept as remote from her Ears, as the *Reverſe* has been from her Practice.

But, why, Madam, does ſhe ſtigmatize your Highneſs? YOU, EVER FAULTLESS? What have you done? No ONE Action towards her Diſgrace, the Work was all her Own! She deſpiſed —————— and would no longer obey ———— Becauſe you could not proſtitute your Deity and your Manners to ſo hateful an Imitation: Becauſe you were

ſtill loyal, ſtill vertuous, you muſt be termed *ingrateful!* But if a long Train of Injuries and black Aſperſions, can cancel one Obligation (as certainly it does,) How innocent are you, Madam, in reſpect of the Dutcheſs of *Beaujou*? How criminal the Dutcheſs of *Beaujou*, in regard to the Counteſs of *Angouleſm*?

Heaven is ſometimes pleaſed with Bitterneſs to *Zeſt* the Bowl of Bliſs! This Attempt of impotent Malice, flies like Clouds before the Morning-Sun of Vertue! Your *undeſerved Sufferings*, *Innocence perſecuted!* makes you dearer to our Hearts! In you, Madam, may be ſeen a Prodigy, the Favourite of the King, become the Darling of the People. We promiſe our ſelves, Madam, a gracious Repreſentation from your Goodneſs! You will fill our Sovereign with a tender Regard! confirm his Zeal for Religion! promote the Intereſt of the Ingenious! and introduce at Court, an other Recommendation for the Deſerving, than the late faſhionable One of Money.

I, the humbleſt and moſt unworthy of your Servants, do plead no Merit from *Eginardus*, but a bare Tranſlation. If ſome Part of it be thought too light, to entertain your Highneſs, be pleaſed to conſider it as Shades and Colours in Painting, the Deformity of Vice expos'd, to heighten the Beauty and Shine of Vertue!

I am, with moſt profound Reſpect,

MADAM,

Your Highneſs's moſt Obedient

And moſt Humble Servant.

THE-

THE PREFACE.

THE Incouragement my courteous Readers have given Eginardus, *in less than six Months to take off so large an Impression, and suffering Him to come to a second Edition, has tempted me to make a Translation of the second Volume, which I here present, with hopes it may not prove less acceptable, for being more diverting.*

The Entertainment being to a Lady, there's not so much of the Politick as in the first Part, more of the Gay: None who reflects on Painting (the Sister-Art) will dispute Eginardus's *Taste, in drawing the same Persons in different Manners, sometimes at* Length, *sometimes a* Head, *at* Large, *or in* Miniature: *A good Hand has its several Beauties in several Attempts, tho' the Face be still the same.*

Eginardus *had an Opportunity (as Ambassador at* Constantinople*) to give us, after the Life, the Persons he represents. He seems to have took particular regard to* Stauracius, *doubtless, because he was the first Person of the Empire. Wether* Eginardus *survived* Stauracius *may be a Question; I incline to believe he did not, he being silent upon his End, which was very re-*

remarkable; *for as the* Hiſtorians *tell us*, The Empreſs having diſcovered his Deſigns againſt her imperial Dignity, would not reward his Ambition as it deſerved; in Conſideration of his former Services, ſhe puniſhed him no otherwiſe, than by forbidding all Men to keep him Company, or ſpeak to him: Which moderate Carriage made him ſo aſhamed of his Offence (wandering and alone, ſhuned by all the Empire as the Monument of Ingratitude) that he dy'd of Grief, unlamented.

The Town being ſo barren of Diverſion, nothing new of that kind having appeared ſince Eginardus: *Neither* Novel, Memoirs, Comedy *or* Tragedy, *tempted me to bring on this ſecond Volume ſooner, by ſome Months than I deſign'd. I hope it may not pleaſe the leſs for its ſudden Appearance: When we had Writers that entertained from the* Theatre *twice a Year, it was not thought too often.*

The Task I had enjoyned my ſelf, is now performed: After having been long toſt by tempeſtuous Schiſmaticks, *I have brought the* Orthodox *of* Eginardus *into Port. Leaving to thoſe more happy in the Pen, to entertain the Town hereafter: I have done* —— *and take leave, with* grateful Acknowledgments *to my* Reader, *for his* Favour *and* Indulgence: *Contented (tho' but a Tranſlator) if my Mite has contributed any Thing towards the Diſplay of* Vice *and* Faction, *towards the Recommending of* Principles *and* Vertue.

O For-

O Fortune! Golden Deity! once thought so propitious to the *Roman* Empire, haſt thou a real, or an imaginary Exiſtence? Art thou indeed what ſome did of Old pretend? Art thou more than a Name? A Name! which the unenlightned World had a Pretence to worſhip, when they ſaw thee careſs'd, adored, made the conſcious Witneſs of imperial Cares and Pleaſures! Emblem of the World's Dominion! lodg'd in the Royal Bed-chamber, and never transferr'd but with the Empire; as if, where thou wert placed, univerſal Sway was fixed: When the expiring Emperor could no longer defer Immortality, when he felt himſelf *haſtning to be a God*, by his dying Orders (tho' even then, not without Reluctance) thy Statue was tranſlated to the Apartment of the Succeſſor? thy Preſence included all other Enſigns of Sovereignty, imperial Purple, Rods and Axes, the Diadem of the Earth! waving Crouds thronging the Progreſſion, thy Altars were invaded, Clouds of Incenſe rouling from the kneeling World, to beg of Fortune long Life for their new *Auguſtus!*

Thus ſituated, thy Appearance was awful, all Men acknowledged and invoked thee; what-

whatever befel of Great, whether of Good, or Ill, of Wonderful, or Improſperous, was ſtill aſcribed to Thee; the Riſe and Fall of every *Sejanus* was the Work of Fortune: This built and adorned thy numerous Temples and Altars, conſecrated thy wavering Image, and ſet it aloft for Adoration; taught the Value of thy indearing fleeting Minutes, how to purſue and catch at an Embrace when thou didſt but offer a Piece of thy inchanting Face, the leaſt of thy alluring Glances; as alſo to dread, to tremble, to deſpair, when Fortune turned her Front: Mankind thus conſtituted (by the Extremity of Hopes and Fears) for willing Slavery, no wonder thy Dominion became abſolute, and thy Divinity the moſt formidable to the Univerſe.

But when the ancient Worſhip was exploded, their Gods no longer obtaining, Altars demoliſhed, Idols proſtrated with Contempt, Temples tranſlated, and their *Arcana* expoſed to the Scorn, nay Abhorrence, of thoſe who had but yeſterday paid them Homage; How didſt thou ſurvive the Opinion had of thy contemporary Divinities? Is it not marvellous, a Reſult, a Proof of thy real Exiſtence, that thou alone of all thoſe numerous Objects, the inventive Heart of Man had formed to himſelf for Adoration, ſhou'dſt ſtill ſubſiſt, ſtill maintain deſpotick Sway, preſide over our ſecret Thoughts, our Hopes and Fears, and of the Croud of thy Votaries art perpetually invok'd

with

with inward Homage, who undertake nothing of moment without first imploring the Benignity of thy Smiles? Art thou a Ray, an Emanation from the eternal Mind? Is it warrantable to regard thee, not only as a Cause, but a divine Cause? As *Juvenal* seems to be of Opinion, when he tells us with a Contempt I cannot approve,

Fortune was never worship'd by the Wise,
But set a-loft by Fools, usurps the Skies.

Wonderful as thou art, continue still to dart a Ray in Continuation of our *European* Memoirs; we bring to the Foot of thy awful Throne That which has been said to be meritorious in thy Empire, the Brave and the Presumptuous are known the Favourites of Fortune: May he not assuredly be term'd brave, who in this degenerate Age dares trace the Windings, the Deformity of Faction? who does not tremble at the great Man's vicious Frown, and the mighty Lady's Revenge? and can embrace the Demon of Poverty, rather than that of Dissimulation; who with never ending Aversion pursues Ingratitude, Wresting of royal Favour, Avarice, and lawless Love; who reveres the beautiful Goddess Vertue, embellished by herself, and adorned with transcendent Charms. Smile as before, O *Fortune*! upon the gliding Ink, conduct the Meanders of our Pen, so shall my Reader be charm'd at the auspicious Emanation which

which departs from thee; so shall he be warmed at the Pleasure thou wilt enable us to bestow; so shall all be Sun shine, flow'ry Lawns, and flowing Vintage; so shall I be secure of an immortal graceful Laurel, and the World delighted to bestow it.

Monsieur *L' Envoy* of *Charles* King of the *Franks*, *Horatio* that immortal *Roman*, and the Count de St. *Girrone* rendered themselves at the Pavilion of the beautiful *Ethelinda*; she had notice of their Arrival, and sent a Gentleman of the Ceremonies to introduce them; they had already been prepossest by the Prior of *Orleance* in favour of her Charms, and had raised their Ideas to something very lovely; but found themselves obliged to acknowledge she out-did the most luxurious Imagination: This Princess had introduced the Manners of the *Greek* and *Roman* Empire, into her Court; neither was it defective, as to Behaviour, Ornaments, Modes of Living, Eating, or any other Superfluities, Vices that had degenerated the Rulers of the World; Vices which they were now become fonder of than Liberty; Vices! which had deservedly made them a Prey to the Inundation of those *Barbarians*, who had so often overwhelmed them.

Ethelinda was resting upon a Bed (according to the manner of the *Romans*, who lay down whilst they eat their Meals;) at the Head or Canopy the Painter showed us *Venus*, ascending from the Sea in a Carr of

Mo-

Mother of Pearl, her new-born naked trembling Beauties ſeem'd animated with ſo divine a Bluſh, ſo lovely a Confuſion, that ſhe never fail'd of giving Part of it to her Gazers. Large Shells of Tortoiſe inlaid with huge oriental Pearls, and Blendings of Ivory, grac'd the Royal Couch; the Length was an entire Piece of Painting by the beſt Hand, a *Leda* in the Embraces of *Jupiter*, under the Milk-white Down of a beautiful Swan; theſe were Objects capable of warming the moſt Inſenſible, as if particularly deſigned in favour of her who appeared more than Repreſentation, the ſhining *Ethelinda* her ſelf, who lay beneath this heavenly Scene of Love, all warm, amiable and young; her large black darting Eyes, full of that Fluctation of Mind and Deſire ſhe gave to others; her Hair of the ſame jetty Shine was tuck'd under Lockets of Rubies, as if to ſuppreſs the ſwelling Curls from falling to obſcure her Forehead. A Veil, the Colour of Junquills, was tack'd to a waving Plume of Carnation-Feathers, and fell careleſsly upon her Shouldiers, and ſometimes plaid upon her Cheeks, but was too artificially diſpoſed (notwithſtanding the Careleſneſs of its Air) to cover too much of any of her Beauties, either the glowing Cheek, or well-turn'd Neck, or ſwelling-Breaſts. A looſe Mantle of Gold Stuff embroidered with Scarlet and Pearls, and lin'd with Ermin, ſeem'd as a Defence from the Coldneſs of the Seaſon, but did neither

neither cumber nor conceal the ſlender taper Waiſt, habited in a cloſe Robe of plain white Sattin, genteely made, and admirably becoming. She was leaning with her Head upon her Hand which reſted upon an Embroidery of Gold and Green Pillows; her other Hand was employed in holding a Paper, that ſhe ſeemed to think contain'd ſomething worth her Regard; yet a ſwimming Languiſhment, an agreeable dying Air, gave us to ſee this fair Princeſs found not all Things within her ſelf; that that Mine of Beauty ſhe was poſſeſs'd of, was not ſufficient to her own Happineſs; in a Word, ſhe appeared not ſullen nor diſcontented, but uneaſie, as if deſiring that which moves the tendereſt Deſires; nor bold, nor angry, nor vexatious, but full of warming, ſoft tumultuous Inclinations.

Her Age was that wherein Beauty is the ſtrongeſt, nor wanted it the Blue of fifteen, to the ripe ſweet Perfection of eighteen! Could I trace her every Charm, my Pen would out-do the Pencil; for as yet there had never been any Painter (tho' many had attempted) that could come up to Nature in the Divine *Ethelinda*'s Form: For to a marvellous Regularity and Harmony of Features, there was added an Air ſo bewitching and inexpreſſible, that Art could never catch; many faint Repreſentations had been made, many painful Eſſays, but this inimitable Charmer had the Plea-

ſure

ſure and Grief to ſee nothing could equal her whilſt ſhe was living, nor preſerve the true Repreſentations of her Beauty, when her Beauty nor her ſelf ſhould be no longer living.

O Heavens! cry'd out the mourning gallant *Horatio*, as ſoon as he beheld the Princeſs, is it into a Corner of the North that you have brought me to behold Perfection? after compaſſing the World, I am forc'd to ackowledge that I have never ſeen nothing but *Ethelinda*; that no other Objects compar'd are worthy of Sight, or to be term'd beautiful; and that this Princeſs muſt command us to treat her as mortal, before we are able to put off our Apprehenſion that ſuch Charms are more than Mortal. *Ethelinda* had a ſhort Whiſper from the Prior to tell her who *Horatio* was, ſo that not ſeeming as if the Diſcovery was new to her, ſhe received him with an Air that expreſſed not leſs Satisfaction. If in me, my Lord, ſhe immediately anſwer'd, your Lordſhip is pleaſed to ſay you find what Beauty is, without warring with your Sincerity, I will receive and be proud of Praiſes, that depart from ſo great a Man, a Man whom I count my ſelf fortunate to behold, and whom the univerſal World admires. The Love of Glory was never conſpicuous in any but *Horatio*. *Alexander*, and *Cæſar*, whom all Pens and Tongues have been ready to bring in as glorious Parallels, when they would compliment their greateſt

greateſt Heroes, attempted it, but could not ſucceed, becauſe the Fame they acquired had not Vertue for its Foundation: *Horatio* was born for the Benefit of Mankind, they for Plagues and Puniſhments. Nor can your former Worthies, *Cincinnatus*, *Fabricius*, *Curius*, (wanting a ſufficient Temptation to Vice) be ſaid to come up to you; they worſhipped only the Goddeſs of Poverty, and thought they did all Things, if they but preſerved themſelves free from Avarice and Riches: The *Romans* were then young in Luxury, or rather it was not ſo much as thought on among them: But alas! how are they degenerated from that renowned Simplicity? They have, for ſome Ages, only been diſtinguiſhed by the Elegancy of their Vices, and ſhewn the World how many monſtrous Appetites the Heart of Man can entertain. *Horatio* dares be vertuous for the ſake of Vertue, and has done ſtupendious Things for the Love of his Country, for the true valuable Love of Fame, abſtracted from any other Regards. What your Highneſs has ſaid, reply'd *Horatio*, gives us new Subject of Admiration, that a Lady ſo young, ſo beautiful, ſo delicate, ſhould know our Hiſtory, and that of the World ſo much better than many of our Senators: It ſhews, indeed, that Nature in you was reſolved upon a thorough Miracle, to accompliſh your Mind with the ſame Prodigality of Perfections as ſhe has done your Body: Methinks I am, indeed, a Heroe whilſt praiſed

by

by *Ethelinda*. The Princeſs wav'd her Return to this Gallantry, becauſe ſhe would receive the Count *St. Girrone*, whom the Envoy preſented to her under a very advantagious Character; whilſt *Horatio* begg'd her Highneſs's Permiſſion to embrace the young *Roman Albinus*, who was then in the preſence. My Lord, ſaid this Patrician to *Horatio*, drawing him a little a-part, I am ſurprized and tranſported at meeting you here: I am ſent by the Emperor, as Ambaſſador to King *Beraldus*, and therefore you need not wonder to find me making my Court in this Pavilion; but what I have to ſay concerning your Lordſhip is, That *Conſtantine* needs your Preſence: He has profited of your Letters and Advice! They have encouraged and directed *Herminius*, all Things move as you could deſire. It is generally believed he deſigns you ſhould take upon you the Command of his Forces; ſeveral are ſent in ſearch of you; his Imperial Majeſty gave me ſtrict Orders to enquire for you, which I have done thro' every Place where I have paſs'd. When you have finiſhed here, I will acquaint your Lordſhip with the preſent Diſpoſition of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court, and the Changes that have happened. They could ſay no more becauſe Supper was ſerved, the Princeſs re-aſſumed her Couch, and tho' there was nothing of Splendor or Delicacy wanting to provoke her Gueſts to eat with a good Appetite, yet we may truly ſay, that

ſhe

ſhe feaſted their Eyes more than any other Senſe, and they would rather have choſe to hear her ſpeak than eat themſelves. *Ethelinda* ſeem'd, by her Charms, her Wit, polite Converſation, Elegancy of Living, to intend her ſelf a Pattern of Queen *Cleopatra*, of whom the Hiſtorians have ſaid, *That never any Woman had that exquiſite Art of refining and heightning Pleaſures, by the Charms of Novelty, that ſhe had; ſo that the moſt inconſiderable Trifles, when managed by her Skill, received ſuch an Air, as made them the moſt agreeable Diverſions.* As *Ethelinda*'s Beauty was intoxicating, her Wit was inchanting: An irreſiſtible Softneſs in her Manner, drew in the moſt deſponding Heart, and ſubdued the Boldeſt. She could inſpire Courage into the one, and Reſpect into the other. Nature deſigned her for an univerſal Charmer. *Horatio* forgot his Grief, the Envoy his lovely Idiot, the Count *St. Girrone* his Indifferency, or the ſlight Inclination he had for the *Sicilian* Beauty: *Albinus* no more remember'd his *Camilla* or the Buſineſs of the Empire: Before Supper was half over, *Ethelinda* was an abſolute Conquereſs, and they could for ever have wiſh'd to live as now, or rather to die, than depart from her charming Manner of Living.

Monſieur *l'Envoye* ask'd the Princeſs in what State She had left his *Vandal* Majeſty, for he underſtood her Highneſs was returning from her Embaſſy to that victorious Monarch?

narch? Ah, your Excellency! Name him not, reply'd she; a dirty rude insensible Wretch; one would rather chuse to be *Horatio*'s Dwarf, than that unaccountable King. 'Tis true, his Courage is indisputable, or rather brutish; he fights as he eats, by instinct, and has scarce Cleanliness, no Delicacy in either. Yet the World has renown'd him for Truth, for Justice, for Mercy, answered *Horatio*: Vertue's natural to him, and but with Difficulty and long Study of Philosophy, attain'd in others! Ay, the Brute, cries *Ethelinda*, speaks and acts as he thinks! He does not pretend to Management, Dexterity, or Amusing an Enemy, but by downright Fighting. He'll never make a Politician. And then for his Justice, he lives in common with the Rest of his Monsters of the Army; to hurt them, he thinks would be hurting himself: His Mercy will come under the same Head: He wears, he eats, he drinks, he sleeps, he lives promiscuously with his Soldiers: This might have been a Merit before the World understood Politeness; or even now were his Army reduced to utmost Difficulties, and in want of all Things, then I should think it meritorious to lay by the Monarch for the common Soldier; but not to know how to assume him, never to be a King in the midst of so many Conquests, can any Thing be more despicable? When your Lordship arrives at his Court, you will find your self in the dirtiest Place that ever

you

you were in, in your Life; it does not at all discompose his Majesty, that the Avenues either to his Pavilion, or whatever House he shall please to take up his Residence in, (for he commonly chuses one of the worst, I speak of him out of his own Dominions,) are up to his Horse's Girts in Filth. This Monarch loves the State of Nature so much better than that of Art, that his Steeds have as little of Improvement as himself; their long switch Tails, and full-grown Mains, guiltless of the Scizzars, or any other Decency, are as worthy Admiration as their Master, only not in their Kind so handsome. His rustick Majesty is not at all solicitous of the Beauty of his Beasts, he only values their Strength and Service; nay, I believe he so little loves Amiableness in any Thing, that were it in his Power, he would make himself ugly. I assure your Lordship 'tis not his Fault, that he has not brought this to pass. But though he can't distort his well-turn'd Limbs, nor corrupt his nice-made Shape and Height, yet the hideous Clothes he wears are sufficient to disguise them: His greasy Buff-Jacket, and Robe of coarse Serge, the same with his Soldiers, are no mighty Ornaments. Then for Linnen, he is at mortal Enmity with it, nor can his fine Face or Hands boast of common Cleanliness. He never uses the Bath, odoriferous Oils and Gums are not so much as named near *Theodorick*. As to his Hair, it is under no other Discipline but that of his own

Royal

Royal Fingers, you may guefs at the fierce martial Air of his unkemb'd Locks. Buſkins, in which, after the manner of the *Romans*, the World is become ſo neat and nice, are never worn by his Majeſty; he lies down in his Boots cover'd with Duſt and Dirt, and the Royal Bed, or rather Sty, is of a Piece with the reſt. Had this Monarch always liv'd, and had the Dominion of the World, there had poſſibly never been any of thoſe Arts that we have ſeen invented. A plain Piece of ſlit Fir unpoliſh'd, ſerves him for a Table, Scrutore, Burreau, or what you pleaſe; the whole Apartment is without Ornament or Cleanlineſs. Then for Wine, his abſtemious Majeſty never drinks any: when he eats, Thumbs and Fingers are of excellent uſe to him, he ſtands in need of no Auxiliaries: Teeth and Claws were the firſt invented Machines. He ſays the reſt are all ſuperfluous, and however to be endured in a Palace, ought never to approach a Camp. When he beheld the Luxury and Profuſeneſs practis'd about the Perſon of one of the *Roman* Generals, his temperate Majeſty ſhrunk up his Shoulders, and ſaid, No wonder they were ſo often overcome by the hardy *Barbarians*, ſince effeminated with Vice and Delicacy, and before the Fight, half conquered by enervating Luxury.

Yet your Highneſs finds, reply'd *Horatio*, that this young Conqueror is already ſo formidable, that not only the North trembles

bles at his Arms, but he influences the Affairs of all *Europe*; ſo unſuſceptible of Pleaſures, ſo regardleſs of Pain, ſo fond of War, and ſo indefatigable in it. The Potentates fear the Lengths he may go, when there is nothing to influence or reſtrain him in his Love of Conqueſts and Glory. Ah, my Lord! cry'd *Ethelinda*, name not Glory and *Theodorick* together, he knows not ſo much as the Meaning of the Word, ſcarce ever hears the Sound, or when he does, he underſtands it not; like ſome Beauties, they conquer they can't tell how, and paſs over a charming Youth, without heeding or knowing the Merit of it. Whence then, with your Highneſs's Leave, anſwered *Horatio*, is it that his *Vandal* Majeſty performs ſuch glorious Things? From a brutiſh Obſtinacy, reply'd the Princeſs; and I am much miſtaken if he do not, one Day, fall by it: Succeſs cannot always attend a Man that moves upon no ſurer Principle, than his own headſtrong Will. The Gods defend your Highneſs from a prophetick Spirit, cry'd the Envoy, the King of the *Vandals* is a good and faithful Ally of the King of the *Franks*, and one who is known to be Maſter of ſo much Truth, Honour and Sincerity, that all he ſays and promiſes, may be depended upon. Yet that does not forbid, interrupted *Ethelinda* in ſome Warmth, with your Excellency's Leave, but that all that Truth, Honour and Sincerity you boaſt of, may have only the Spirit

of

of Obſtinacy for its Foundation. I could give you ſeveral Inſtances of it. When they once put a Thing in his Head, it is never to be got out; or when he once forms a Reſolution, no political Conſiderations can ſhake it; he knows nothing of Devoir or Decency, you may judge of it by his refuſing to ſee me, though I came with a publick Character from King *Beraldus*, and that I was formerly Attendant upon the Queen his Mother, and born his Subject; whatever his chief Miniſter and Favourite could urge, what I by my Letters could intreat, ſignify'd nothing, I was a Woman, and he would not diſcourſe with me. Ah, happy Monarch! cry'd out *St. Girrone*, thou art ſomething more than a Mortal who can'ſt thus command thy Paſſions; he is not only, Madam, a great King, but the wiſeſt Man, who knew there was no truſting himſelf near your Highneſs; the Fight was unequal, he could conquer only by flying, ſuch Eyes as yours would diſarm the Univerſe. He had no longer been a formidable Monarch at the Head of a conquering Army: *Beraldus* had triumph'd in the Perſon of *Ethelinda*, and *Theodorick* had been the vanquiſh'd. This is only Gallantry, my Lord, (reply'd the Princeſs, with a bewitching Smile,) or a genteeler Way to commend the *Vandal* King for his Rudeneſs, in refuſing Audience to one who came with advantagious Propoſals of Peace; but it was my Sex, not my Buſineſs that he ob-

jected against, he hates a Woman. When he once found himself oblig'd, by the indispensable Laws of Decency, to pay a Visit to King *Beraldus*'s Queen; after he had entertain'd her Majesty for a Moment, he spent the rest of the Time in talking to her Dwarf. I am fond enough of Poetry to amuse my self sometimes in endeavouring at an Imitation of Verse; the Essays of our Sex may be pardoned, because we have only Nature to assist us, we know nothing of the Schools. When I was going upon this Embassy, I was not quite so out of Humour with the King of the *Vandals* as at present; I had a Mind to make my Court to him in Heroicks; this is the Paper; I had it in my Hand when your Lordships entered; see if any Thing could be pushed farther to the Advantage of this Monarch; but the unread Thing sent me Word, he did not know what to make of it: When I writ next, he desired me to use Terms that his Majesty might understand. *Horatio* intreated the Paper, which the Princess having gracefully delivered, he read aloud; for it was in the *Roman* Language, which he found thus:

At a Cœlestial Banquet, Mercury
Extolling loud our Heroe, sung
The great Exploits and early Victory,
Which the young Monarch of the North *had won.*
Mars *cry'd his Laurels were more fair*
Than what had e'er been gain'd in War.

Jove

Jove *prais'd his Temperance, Mercy, Piety;*
Vertues, which ſeldom with a Camp agree.
Minerva *turn'd his Wiſdom, Truth Divine:*
Momus *his Prudence, which in Counſels ſhine.*
In Fame's *high Temple, each according* God
Aſſign him an immortal bleſt Aboad;
But Venus *and* Bacchus *offer'd not a Word.*

Would one believe, purſu'd *Ethelinda*, that any Man could have been ſo inſenſible of the Praiſes given by a Lady? One would be ſure another time, before one troubled one's ſelf with Things of this kind, that they ſhould be well received where they were offered; if I had ſent him ſome Texts of his Bible, he had perhaps underſtood them, for he reads nothing elſe; he has a large gilt One always by his Bed-ſide, and 'tis the only Piece of Finery that is in the Lodgings. 'Tis true, anſwered *Horatio*, that 'tis a Queſtion, which is moſt wonderful, the Greatneſs of his Piety, or Sincerity: That admirable Diſcipline and true Spirit of Devotion that is ſeen throughout his whole Army, are all owing to his Majeſty's glorious Examples. There's no Debauchery in Practice, no licentious Drinking, Gaming, Blaſphemy, Inſeparables from the military Life; twice a Day they meet at publick Worſhip, and the King never fails of being preſent; as alſo before and after a Victory, they implore Succeſs, and return Praiſe and Thankſgiving. Ay, the ignorant Bigots, ſaid *Ethelinda*, they

blindly follow their Leader; and when the Spirit of Enthuſiaſm ſeizes upon him, they muſt fall down and pray, though in the midſt of a Puddle; the King, as if he were not dirty enough before, is their Example. In ſhort, he is an Original, nor in the leaſt worthy of any of thoſe mighty Praiſes that the World beſtows, becauſe he is incited by a blind Revenge, and a precipitate Obſtinacy; he has Courage, ſo has a Lyon; he loves War, becauſe he loves nothing elſe; and the moſt ſtupid are fond of ſomething: But it is not the Art that he is fond of (than which nothing can be more fine or praiſe-worthy to be like *Horatio* the undoubted Maſter of it) only the fighting Part, and there indeed he is intrepid: As to his Temperance, he is yet young, Owner of a very good Appetite, the Air and his Diverſions ſharpens it; he can eat any Thing, and loves the Plain rather than the Compound; ſo that what the World calls Abſtemiouſneſs, is no Merit in him, becauſe it is his Taſte. And here I muſt not forget to acquaint your Lordſhip, the Way he takes to get this good Stomach; ſome one or more of his Steeds always ſtands equip'd, ready for mounting; the Monarch uſes Abundance of pretty witty Stratagems to get rid of his People; when he has diſperſed them, or can give them the Slip, he thinks himſelf very happy; ſuch Dexterity paſſes for a great Jeſt; then he ſteals to the Stables, beſtrides the firſt Courſer, and ſo away

away with Whip and Spur, thro' a dirty Country, and watry Lanes all alone, till he is cover'd as well as his Horse: He'll ride thirty Miles out-right, and then back again upon the full Trot: This is the chief of the royal Diversions, especially when he has been told how many of his Guards and Attendants have rode after and miss'd him: And I can assure you, he often amuses himself thus, and in an Enemy's Country. 'Tis true, there's nothing in his Garb, or the Furniture of his Horse, that distinguishes him from a common Horseman, or else he might be met wirh; his royal Person would be good Booty to whoever should be so fortunate to seize him.

Were I less acquainted than I am, reply'd Monsieur *l'Envoy* with a Smile, with what has pass'd near your Highness, in relation to that Monarch, I should wonder a little at the Turn you endeavour to give to all the Actions of the young and most promising Prince of the Age. Ah Madam! will your Sex never learn to be sincere? I despair of it for ever, since so much good Sense as *Ethelinda* is Mistress of cannot induce her to it. Is it that you are bred up in a perpetual Distrust of Mankind, that you dare not make use of that irresistible Vertue, Sincerity, near us? Ah Madam! we are not ignorant, that your Eyes have done more than all the Terrors of War, and have caused that young Heroe to tremble; nor was it believed that the discerning *Ethelinda* could

could be indifferent, where a young, amorous, handsome Monarch address'd. In the Name of God, ridicule no more those Extraordinaries, that your self have occasion'd. Is *Theodorick* vindictive, revengeful, implacable? thank *Ethelinda*'s Eyes, and her Inconstancy. Is he become cold, unnatural, unpolite towards the fair Sex? *Ethelinda* be reproached, for whom he once burnt and languished, was all Fire and Softness? Is he rude and negligent in his Garb and Manner? For whom should he dress and preserve his Delicacy, when *Ethelinda* has forsook him? But no Distress, no Disaster can rob him of his Truth, his Courage, his Piety, Mercy and Justice. Ah! how hard is it for a young Monarch, at the Head of a many-times conquering Army, entire Master of his own Conduct and Dominions, to preserve his Temperance as *Theodorick* has done; his Vigour in full Strength of manly Force, all his Passions waiting to be indulged, none to controul them, his Flatterers ever at hand to recommend their Excess, and applaud his Gratification of them; in the mean time he shews no Softness but towards those Enemies he conquers, there he is Mercy Herself in her most beautiful Attire; when he has been freezing with northern Snow and Frosts upon a victorious Field, and a little Fewel has been lighted to warm the shaking Monarch, has he been found to indulge himself only? No, he has resign'd his Place, and the very Robe that covered him, to some

poor benumb'd Soldier that has suffer'd from the Extremity of War and Weather.

Because, interrupted *Ethelinda*, I will have no Disputes, at least in my own Pavilion; if your Excellency pleases, we will wave any farther Discourse of King *Theodorick*, for I find we shall but little agree about him; neither do I believe we stand in need of his *Vandal* Majesty to furnish Conversation among such Persons as I have the Honour to entertain. Will then your Highness be pleased to give us a new Theam, reply'd the Envoy smiling? Answered the Princess, I would know your Lordship's Opinion, as to the perpetual Success one Man has found in all his Enterprizes: A Man, who at present, and for some time past, has seen himself the greatest Subject upon Earth, who never undertook any Adventure that he did not perform to his Satisfaction; whether it were to subdue a Mistress, to win a Battle, to take a Town, or to secure to himself such and such Heaps of Money, Employment, Grant or Contribution. 'Tis *Stauracius* the *Thracian*, your Highness must mean, concluded the Envoy; these *Romans* can give your Highness a satisfactory Account, and will doubtless be proud of your Commands. The same answer'd *Ethelinda*: I would fain know how that Man performs so many great Things, yet is so far from being esteemed; wins so many Battles yet is so little consider'd, unless it be by those whose Interest it is to flat-

ter him; he never gains a Field, but his Conqueſt ſerves for a new Theam of Wonder how he came to make it, and gives occaſional Remembrance of his young and cooler Days, when he lay more open, and had not learnt the Art of diſguiſing his native Temper; nor had he then Fortune, Intereſt and Empire at command, which creates Paraſites to gild Defects, miſcalling Phlegm and Tardineſs, Conduct and Sedateneſs; the cold ſtagnating Impreſſions of Fear, an Allay of Wiſdom and Experience; a careful Preſervation of his own Perſon, Love and Regard to the Soldier; tho 'tis truly thought, that Avarice is the Groundwork of all his Exploits: But were he to conquer the World, and do as many Miracles as has *Horatio*; he could never enter into my Eſteem, or obtain Forgiveneſs for his early Ingratitude and Treachery. Good Heaven! what are thy Diſpenſations? 'Tis ſo lately ſince our Country is become Chriſtian, a Benefit Monſieur *L'Envoy* which we owe to your Monarch, that I may be permitted ſome ſmall Remains of our *Pagan* Superſtition; thence to argue with Providence, how this Man ſhould riſe upon the Ruins of his Sovereign: Is it not becauſe he is ſent as a Plague and Scourge to the falling *Perſian*, that Heaven would make the Puniſhment of their Pride, Perſecution, Oppreſſion, arbitrary Rule and Luxury, more notorious, coming from ſo deſpicable a Hand? Or is there in reality any Truth

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in that Report, that he has Succeſs, not from Heaven, but is in Terms with a Dæmon, to procure him the good Fortune that has aſtoniſh'd the World? I can ſay more of that than can another, perhaps Madam, anſwer'd *Albinus*; and I am proud of my Knowledge, ſince it may ſerve to gratify your Highneſs's Curioſity. I muſt agree with you in an immortal Hatred of *Staura-cius*'s Principles and Practices; and were I to live ten thouſand Years, would for ever purſue him for his Treachery and Ingratitude to his firſt Sovereign, and lately to the Emperor, who had lifted him up to ſo prepoſt'rous a Height, as to bear his Sight and Memory above the Hand that raiſed him; from thence he not only diſpured all Commands, deſpis'd all Obedience, but impos'd Terms of Reſtriction, nay, Slavery, upon his Maſter, who took him from the ſervile Condition of a Servant, as he muſt have been to others; making *Cæſar*'s Goodneſs of Temper his Engine, wherewith to batter down, not only the Conſtitution, but even *Auguſtus* himſelf. Nor has he any one Vertue but Succeſs, to atone for his Vices; not even that Bravery of Soul, that Fire and martial Ardor, often attained by Conqueſt, and conſpicuous on a conquering Field, if no where elſe. Whom has he raiſed, that were not his immediate Creatures? Whom advanced, but his Engines of Miſchief and Plunder, unleſs they had Money to recommend them? Could one repeat the individu-

al Complaints and Diſtreſſes of ſo many brave Officers and Soldiers, upon whoſe Shoulders he has mounted to Victory, thotow whoſe Blood he has ſo often waded to conqueſt, one would deteſt, deſpiſe, and loath that abominable, ſordid, deſpicable Vice, which makes him more the Hatred of his own Army, than their Bravery has made him the Dread of his Enemies. Yet his *Dæmon* may perhaps deceive him, reply'd *Ethelinda*; he may not always be ſo fortunate; I have heard very good Politicians bid him beware the Fate of *Regulus*: Since he cannot be brought to Terms of an advantagious Peace, as long as there is a *Denary* to be got by the *Barbarian* War, let him take heed, Succeſs may not always reſide with him: Did he truly love the Empire, were he in reality that great Man he deſires to be thought, and which his Army's gaining ſo many Victories, has cauſed him among the Ignorant to be eſteemed, would he not be proud and pleas'd to relieve his Country from the Hardſhips of an expenſive War? a War! that gives their Trade and Commerce to a rival Nation; a War! which yearly expends the Empire ſo many Millions of Treaſure, levy'd upon her ſuffering People; and in return, repays them in nothing but empty Glory? Who ſpeaks ſo well as *Ethelinda*, reply'd the Envoy, obſerving the Pauſe ſhe made; we can but inlarge upon the Notions and Hints which your Highneſs gives us: For did *Stauracius* truly love his

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Country, before the Pride of being thus for ever at the Head of an Army, would he refuse the advantagious Offers that were made him? Would he drive his Enemy into Despair? who finding no Refuge but in their Swords, and more than human Defence, may be brought to resolve upon a decisive Battle, urged by the Necessity of either dying or conquering, all the Hopes that is left them, to preserve their Rest of Country, their deplorable Monarch, their suffering Wives, and little Ones! These Incentives may carry them above Mortals in Courage; while relenting Heaven, (that perhaps is pleased to humble, but not totally destroy) will in Pity think they have endured enough, will give the Check to all *Stauracius*'s Glory, and send him home that despicable Thing, which the Loss of one Battle is certain to make him: If it be possible, that commanding so brave, so veteran an Army, where every Captain is an *Alexander*, every Soldier a Captain, he can be suppos'd to lose a Battle, tho' even his own good Fortune should forsake him, and that of the *Persians* Return.

Your Highness has help'd me with one Example by way of Comparison. *Attilius Regulus* had been a fortunate Commander in the *Roman* War against the *Carthaginians*, twice Consul, and carry'd in Triumph: Yet, as *Diodorus Siculus* asks his Readers, 'Who will not disapprove the Pride and 'Vain-Glory of *Regulus*, who being not able

'to support himself under so great Prospe-
'rity, which seemed to him as an heavy
'Burthen, depriv'd himself of the Advan-
'tages of a general Applause, and brought
'his own Country into imminent Danger?
'For when he might have concluded an ho-
'nourable and advantagious Peace to the
'People of *Rome*, and obtain'd the Glory
'of a remarkable Clemency and Renown,
'he proudly insulted over the Afflicted,
'and required such harsh and unreasonable
'Terms of Peace, that he not only drew
'upon him the Gods Displeasure, but
'mov'd the Conquered to an implacable
'Hatred and Height of Despair, by which
'they renewed their dying Courage, and
'ventured to fight a-fresh. By his Fault
'the Affairs were changed in such a man-
'ner, that he and his whole Army were
'routed, thirty thousand of them slain in
'the Field, and fifteen thousand taken Pri-
'soners with him, *&c.* An undoubted
'Sign, says *Polybius* the *Greek* Historian, of
'Fortune's Inconstancy, and of the little
'Trust we are to put in her flattering
'Smiles; seeing that he, who but a little
'before could not be moved to Pity, and
'had no Compassion of the Afflicted, was
'soon after obliged to cast himself at their
'Feet, and to beg his Life.'

But whence is it that the *Greeks* pursued *Ethelinda*, who have been renowned for Weariness of all Things that spun out into length, are not tir'd with the *Persian* War?

They

They, the moſt changeable People of the Univerſe; nor are their new and dangerous Allies, the *Saracens*, whoſe growing Power ought to be more formidable to the Empire, than even the *Perſian*, any other but deep and conceal'd Enemies. How do they agree ſo long in one Deſign of humbling, or rather ruining the *Perſian*? The whole ſeems a Piece of Management, anſwer'd *Horatio*, that has lull'd the Court of *Conſtantinople*; but they may awake when it is too late, when the *Saracens* are grown too big to be oppreſs'd. They are at preſent *Stauracius*'s beſt Friends, whether they are the Empire's or no. My Opinion is, that we ſhall have no ſooner concluded the *Perſian* War, but the *Saracen* will begin another with us. They have the Spirit of Monopoly; they want our Trade, our Havens, our Iſlands and Colonies; and are an incroaching People, who from poor and deſpicable Beginnings, will, I fear, in time, overgrow all their Neighbours. They are good at any Deſign that may inlarge their Dominion; indefatigable in the Purſuit, and know how to apply to *Stauracius*'s Foible: They flatter his Vain-Glory with oſtentatious Harangues and Congratulations, for which he pays them back in good Towns; whatever is taken from the Enemy, he conſents ſhould be put into their Hands 'till the End of the War. They ſuffer him to get, as a General; and he them, as a Nation. Are they, by their

Treaty

Treaty of Alliance, to furniſh thirty thouſand Auxiliaries? Do they ſend Fifteen? 'Tis very well: *Stauracius* ſees not the Deſect, leſt they ſhould ſee too far into his Conduct. Are they to equip a Fleet of thirty Sail to join the *Grecians*, with a Deſign to fall down into the *Perſian* Gulph, to ſecure the Seas againſt Rovers or Pirates, that ruin and take the Merchants? Do they ſend Twelve? No matter how furniſhed, nor how long after the appointed time; *Stauracius* does not complain, leſt they ſhou'd clap up a ſeparate Peace; nor does he want any Thing but the Umbrage of their Aſſiſtance, as long as *Cajus Æmilius* is Super-Queſtor, and the Empire be worth an Aſper. *Conſtantine* himſelf muſt indure any Inconvenience, rather than *Stauracius*, who ſees himſelf the moſt happily circumſtanc'd for Succeſs, of any that was ever at the Head of the *Roman* Forces, becauſe his fortunate Star is predominant; independant of all Things but *Æmilius*, who is dependant upon none but *Stauracius*'s Wife. Thus by a lucky Revolution, the Power comes round to him again.

Your Lordſhip will pardon me for my Interruption, ſaid *Albinus*, ſince 'tis to impart a Ray of Joy to you, which, as you are a good Man, you muſt neceſſarily feel, at the Removal of an ill one. I find you are yet ignorant that *Cajus Æmilius* is no longer Queſtor; the brave, the wiſe, the honeſt *Herminius* fills his Poſt with Glory!

The

The Genius of the Empire revives; native Warmth and glowing Vigour returns to him under *Herminius*'s auſpicious Conduct: He ſtretches out his Wings, he expends his Force, and confeſſes his former Energy; no longer oppreſs'd by crafty *Æmilius*, haughty *Irene*, nor perſecuting *Cethegus*. *Stauracius*, 'tis true, is yet at the Head of the *Thracian* Legions, but with that Eſteem which his Contempt of *Cæſar* has juſtly drawn upon him. When he was commanded into Exile, he went no further than *Eleutherium*? whence, with *Æmilius*'s crafty Management, and his ſcattering Gold in the Senate-Houſe, he was recalled by a Petition to *Conſtantine* from the *Patricians*, that *Stauracius* might be immediately ſent againſt the *Perſians*, leſt the *Saracens* and the reſt of the Auxiliaries, might deſert; ſo conſiderable was he repreſented to *Cæſar*, and of ſuch Importance to the War, that leſt any Accident ſhould happen, by which the Good of the Empire might be endanger'd, gracious *Conſtantine* gave way to their Requeſt, and obliged them, by complying with the Effects of it: But thoſe who eſteem *Stauracius* ſo neceſſary, do not reflect, that it is not him, as the invincible Commander of an Army, that performs theſe Exploits, but an invincible Army that needs no Commander, though they were even to conquer the World. Was it *Stauracius* that made them what they are, taught them the glorious Art of War? Was it not all done to his Hand? Had he

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any other Fatigue than to march to inevitable Conqueſt, in a Path mark'd out and made eaſy to him by his immortal Predeceſſor? the Succeſs attributed to him, was the Conſequence of a better Reign, advancing upon a noble and artful Foundation; he muſt be an ill Architect that can ſo early deform the Building: Things paſs not quickly from Good to Bad; nor, on the contrary, grow to ſudden Strength, from immediate Weakneſs. *Stauracius* had the Advantage of ſucceeding *Leo* IV. the greateſt Genius in War of his Age. Immenſe were his Views, and plauſible his Undertakings; but ſtill betray'd and travers'd as he was, by a Faction at home, what mighty Succeſs could he expect abroad? The Senate, jealous of his Glory, and that Spirit of Empire conſpicuous in him, retarded his Supplies; which were either perpetually anticipated, or ſo loaded with Delays, that the Seaſon of the Field was generally paſt, before they would ſend him the Indiſpenſibles for taking it. Yet with all theſe Inconveniencies, what did he not do? Or rather, what has *Stauracius* done, but built upon his ſure Foundation? Who model'd and gave Examples to *Stauracius*'s Legions? Who made them *Veterans*, and taught them the Trade of War, but the wiſe and great *Leo*? Who reduced the *Perſian* and his Country, broke his Councils, expended his Treaſure, ſtript him bare, and was the firſt and only General that put a Stop to his

rapacious Conqueſts, but *Leo* the Invincible? Then was that King great, opulent and fortunate, draining the Riches of his People as long as they had any for him to take, and which he perpetually employ'd in corrupting *Leo*'s Council, his very Senate and Army. 'Tis notoriouſly known, the *Perſian* has been more ſucceſsful by the Force of Gold dexterouſly apply'd, than either by War, or any other Strain of Politicks. *Leo* ſaw and could not prevent the Treachery; he had no other Meaſures to take, but to raiſe ſo many Enemies againſt his Enemy (ſhowing his Friends that their true Intereſt was to arm, whilſt yet they had Power to arm; for ſhould they ſtay till he were vanquiſhed, 'twould be too late to hope a Defence againſt a Tyrant, who, one after another, would devour them all, and ſeparately certainly deſtroy, what firmly united, might very well hope to deſtroy him) by combining their Forces, that in a ſhort time he was dreined by that prodigious Expence they occaſioned him to make; ſo that when *Stauracius* came into the Field, the *Perſian* was no longer the Monarch that was able to buy and bribe, or elſe doubtleſs he had not been his Enemy; for as *Jugurtha* once ſaid of the Senate of *Rome*, upon a Senſe of their Corruption, 'O 'Rome! thou wouldſt be ſold thy ſelf, 'were there but a Chapman for Thee!' Had that King been ſtill able to have bought, *Stauracius* muſt have ſold; but as he could not

not come up to his Price, that is to say, not give him so much for becoming his Friend, as *Stauracius* got by being his Enemy, *Stauracius* still continued so, and very much longer than he had occasion to do; for though there were prodigious Battles fought, and Millions of Lives and Money sacrificed, yet never in the right Place; one Tenth of that Treasure and Blood in the Hands of *Horatio*, at the Head of the *Iberian* Legions, had determined the War; though indeed *Stauracius*'s Army, moulded by *Leo* was invincible. The *Greeks*, when encouraged, are more than Men, we may very well say, that in Battle they put off both Fear and Humanity; they fight like Furies, rather than Mortals; when flush'd in Blood they dare any Opposition, and know no Satiety; nothing can stand before them, neither could a General, though he were twice five times as cold again as *Stauracius*, with-hold their Thirst of Death and Desolation; they esteem no Conquest that is not bought at the extreamest Danger, and when their Ranks are often broke through and through, then do these Dæmons of the Field rally again, and again repel the Charge beyond the Power of mortal Resistance, so that 'tis become an usual Excuse for the *Persian* Generals after every Defeat, we brought our Soldiers to fight with Men, they cry, and did not expect to encounter Devils.

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Then it is not, my Lord, interrupted *Ethelinda*, *Stauracius* that has taught his Legions to conquer, but his Legions that have made a Conqueror of him? The Definition is certainly just and nice, reply'd *Albinus*. Yet how hard is it, answered she, that *Stauracius* must have all the Glory? methinks I am concerned at the unequal Distribution: Pray tell me, Is his Birth so mean as they report him? His Father Madam, was of the *Equestrian* Order, pursued *Albinus*; your Highness knows too much to need the Explanation. Well, but he must be pretty poor, went she on, for I have been well informed, that he was offered to *Ancus Tullius* (who, they say, derives himself from the old *Roman* King of that Name) for an attendant Boy or Page, and that he was refused by him: And yet this prodigious Darling of Fortune, has since had the Presumption, to try to match his Lees of Blood into the only truly Royal Family of *Rome*; he had the Arrogance to offer his Daughter for a Wife to *Ancus Tullius*'s Heir, with such Advantages, that would have tempted any other, that had a less Sense of native Glory and hereditary Worth, than our young Patrician: He heard with Scorn, and a just Sentiment of Indignation, a Proposal of Allying himself by Marriage with him, whom his Grandfather had not thought worthy the Honour of being received into his Family, though but as a Domestick. 'Tis *Fortune* then that is only

only conſcious of *Stauracius*'s Riſe, nor do any of the Vertues pretend a Rival's Share in the Compoſition and Advancement of this Her adorable Minion.

'Twas *Fortune* indeed, reply'd *Albinus*; and if your Highneſs will believe *Damareta*, *Irene* the Empreſs's Mother, ſhe ſhed her propitious Influence on him at his Birth. Was not that *Damareta* a Witch or Sorcereſs, cry'd the Princeſs? She had the Reputation of it, anſwer'd the *Roman*. I can ſpeak omething ſignificant to the Point, becauſe a Slave of hers, that was Coadjutor with her in all her Conjurations, was afterwards received into my Father's Family, and truſted me with the Secret, which had it been publickly known, would have perhaps expell'd him thence. When his Miſtreſs dy'd ſhe enfranchis'd him, and left him a Legacy to enable him to live free; but *Irene* was too covetous and unjuſt to fulfil the Decrees of the Dead; whether ſhe interpreted after *Damareta*'s Will, or her own, or both, but the Wretch was defrauded and without Proſpect of Redreſs, unleſs it were ſuing the Empreſs, and your Highneſs may imagine what was to be got by that. He was forced once more to enter into a voluntary Slavery for his Subſiſtance; ours was the Family he choſe; he was order'd an immediate Attendant upon my Perſon; I indulg'd his Inclinations to Study, and from thence received ſeveral Advantages to my own.

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Curiosity drew me to enquire nicely into the Occasion of that Report, concerning *Damareta*'s Knowledge in Sorcery; Monsieur the *Envoy*, your Excellence is an Ornament to the Church, let me beg your Opinion of *Dæmons*, Angels, Spirits, and what Religion will have us believe of their Existence. the *Pagan* System was full of their Effects. I must own my Incredulity; and whether it is that my Temper inclines me to the *Epicurean* Philosophy, or my Understanding, I can hardly imagine that immortal Beings can find their Account in concerning themselves so far with the Mortal. And yet, answered the Prior of *Orleans*, We are taught to believe it, not only from *Plato* and the Schools, but from the holy Scripture. Does not the old Bible assure us often of ministring Angels, good and bad, of Satan's tempting *Job*? The Power which Witches have is shown us by a memorable Example in the Woman of *Endor*. Neither did Jesus say any Thing to contradict the receiv'd Opinion of *Dæmons* or Spirits; on the contrary, he only endeavours to inform and convince his Disciples of the Difference between Him and those Beings, by showing what he was, and defining what they were. Can any one that looks with due Faith into Church-History, doubt of the Power of Magick? We are told in the *Acts* of one *Simon*, who used Sorcery, and bewitch'd the People of *Samaria*, giving out that himself was some great One, *And to him*, says the holy Text,

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they had regard, because of a long time he had bewitch'd them with Sorceries. At *Paphos*, *Elymas* the Sorcerer withstood *Barnabas* and *Paul.* They told him, 'He was full of all 'Subtilty and all Mischief, a Child of the 'Devil, an Enemy of all Righteousness: 'Seeking to turn the Deputy from the 'Faith; they inflicted Blindness upon him, 'that he should not see the Sun for a Sea-'son.' St. *Luke* says, *A certain Damsel was possess'd with a Spirit of Divination, which brought her Master much Gain by Soothsaying.* Not to instance in several others of them, 'Who used curious Arts, brought their 'Books together and burn'd them before all 'Men, and they counted the Price of them, 'and found them fifty pieces of Silver. An Angel came evidently to *Cornelius*, a *Centurion* of the *Italian* Band at *Cæsarea.* Except you will renounce your Religion, you cannot deny the Ministry of Angels, or the Opinion of Witchcraft, since we have the same Foundation, the holy Writ, for their Existence, as for any Article of our Faith. The learned Fathers of the Church hold, That God has ordain'd particular Angels to watch for the Preservation of divers Kinds of Beings, of several sorts of Animals and Plants, *&c.* and judge there is no Absurdity that there should be sometimes in the Air Dæmons or Spirits, who by the Permission or Command of God, do wonderful Things; as to cause Showers of Blood, Thunder and Storms, or extraordinary Earthquakes;

quakes; tho' by ſome Philoſophers, theſe are attributed to natural Cauſes only. *Philo* is of Opinion, That ſuch whom the Philoſophers called *Dæmons*, are the ſame with thoſe whom *Moſes* names Angels; Souls that fly about the Air; that the Air might have its Creatures, as well as the Earth the Water and the Fire have theirs: Beſides in holy Writ, we read of certain Powers of the Air. Nay, ſome uſe Inchantments againſt *Dæmons*, who are thought to mix themſelves in the black and thick Clouds, from whence we uſually apprehend the coming of Thunder, Hail, and Storms.

Nor does Religion only, but Reaſon aſſure us of their Exiſtence, as it did really perſuade the Philoſophers, principally *Thales*, *Pythagoras*, *Plato*, the *Stoicks*, *Empedocles*, and others, who affirm'd, that there were *Dæmons*, living Subſtances and Souls of Heroes, either Good or Evil, freed from their Bodies; tho' they have err'd as well in relation to their Subſtance, as to the Qualities that they attributed to them; however, they judged aright when they believed, that there were ſuch. Theſe *Genii* were reputed to be of a divine Nature, or of a Nature little lower than the Divine. *Ariſtotle* called them ſeparated Subſtances, becauſe not corporeal; and becauſe they have Underſtanding he names them Intelligences. *Pythagorus*, according to his Syſtem of the Soul of the World, fancied theſe *Dæmons* were ſmall Particles, ſtruck from the divine Nature,

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his Soul of the Univerſe being no other than God; this Notion was embraced by ſome Hereticks in the Infancy of Chriſtianity, who taught from thence, that the Angels were taken out of the divine Subſtance.

Theſe Souls chiefly were ſuppoſed to reſide in the upper Region among the Stars, and in the Sun; they believed when the celeſtial Bodies ſpread abroad their Influences to revive and entertain the earthly Beings, that they proceeded from Heaven as ſo many Beams from that Soul which revives all Things, and that they incorporate or become Bodies in a differing Manner in their Paſſage, clothing themſelves with a kind of airy Habit, and remaining afterwards, ſome in the Air, and others proceeding as far as the Earth: So that they have thought that theſe Kind of Subſtances which are thus compoſed of a thin Body, ſuch as is the Air, and of a Particle of the Soul of the World, are the *Dæmons* and the Souls. *Dæmons*, when they continue free from any Mixture of the groſſer Bodies of this Earth; and if the thin Body with which the Particles of the Soul of the World is clothed be found to be of a ſweet Kind and favourable Compoſure, then they happen to be good *Dæmons* and *Spirits*, but Evil when it is ſharp and malicious. When Souls departed out of their Bodies, they became again *Dæmons*, not immediately, nor equally, becauſe retaining ſome Relicks of

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the human Body; for till they were entirely ſtript, they could not be *Dæmons*, but only Heroes or Demi-gods.

Apuleius explain'd this Opinion of *Dæmons*, being of a middle Nature between the Gods and Men, between Immortals and Mortals; for he has ſaid, that it is by their Means and Mediation, that there is Correſpondence between the Gods and Men; and as the other Regions of the World have their Beings to inhabit and live there, the ſuperior Region hath the Stars; the Sea, Fiſh; the Earth, all our terreſtrial Animals; ſo the Air ought not to be without its Inhabitants, which are the *Dæmons*. In this manner he explains himſelf: The Bodies of the *Dæmons* have very little Weight, which hinders them from aſcending to the higheſt Regions; nor are they ſo light as to fall down to the loweſt; they are Creatures of a third Nature, ſuitable to the middle Region where they dwell; they are between the Gods and Men, being immortal as the Gods, but ſubject to Paſſions as Men; for as they are as we, ſubject to Anger and to Mercy, and like us ſuffer themſelves to be overcome by Prayers and Intreaties, by Gifts and Honours; ſo they are like us ſtir'd up to Wrath, by Injuries and Contempt. In his own Words, *Dæmones ſunt genere animalia, ingenio rationabilia, animo paſſiva, corpore aeria, tempore æterna.*

The Reaſon that induced ancient Philoſophers to believe that there were *Dæmons*

ſeems to be from a Notion they had of divine Providence; for tho' they believed that God takes care of all Things, yet they fancied that it did not become his glorious Majeſty to extend his Care to every particular Perſon by himſelf, and without ſome Miniſters that might execute his Orders. They therefore imagin'd that God keeps his Court in Heaven, is attended by Miniſters and Servants always ready to obey him, by whoſe means he provides for the Univerſe, but eſpecially for this inferior World. They called theſe Miniſters (whom they acknowledged to be very nimble and active Beings) *Dæmons*; but they aſſign'd the Name of *Genii* to thoſe whoſe chief Office it is to take care of Man, according to the Poet, who brings in a Criminal with theſe Reflexions,

Sure there are Hours of Ill that wait us all,
And Fate has made us ſubject to their Call.
Tho' ſome be blacker ſtain'd than others are,
There's none can ſay their Lives were ever fair.
Then on our Guardian Gods be all the fault,
Not having watch'd our Frailty as they ought:
Back to themſelves I do retort the Blame,
Who careleſsly reſign our truſted Fame.

What theſe Philoſophers ſpeak of the *Genii*, that there is one Chief that governs a whole Nation, and a particular *Genius* for every Man, is alſo agreeable to what Religion calls the *Protecting Angel* of a whole Na-

Nation, and the guardian Angel of every private and particular Person. *Epictetus* and *Plato* tell us, We can conceal nothing from this constant Witness, whether it be Good or Evil; to whom they advise us to have particular Respect. Now that God suffers evil Angels to be the Enemies of Men, and to endeavour to destroy them, relates to the general Providence of God, who has done nothing but for just and reasonable Ends, though not known or discoverable to Men.

The *Dæmons* being prov'd to have Passions like us, may be drawn to assist Mankind with their Intelligence or intuitive Knowledge. The way I conceive (if any) by which those Immortals may be mov'd, is by Prayer, Fumigation, Incantation, and certain cabalistical Ceremonies or Compacts, which as they are appertaining to a particular Study, cannot be treated of with any certainty in the general.

Monsieur *L'Envoy* having deliver'd his Opinion, had the Pleasure to see it agreeably received by that illustrious Audience; in consequence of which, the Princess press'd Lord *Albinus* to favour her with what he knew of *Damareta*'s Skill in Magick: Upon which he pursued his Discourse, still addressing to her Highness.

At *Athens* there was a Person named *Timias*, whose Father had left him a large Inheritance, and little Ambition; averse to the Marriage-State, and yet a Votary to *Venus*. He

was naturally a Chymiſt; lov'd myſterious Studies, judicial Aſtrology, and converſing with the *Philoſophers* of the *Greeks*; or as they are generally term'd, *Magicians*: So intent was he upon improving himſelf in that dangerous Art, that he ſeem'd to be ſecluded from all Converſation but thoſe of that Sect: He gave his Days and Nights wholly to the Purſuit; he ſubjected his Cares, his Fortune, and his Time, to improve himſelf in that diabolical Knowledge. He had travell'd into *Egypt*, and there attain'd the Interpretation of their *Hieroglyphicks*; was inſtructed from the *Gymnoſophiſts* and *Indian Brachmans*, from the *Magi* of the *Perſians*, in the Secrets of Philoſophy and the cabaliſtical Art; ſo that when he returned into *Greece*, it was a general received Opinion, he knew much more than a Mortal; and, That he had ſubdued two *Dæmons* to be obedient to his Charms; one of the bitter or evil Compoſition, the other more ſweet and benign; yet he made no other Uſe of his Power but to ſatisfy his own Thirſt of Knowledge, to divert his Friends, and to procure him the Embraces of thoſe Beauties, whoſe Eyes had greater Faſcinations than his Art. *Damareta* was then newly married to a Gentleman his Neighbour: Her Youth and Gaiety put her among the Number of thoſe who had the good Fortune to pleaſe *Timias*. The particular Inclination he felt for this new Bride, made him nice as to the Point of gaining hers; which from her own

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Temper, and the ſeveral Opportunities he had to converſe, flatter'd him in his hopes of ſubduing her, without having recourſe to the Aſſiſtance of his *Dæmons*: The Reputation he had that way, gave his Addreſſes a favourable Reception. *Damareta* was angry with a young *Athenian* Lady, for having rob'd her of a Lover, for whom ſhe had a greater Inclination than for him ſhe married; ſhe would have given every Thing but Life to have been reveng'd upon that ſucceſsful Beauty; had *Timias* aſked her to ſtake her Soul, ſhe had readily comply'd; therefore 'tis not to be doubted but ſhe thought the Compoſition he made for her Body very reaſonable, and that ſhe bought her Satisfaction upon eaſie Terms: In ſhort, by his Art he cauſed that Lady to be forſaken, and *Damareta* triumph'd in her Rival's Deſpair; which was attended with ſo diſgraceful a Circumſtance, that the Lady who had lately yielded her Honour, depending upon that of her Lover's, ſeduced by a Promiſe of becoming his Wife, carry'd about her ocular Proof of her being no longer a Maid.

Timias, in compliance with his new Miſtreſs, who had Fire and Youth enough to enchant the Enchanter, cauſed this unhappy Lady's Diſgrace to be made publick: She was forced to withdraw from *Athens*, and lament for the Remainder of her Days, her Indiſcretion in a Cloiſter. *Damareta* having received this Proof of her Lover's Art, left no Addreſs, no Blandiſhment uneſſay'd, to

come into his Heart and Confidence, as well as his Arms. The wiſeſt Men are oftentimes guilty of the greateſt Weakneſſes, eſpecially in relation to Love. *Damareta* had a happy Run, and ſhe carry'd it ſo far, as to cure him of his Deſire of Change; in ſhort, ſhe continued in his Favour till his Death, and to ſuch a Degree, that after a Million of Importunities, he made her Succeſſor to his Art, with this Limitation, (as well knowing her audacious, irreligious, and revengeful Temper) That ſhe ſhould only have the Command of the milder *Dæmon*, who ſhould aſſiſt her with proper Intelligence in her Pleaſures; but he for ever enfranchiſed the evil Spirit who had been ſubſervient to him, and deſtroyed the cabaliſtical Characters and Charms, that had an influence over him; then dy'd well ſatisfy'd, that he left his Miſtreſs the Power of doing Miſchief to none but her ſelf, and that too but by the Conſent of her ſelf.

Damareta quickly let the gentle *Dæmon* know that he was not to expect much Reſt in his new Service: She refin'd upon *Timias*'s Scheme, turn'd Chymiſt in her Pleaſure, extracted the Spirits of Delight, and found the Art of improving the Lovers Moment to a Height unknown before. The Reputation of her Art brought the Addreſſes of all the noble Youth at *Conſtantinople*, for thither ſhe had brought the fair *Irene*, *Timias*'s ſuppoſed Daughter, as to an auſpicious Market, where her Beauty might expect the higheſt

higheſt Price. How diſſolute ! how abandoned ſhe proved is a Theme, Madam, unfit for your ſacred Ears. In her old Age ſhe was communicative of her Talent to others, and aſſiſted the deſpairing Lover to gain his cruel Miſtreſs, but upon condition that ſhe was to be Witneſs of their Happineſs, in a manner too indecent to repeat: In a word, Madam, ſhe was all that was ſcandalous, impious, and deteſtable!

When (the now great) *Stauracius* was born, *Damareta* was in the Chamber, and having a Friendſhip for his Mother, ſummon'd her *Dæmon* to ſhed auſpicious Influences on his Birth; but was inform'd that *Fortune* had already adopted him, and that nothing ſhou'd prevent him from being the greateſt Subject of the Eaſt. As he grew up, ſhe recommended him to *Irene*'s Conſideration; ſhe told her that her own Grandour could never be ſecure but in allying her ſelf with *Stauracius*, which was his firſt Step to the Favour of that imperious Empreſs; but ſhe farther imparted to himſelf, that if he received the laſt Honours of the Empire, they would be fatal to him. She alſo taught him how to overcome; gave him Power to ſummon the *Dæmon* to his Aid, upon any Exigence of Battle: For by the help of ſoporiferous Druggs, Fumigations, and certain necromantick Rites, he makes a narcotick Suppoſitory, which being apply'd ſome Hours before the intended Fight, caſts him into a deep Sleep, where he

is perſwaded he is not only render'd invulnerable, the firſt neceſſary Step towards becoming couragious, but gains a Foreſight of the Event, and is inſtructed in the Manner of overcoming.

Thus is the Immortal *Stauracius* render'd invincible. He alſo received a Preſent from *Damareta* of a Ring, which the Emperor *Conſtantine* innocently accepted from him; the Diamond is enchanted; there's more than Faſcination in the Luſtre; it has Power to make the Wearer do all Things in Favour of the Giver, to be blind upon his Errors, and perſiſting in their own. Ah! cry'd Princeſs *Ethelinda!* Why is not *Cæſar* uninchanted? I am in Pain for his Infatuation, and it wants but little of my becoming ſo impertinent as to endeavour his Deliverance. 'Tis already performed, Madam, reply'd *Albinus*, *Herminius* has the Secret; he has deliver'd the Emperor from the Force of that fatal Magick; the Ring and all its pernicious Effects are buried, never, I hope, to riſe again. We ſee *Auguſtus*, ſince freed from the Danger of *Stauracius*'s Art, newborn to Courage, Reſolution, and Converſation; whilſt under that dangerous Operation, Indolence, Diſcontent, an Apathy to all the Pleaſures of Life invaded him; he even knew not his neareſt Relations, thoſe whom Blood and Merit recommended; nothing cou'd be ſeen but through their inchanted Glaſs; there was neither Vertue, Affection, nor Aſſiduity out of that Family.

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Infidel, as I am, in the Power of Magick, when I behold the wonderful Change in *Cæsar*, I dare no longer be a Misbeliever: He moves not, speaks not, lives not with the same Air and Manner: We now behold our august and gracious Sovereign, mild indeed by the Goodness of his own Temper, but not that easie *Constantine*, infatuated by *Stauracius*'s Necromancy: The Magician stands confess'd, the falling Empire, inverted Constitution, and sinking *Cæsar*, are no longer the Objects of Terror, with which every noble *Roman* has been so thoroughly mortify'd. *Herminius* has had Courage to end the Adventure, not affrighted by the Prophecy affix'd to it, *That whoever should attempt to dispossess* Cæsar *of that fatal Ring, to pluck the inchanted Diamond from his Finger, should be lost in the Undertaking*. 'Tis done, Madam, and *Herminius* still unharm'd; 'tis finish'd! and *Herminius* flourishing and intrepid; the guardian Angel of the Empire, long preserve him to uphold the Glories of That and *Cæsar*.

Stauracius, Madam, has been so strict an Observer of *Damareta*'s Ceremonies, that he has never been known to fight a Battle without this magical Preparation. She even warn'd him from attempting it, or from accepting the highest Honour of the Empire: The *Hag*, as she gave the Charge, grew more hideous, her Speech enormous, her Execrations more direful, and prophane; 'She curst the Hour, the Moment, he should

'venture to fight at random; bid him be-
'ware! and not upon the greateſt Advan-
'tage to ingage an Enemy, without the
'forementioned Preparatives ——— ſhe
'foreſaw ——— eternal Deſtiny! ———
'the Tears of his deſolate Family ———
'the Anguiſh of *Irene* ——— Horror and
'Amazement ——— her Daughter in-
'volved ——— Deſolation uſurping upon
'their former Glory. Loſt *Stauracius* ———
'deſpis'd ——— execrated *Stauracius* ———
'fatal Houſe! ——— The Witch would explain no more, but left him to the Horrors of Divination and Uncertainty.

His own Inclinations would have made him take Advantage of the Prophecy, and not attempt the War any further, they had always led him rather to the Court than Army; but encompaſs'd as he is by *Damareta*'s Magick, he concludes himſelf invulnerable; and that he need never put an end to a War, that is ſo fruitful of golden Laurels, and ſo barren of Dangers.

You give me Horror, reply'd the Princeſs, ſeeing *Albinus* had done, at the very Name of *Stauracius*! The Courſe of his good Fortune is ſuch, that wou'd indeed incline us to believe the Witch had imparted her Sorcery to him. But ah! who wou'd overcome at that Price? Is it not deſpicable? Is it not abominable? Yet if I do not miſtake, he has not preciſely follow'd the Advice of the Sorcereſs: Is he not call'd Father of the

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Empire? Yes, Madam, anſwer'd *Albinus*, but ſo much to the Diſſatisfaction of the illuſtrious *Damareta*'s Off-ſpring, that *Irene* and her Children were two Days and Nights upon their Knees inceſſantly imploring with Cries and Tears, the overgrown Patrician not to be greater than he was, leſt he ſhou'd meet prognoſticated Fate! The whole Court was a good deal diverted at this Scene of redundant Woe, when they look'd back upon the Son of an *Equeſtrian*, ballancing whether he ſhould receive the ſecond Dignity of the Empire; Ambition and Superſtition filling the doubtful Scales; but at laſt they inclin'd to the Side of Glory rather than Security, and in ſpight of his Wife's and Daughters Tears, he would be term'd Father of the Empire, that is to ſay, the Diſpoſer of its Honours and Revenues, which like a careful Parent he induſtriouſly treaſured up in his own Coffers, againſt any Extremity his Children, the People, may happen to be reduced to: Tho' there are others that tell us the beſt Uſe that Maſs can be put to, without asking *Stauracius*'s Opinion whether it be yet a convenient Seaſon, upon the next Exigency of State, is to ſqueeze the illuſtrious Spunge into the royal Treaſury, till it have return'd Part of thoſe immenſe Riches it has ſo long been ſoaking from the Empire.

Lord *Albinus*, anſwer'd the Princeſs, I return your Excellency Thanks for your agreeable Relation; and if you are not tir'd, wou'd

would farther ingage you, in honour of the Company I entertain, to give us now that Diſcourſe, which before their Entrance, you promiſed me for to morrow; I mean an Account of the Turns in the *Greek* Court; all the World is ſurpriz'd and charm'd at the Change found in the Emperor; that Regard of Religion, that Courage, Perſeverance, and Reſolution to adhere ſtedfaſtly to the Orthodox, after having ſuffer'd the Idolaters to hope all Things from his Lenity. I ſee not any Perſon in this Pavilion but who wears upon his Face a diſtinguiſhing Character; they can both commend and ſmile in the right Place, and therefore muſt be entertain'd by thoſe ſenſible Things which your Excellency ſpeaks; who wou'd not dwell for ever upon what proceeds from a Man of Wiſdom, eſpecially one of the well educated World? Can any here prefer Sleep, or perhaps Waking, in a cold lonely Bed, to Lord *Albinus*'s ſprightly Converſation? Thus we break the Rigor of the Seaſon, deſpiſe the falling Snow, congealing Air, and hanging Iſicles; 'tis all verdant and agreeable amongſt Objects ſo ſenſible and delicate. *Ethelinda* is *Flora* in all her Pride of Beauty, anſwer'd *Horatio*; where-ever ſhe appears there's an Impoſſibility of feeling Inclemency from any Seaſon, or rather there is nothing but Delights and glowing Wiſhes near her lovely Perſon. The *Zephyrs* in her Train drive far away the northern Blaſts; nay, even downy Sleep with all its healing

Balm,

Balm, loſes his Charm when *Ethelinda* ſpeaks; he well knows ſhe has an Army of Graces deſtructive to his Empire, and therefore does not preſume to invade her Votaries; we not only defie his Approach, but have forgot that there is any other Power but *Ethelinda*'s.

Without anſwering ſuch Hyperboly, ſweetly ſmil'd the Princeſs, My Lords, I take it that you are diſpoſed to paſs Part of this Evening in Converſation; may I not intrude a little with my Woman's Curioſity to enquire firſt what is become of your Patrician *Cicero*'s Amours? This Summer I went for my Health to the hot Baths at *Pruſa*, where *Thais* his Miſtreſs was, ſure never were ſuch ancient Lovers; what does he ſee in her, unleſs it be for Contradiction, becauſe ſhe is another's? Habit is no ſmall Matter, reply'd *Albinus*, the good Patrician one wou'd believe needed any Thing rather than a Miſtreſs, eſpecially at this time of Day; but yet he is ſo bewitch'd to *Thais*, that in Conſideration of what Joys her Palace produces, he has kept himſelf unmarry'd. He is, as Fame reports, a leading Card, ſays the Princeſs, amongſt the Idolworſhippers at *Conſtantinople*; very warm, very devout for the Cauſe of Religion, no leſs zealous and intent upon that of lawleſs Love, theſe Diſcords muſt make admirable Harmony. Tell me ſomething of his Story: But before you begin, be pleaſed, this freezing Night, to take part of theſe warm-

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ing enliv'ning Wines, that we may afterwards, without Interruption, attend to what your Excellency ſhall tell us.

Cicero, Madam, is by Birth a *Plebeian*, of the Claſſis of *Quirini*, one of the laſt two Tribes, which compleated the Number thirty five, into which the *Roman* People were long ſince caſt. Fortune had given his Father a Head as crafty as inventive; but becauſe the Courſe of his Practices mov'd in a vulgar Orb, I ſhall think too vilely of them to entertain your Highneſs; tho' there is a Deſign of introducing them into the World, to teach his Brother *Plebeians* what Steps may be taken towards raiſing ſo vaſt a Structure as this, his Son, from ſo deſpicable a Foundation.

I gueſs your Highneſs's Inclinations and Converſe lead you not to low Comedy, or rather Farce, ſuch were *Cicero*'s firſt Performances; the Morning of his Life was waſted in ſcandalous obſcure Adventures; ſo indigent a Strain of Debauchery, that to repeat wou'd prejudice one too much againſt the Expectation of his meridian Glories, as believing ſuch a notorious Courſe of Tricking, ſuch a paltry Run of little Converſation, could never produce any Thing out of the Road of deſerved Averſion and Scorn: Yet thro' this Heap of Rubbiſh, this Dunghil of Obſcurity, he could work his Way, and had the Art of abſtracting Matter for Obſervation, and learning what he called to live in the World. 'Tis certain, from

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the mean Education and unworthy Precepts his Father gave him, from the abandon'd Company he kept, and his own pregnant Inclinations to Evil, *Cicero* learnt to have Principles in no Eſtimation, and even to deſpiſe thoſe who had any; to ſtudy the Corruption of the *Roman* Law, and not ſo much as to wear the Habit of Religion; to make himſelf throughly acquainted with the very Inſide of Knavery, Deceit, Politicks, Pretences, Diſſimulation, Craft, Hypocriſy, and Zeal, and what well prepar'd him for becoming a Maſter in unwarrantable Practices, a ſtrong Inclication rather to riſe by Vice than Vertue, a ſecret lurking Propenſity to the Diſhoneſt rather than the Honeſt; he laught at Fate and Deſtiny, at Heaven and Futurity! His prodigious natural Parts were quickly better'd by acquir'd; his Soul had a Thirſt of Knowledge, he enquired into both Good and Evil, tho' he only worſhip'd the latter: Vaſt was his Memory and Vivacity, bold and ardent his Ambition, if yet in his little Vortex, where ſcarce he had room to move, the Term be juſt; his Paſſions, which were extream violent, did not often precipitate him beyond the Relief of his Judgment, which was ſo clear, ſo piercing, and ſo ſtrong, that it ſeldom ever deceived him; and when he was yet a wretched unknown deſpicable *Plebeian*, he reſolv'd to leave nothing undone that could advance him to the Degree of a Patrician. How many Genius's, born great, do

ſet in Obſcurity for want of what we may name a happy Call, a favourable Occaſion, a lucky Moment, to diſtinguiſh and exert themſelves? This *Cicero* knew, and ſought nothing with ſo much Diligence as an Opportunity to diſplay the Compounds, the Particles of which his extenſive Mind was formed; to break with a Burſt of Applauſe full in the Eyes of thoſe who had Power to raiſe him, to dazzle the Emperor and Senate with his Knowledge and Wiſdom, to ſhow a Capacity fit to adminiſter in any Elevation.

To bleſs him to his Wiſh, the Goddeſs of Diſcord declar'd on his ſide, as if by ſecret Inſtinct, or by *Cicero* himſelf directed to diſtinguiſh *Cicero*. The reigning Emperor was become obnoxious, he was growing into Tyranny, he oppreſs'd ſome of thoſe Patricians who would not come into his unlawful Meaſures, impriſon'd others, and reſolving to have them found guilty, ſet a Day that they might make their Defence: *Cicero* rang'd himſelf on the Party of the Malecontents, who then had the Majority. Thoſe eminent Orators who were appointed (amongſt whom *Cicero* was one, tho' till then unknown to the Learned) defended their Clients with ſo much Force, that the World was incenſed againſt the Emperor for the Breach of thoſe Laws, which, with a fatal perſuaſive Eloquence, they convinc'd the Empire that *Auguſtus* had departed from; the Conſequence of which was depoſing that

(*Cæſar*

Cæsar, and electing another in his Place, who happened to be a Succeſſor of finiſh'd Knowledge and Ambition, what he had acquir'd by Addreſs he would preſerve by Conduct: He knew admirably to put every Man with whom he converſed to his proper Uſe. *Cicero* now got into the Senate-Houſe, and being very buſie there, was not unremarked by the new Emperor. It had been the utmoſt of *Cicero*'s Hopes, that a Perſon of Wiſdom might be raiſed to the imperial Purple, for a Man of Senſe has little to expect from a weak Prince, ſo he made his Court to *Cæſar* with extreme Diligence and Perſeverance; he had Fire and Sedateneſs, Spirit and Condeſcenſion, and an Extent of Wit, whoſe diffuſive Tracts of Light leads you on to ſolid Judgment; but then he was as looſe as the Winds that promiſcuouſly ruffle all Things in their ſtormy Courſe, and full as wrathful. *Cicero* like them diſperſed Principles, Honeſty, Religion, Loyalty, Conſcience with a Puff, whenever they chanced to interveen or obſtruct his new Maſter the Emperor's Intereſt, or his own. He preſently made himſelf acquainted with Affairs of State abroad and at home, whatever he pleaſed was in his Power, a little Application gave him the Poſſeſſion of all Things that were neceſſary to form a great Miniſter; *Cæſar* advanc'd him from a *Plebeian* to be one of the *Equites*, put the Helm of Government into his Hand; and whilſt himſelf was abroad at the Head of his

his Armies, gave *Cicero* the Conduct of the State at home.

His Birth, his Education being eaſily forgot, thoſe Paſſions, which, if he had not the entire Command of before his Riſe, (their Conſequences were ſo obſcure that they were unknown, unleſs to the little wretched Company he hed formerly kept) began now to command him: In the Face of Day he grew angry, luſtful, proud and inexorable; bigotted to the Schiſmaticks, not becauſe they had more Religion than the Orthodox, but becauſe he had a great deal leſs; not enough to hinder him from playing with the moſt ſolemn Parts of it with a ſolemn Face and Air to advance his Purpoſes, which were to curb the Church, and defile her Purity with Schiſmaticks. Theſe were the Reformers who pretended to ſo vaſt a Perfection in Principles, that when Revenge, Perſecution, Luſt of Power, or Hatred of the Orthodox was in queſtion, united to a Point which was the Deſtruction of all Principles. *Cæſar* was warlike and ambitious, and had little more of Religion than great Soldiers generally have, Honour; and therefore interpoſed but ſeldom between the warring Animoſities of the two oppoſing Parties. But influenc'd by his Favourite *Cicero*, whoſe Judgment, upon ſolid Obſervations, he began to reverence; much was done to give the Idolaters their firſt Footing in the State, little to ſecure the Orthodox theirs in the Church. *Cicero* ſaw the Emperor was Childleſs,

leſs, and doubting whether he could acquire for himſelf an Intereſt in the next Succeſſor, debated with that fawning artful Patrician *Cataline*, whether it were poſſible for them to rouze the old Spirit of Liberty in the *Roman* People, ſo long ſince buried in the imperial State, and ſo conſpicuous in the Conſular. If this were once brought to paſs, they did not ſuppoſe the Commonwealth durſt boaſt of any bigger than themſelves, nor who had a greater Air of Probability to govern the Whole; whether they ſhould ſee it moſt for their Advantage to make the Monarchy elective, or once more to aboliſh it; but becauſe theſe Views were very remote amidſt a People fond of their Allegiance, and whoſe Principles and Religion taught them to obey that Form of Government eſtabliſh'd; *Cataline* was ſent to poyſon the Country by degrees, *Julius Sergius* the gay Part of the Court, and *Cicero* the buſie with Principles repugnant to Monarchy. Liberty was every where aſſerted, all Orders of Men, the apoſtate Clergyman and Soldier, the needy Poet, the buſie Newswriter, the wanting Scribbler, proſtrate Profligates were encourag'd, ſuſtain'd, nay rewarded with Money and Preferments to lodge the Power in the People, to ſhew a reigning Populace, and an obeying Emperor. *Cæſar*, they cry'd, was elected for common Benefit, of which They, the People, were the only Judges. Scandalous mercenary Pens ſtarted up to the utter Deſtruction of

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all Principles, who quickly poiſoned the unwary Multitude; new Notions were propagated to the Confuſion of good Senſe, Allegiance, and Religion. Liberty! Liberty! was the Clamour: No *Cæſar*, or ſuch a *Cæſar* over whom the People might reign. Arguments innumerable were produced! Libels diſpers'd! and whoever wanted an Office, let him dedicate for Liberty and Anarchy to *Cicero* or *Sergius*, an Employment or other Reward was ſure to be the Conſequence: Not that this Deſire of Liberty produced, or rous'd the glorious Spirit of Emulation, or any Thing of that ancient Ardour, and true Taſte of Liberty, which for ſo many Years had kept *Rome* the eternal City, and Queen of Nations: An enthuſiaſtick, wild, lawleſs Spirit of Miſ-rule took place; ſomething ſo coarſe and degenerate, as could only be produced by thoſe abſurd Poſitions, with which theſe Patriots debauched and milled the People.

And becauſe the Orthodox held Opinions contrary to the Schiſmaticks, and according to the Commands of their unerring Maſter, *Render'd unto* Cæſar *the Things that were* Cæſar's, they muſt be diſincourag'd and trampled upon: Libels were ſhot, not only againſt them, but Religion in general! bold impious Spirits, who had the imperial Libraries at pleaſure, to aſſiſt their prophane Study, who ſucceeded beſt againſt eccleſiaſtical Community deſerv'd beſt of *Cicero*. Swarms of atheiſtical Arguments were immediately produc'd;

duc'd; bold plausible Notions, calling the Entity of the Godhead into Dispute, making the tremendous awful Mysteries of our Religion but holy Juggles, the Art of Priest-craft, and a Gin to catch unwary Fools: Thus by destroying the Dread and Necessity of Conscience, fitting the People to act without any.

Diligent *Cicero*, held twice five hundred Hands in constant Support and Pay, to transcribe whatever Libels should be produc'd and approv'd; nor did himself disdain in so great, so glorious a Cause as Liberty, sometimes to give an illustrious Dash, a finishing Stroke from his own immortal Pen, to adorn and complete the Whole. Thus conceived, form'd and finish'd, these Productions, full of complicated Falsehoods, were delivered *gratis* into the Hands of proper Persons, to be dispers'd throughout the whole Empire *gratis*. Not a Village was without vast Numbers, with Appointment that they should be read to the unlearn'd, that those that could not read might hear. By capacitated Agents things were explain'd and refin'd upon, till the World became sullied by their Pollutions; a Dislike succeeded, of not only the Priests who officiated, but even our very Religion; the Church was defil'd, new Articles, new Manners, new Forms crept among the People; that pure and primitive Worship deliver'd by our Lord and Saviour, and propagated by the holy Apostles, witness'd by the Saints and Fathers, and sealed by

by the Blood of ſuffering Martyrs, was made the Sport of Crouds; its very Being made a Queſtion, and her unſpotted Profeſſors the Ridicule of a State Party. Whilſt the common People, debauch'd in Taſte and Principles, generally fell from the Practice of all Religion; their Wives and little Ones being no longer, as of Matter of Conſcience, inſtructed by their Husbands and Parents, were ſuffer'd to live without Thoughts of any. Never was ſeen ſo deplorable a Remiſſion and growing Ignorance ſince Chriſtianity began; and if a Miracle had not interveen'd, in the next Age, there would ſcarce have been the leaſt Remembrance, no Knowledge remaining of our moſt holy Faith among the Vulgar.

I will once more aſk ſome witty unmercenary Pens, who might poſſibly be free from the wicked Deſigns of that Party which roſe by Anarchy and Confuſion, what Advantage it is to them to propagate ſuch lawleſs Tenets and irreligious Notions? Why do they expend their prodigious Store of Learning to ſeduce Mankind from their Duty and Innocence? Why will they awake them from the pleaſing political Trance of Religion, granting it were a Trance? Can they not be contented to hug themſelves with their ſcholaſtick Notions, and envenom'd Ridicule of what they call Prieſt-craft, ſhown in their Tracts of the natural Mortality of the Soul, and other deadly Productions: Lamented Effects of their enquiring Hours! But they muſt

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give the weak World, unprepar'd of Antidotes againſt ſuch learned ſubtle Poiſons, Part of their Malignity? Oh Vanity of Study! Ill-plac'd Boaſt of Knowledge! Do you not ſee what you diffuſe abroad? Do you not behold a Deluge ruſhing upon you? For when Religion, the ſacred Barrier, ſhall be once removed, we muſt neceſſarily be born down: Flouds of Intemperance! Murder! Deſolation! lawleſs Love! Avarice! and a Complication of the greateſt Evils, will certainly overwhelm us!

Immortal *Cicero* be renown'd for that Spirit of Reſtleſsneſs, Sedition, and Apoſtacy, which his Emiſſaries, in obſcene Libels, have ſown throughout the whole Empire: Let a Statue be raiſed to obſcene Glory, for his aſſiſting, incouraging, and by an Effect of prodigious Humility, clubbing his Wit and Underſtanding with a Race of Men, who would have wanted all Things had they not his Favour: Diligent Mercenaries, bold and invidious! Your miſchievous, capacious Souls, do indeed qualify ſome few of you for *Cicero*'s Regard: But what ſhall we ſay of others that have not even Grammar, common Senſe and good Manners enough, to fit them for the Converſation of *Cicero*'s meaneſt Bondman? Is only a bare good Will towards Diſſention, Untruths, Miſchief and Confuſion, ſufficient Merit to recommend you to the Protection and Reward of ſo diſtinguiſhing, ſo impartial a Judge, as *Cicero*?

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Remembering, Madam, that your Highneſs requires ſomething of the Amours of the mighty *Cicero*; I muſt look back to his Friendſhip with *Clodius*, 'ere he was call'd to Court. *Clodius* was of the ſame Tribe and Profeſſion as *Cicero*, but different were their Abilities and Compoſition; you have heard what was *Cicero*, Inſincere in his Friendſhips, Falſe in his Profeſſions, unleſs to a Man whom he thought neceſſary to him; then he was as laviſh as artful, and would leave nothing undone to fix him in his Intereſts. *Clodius* was unthinking, free-minded, ſincere, generous, without Deſign, faithful, true to Friendſhip, but remiſs to himſelf; he indulg'd his Pleaſures too far to mind his Advancement. He was marry'd very young to a Maid, whoſe Father was of the *Equeſtrian* Rank; he imagin'd her charming, and from thence doated upon the Idol his Fancy had raiſed: but as your Highneſs has ſeen her ſo lately, I will not give a Deſcription of *Thais*, becauſe I am certain nothing can be added to your own Obſervation. Ah, my Lord! replyed the Princeſs, what we ſee of her now, is nothing but an old, flatternly, ungain Thing, one that has drawn on the Dæmon of old Age, ſooner than he could have come, by her Exceſſes and Coſmeticks: Tell me what ſhe was when ſhe was young, if you have heard, for upon your own Knowledge 'tis impoſſible you ſhould ſpeak of one long ſince capable of being your Excellencies Mother.

Thais,

Thais, as I have been informed, was always what she is now, pursu'd *Albinus*, as to her Air *degagée*, though your Highness is pleased to give it another Term. Her Father, or rather Mother, had been Embassador in *Iberia*; the Lady's Spirit of Government and *Cæsar*'s Favour, had lodged the Power in her. Among the Croud of Beauties that used to ply about *Cæsar* and the Court, this Lady had a Taste of imperial Joys. *Cæsar*, diffusive like the Sun! took all Women into his Embraces, at least for once. *Thais*'s Mother happening to be more impertinent than charming, *Cæsar* became disgusted; but because he was infinitely grateful and good-natur'd, he would not tell a Lady so who had obliged him, but suffered her to torment and follow him as she did in Expectation of another inchanting Moment: Her affected Learning, eternal Tattle, insipid Gaiety, and false Taste of Wit, could not but be tiresome to *Cæsar*, who had the truest in the World. To rid himself of her and her offered Favours with a good Air, he proposed sending her to give Laws, as he obligingly called it, Laws of Gallantry and Things delicate, to the *Iberian* Court. She took it as her Hemisphere of Glory, where she shone for some Years, but returned with ten times more Impertinence than before; Impertinence acquired by Travel, Misapplication, and as bad Construction of Things. *Cæsar* used to shroud himself whenever she appeared by the Pretence of Busi-

neſs, or amongſt what Company was next him, which very often proved no Sanctuary, for reſting upon the Merits of what had once paſſed between them, ſhe would invade his Ear and Cloſet, and force Acceſs; ſo that when ſhe dyed, as ſhe did not long after her Return, *Cæſar* ſaid, *'Twas well for him ſhe was gone, or ſhe had certainly killed him in ſtaying.*

A Lady made up of ſuch nice Compounds, could not be ſuppoſed to mindwhat ſhe called the Drudgery of the Sex, Duty to her Husband! Education of Children, the Oeconomy of the Family! The firſt obeyed her, the ſecond were left to themſelves, and the laſt ſo wholly neglected by her, that when ſhe dyed, all Things were in Diſorder or rather Deſpair; ſo little remained to the Daughters through her Negligence and Exceſſes, that they could never hope to marry to any of their own Rank: The eldeſt had Senſe and Vertue enough to confine her Expences to her narrow Fortune, and remained a Virgin; the ſecond ingaged with a Gentleman upon Terms of Honour, and taking one anothers Word, ſhe was never to ſay ſhe was marryed, nor he to ſay he was not; ſo living together in all the Forms of the Happy, ſhe was eſteemed his Wife, till the *Dæmon* of Satiety entered into his Breaſt: He departed, and left her a Daughter, the Fruit of their mutual Joys, with liberty to report what ſhe pleaſed to ſave her the Reputation of Honour to the Town.

Thais's

Thais's Mind had quite another Turn; she neither valued Vertue, nor the Appearance of it; her Desire was to live at Ease in the World, at what Rate soever purchased; let the World report what it would of her, she was too much a Philosopher vainly to put her self in Pain for Things meerly outward. She play'd away That which is most valuable in her Sex to an old Quality-Courtier and Relation, for five hundred Pieces, which being a considerable Addition to her Fortune, she told him she had a mind to screen her Conduct under the Umbrage of a Husband, for fear of those ill Accidents that are generally Consequences of Irregularity. The Courtier influenced good-natur'd *Clodius*, who with some Estate, and the Business he was brought up to, (it was observ'd that few besides Lawyers and Orators raised themselves in that Empire by Learning,) had the Prospect of making a Wife live very easie: He might have expected a larger Fortune among those of his own Degree, but *Thais*'s Quality being so much above his, the Charms he fancy'd in her Person, and her artful Management, made him think himself happy in her Acceptance: She was in her Bloom, her Complexion then unsullied by Art, her Eyes tender and sparkling, her Stature tall, but her Manner was never genteel. What pass'd upon the Wedding Night, will let you into her Character: I hope your Highness will not find fault with the Liberty of the Expression: I should blush my self

in making a Lady bluſh; but in only repeating the Words of one of your own Sex, I ought not to be much afraid of offending.

Good Nature, and Love of Pleaſure, uſually the Attendant of good Nature, made the Bridegroom comply with the old Courtier's Kindneſs, who had procur'd him ſo great a Bleſſing as *Thais*; and therefore *Clodius* thought he could not in Gratitude and Manners, decline the Honour that was ſhewn by a Perſon to whom he was ſo much obliged, and of a Rank ſo much above his own; he gave in to the Patrician's Deſign, and drank as much as he would have him; they ſay the Courtier had Reaſon for what he did; perhaps he had Cauſe, for his Miſtreſſes ſake, to wiſh that *Clodius* might carry as little Underſtanding as poſſible to bed with his Wife; but they over-dos'd him; he was no ſooner laid by the Bride, but he fell faſt aſleep, and ſo continued till Morning. She was very angry at the Neglect of her Charms: When he wak'd, he remembered ſomething of the Matter; it came into his Head that he was marry'd; he turned, and found himſelf not miſtaken, there was his lovely *Thais*, but in what Humours you may gueſs from her Words! *How do you, my Dear?* (ſays the Bridegroom, pretty much out of Countenance to ſee it Day, and that he had ſo negligently ſlept by her ſide) *How do you feel your ſelf? Are you well, my Dear? I did not give a Thouſand Pieces*, ſhe briskly anſwer'd, *to feel my ſelf!* Pray your Highneſs, forgive me this Liberty;

Liberty; 'twas but a little gay Resentment from a disappointed Lady; I will lead you to something more serious.

Cicero soon after wanted Money to help his Appearance at Court; his Funds were not extraordinary no more than his Credit; so that he found it difficult to take up what he wanted: He remembred his Friend *Clodius* was just marry'd, and had possibly his Wife's Dowry by him: He went to him, and with a thousand Vows of sharing with him whatever Fortune he should arrive at, borrow'd a very considerable Sum. *Clodius* was pleased that he had it in his Power to oblige him; and like those good-natured Husbands who are in Love with their Wives, and fond of the Happiness they find, he imparted his to *Cicero*; told him all the concealed Beauties of his Bride, and invited him to be himself a Judge of her Charms, at least of as many as were reveal'd.

It was at a splendid Supper which *Clodius* made for his Friend, that *Cicero* first beheld *Thais*: She put on all the Graces and good Humour she was Mistress of. Whether she had then any Design but that general one of pleasing in common to all Women, is uncertain; but her Coquet Airs forc'd a thousand Gallantries from the Statesman: He congratulated *Clodius*'s good Fortune, celebrated the Charms of his Wife, and went so far, that *Thais* did not dispute but she had made a Conquest of that illustrious Heart; and was perplex'd and displeased when she saw he did

did not return to assure her of it: So excessively was she disappointed, that *Clodius* could never hear her mention *Cicero* without Resentment, and something that was a lessening of his Character; tho' the Husband pretended not to be so great a Master as to find out the Secret of her Dissatisfaction.

More weighty Affairs at that time call'd upon *Cicero*; he had then his Fortune to make; *Clodius*'s Money supported him till *Cæsar*'s Bounty, (which soon after follow'd) and his own Management enriched him. *Clodius* devoted himself to *Thais*'s Charms, and was so little enclin'd to Ambition, that he did not pursue *Cicero* to Court, where, when he sometimes went, he grew disgusted at the Change of Behaviour in his Friend: That Openness of Manner, those Professions, those Vows of sharing all Things with him, were degenerated into a stiff Formality, an outside Plausibility, Invitations to Court, Excuses that the Affairs of State and weighty Avocations call'd him from his Arms and Conversation ——— but he would find a Time ——— begg'd him to be no Stranger ——— there was nothing he would not do to serve him ——— something must be thought on ——— desired to be put in a Way ——— at more leisure they would discourse further ——— he was always so unhappy to be torn from him by Business ——— but the Affairs of the Empire ——— *Cæsar* this moment expected him—pray come to Morrow ——— and to Morrow

row —— they ſhould not for ever be interrupted —— he was his moſt aſſur'd faithful and obedient Servant —— and ſhou'd be proud to be commanded to the utmoſt.

Thais could not forget her Birth and extravagant Education; all Things about her were gay and magnificent; her Expences anſwer'd better to a Patrician than a *Plebeian*'s Wife: But if ever *Clodius* interpos'd—Little Fellow ——— What did he mean?—Creature born among the People——Should he pretend to reduce her? ——— She who knew the World by living in it, and not only in Proſpect, as ſuch Miſerables as he did! ——— 'Twas in vain to tell her, That their Circumſtances not being agreeable to her Manner of Life, her Husband muſt neceſſarily ſink under her Conduct, if ſhe did not reform it. She bid him be gone to Court, and in *Cicero*'s Friendſhip ſeek for what might make them happy: *Cicero* to whom he had thought fit to lend Part of her Dowry, which, as yet, remained unpaid; That thoſe Excuſes he continually gave him, would not paſs upon her: Either he was too remiſs in his Attendance and Solicitations, or *Cicero* did not think him capacitated for an Employment; tho' there were many in his Gift that did not require more Brains or greater Strength of Parts than appear'd in him, for he was not the firſt Fool by twenty in very good Offices. She therefore charged him to ſucceed, or ſee her Face no more.

Behold here the miſerable Condition of this doating Husband! he would not, durſt not diſoblige his Wife, and therefore prevented the Day in Attendance upon *Cicero*, each ſucceſſive Morn ſaw him endeavouring to redeem his former Neglects —— But alas! Who? Who did he follow? Who play away his Time after? A tender Friend that had been oblig'd by him, and ought doubtleſs to be grateful! No! No! A haughty politick Stateſman, that never advanced any but for the Good he might expect from them! *Clodius* had Principles and good Nature, was ſincere and conſcientious, Talents unfit to work with, in ſuch a Court, and under ſuch a Government as *Cicero*'s. *Cicero* and his Party had dark deep Deſigns, long ſighted Projects of Futurity; the plain, the honeſt Way, would leave them but as they were; whereas every Machination was now upon the ſtretch to raiſe him to a Height, from which he might ſecurely laugh, and deſpiſe the little Malice and Envy of the Croud beneath him.

Cicero, tho' he reſolv'd not to advance *Clodius*, yet he was too wiſe to tell him ſo, unleſs his Delays ſpoke for him: Their former Friendſhip forbade *Clodius* to make ſuch an invidious Interpretation, and his own grateful Temper did not eaſily conclude *Cicero* could be ungrateful; therefore early awak'd, and teiz'd by his Wife, he ſought *Cicero*'s obdurate Gate, where in all Obſequiouſneſs and dutious Silence, he attended with the

Croud

Croud of Clients and early Petitioners that came to make their Court to him; but was ſeldom admitted further than the Anti-Chamber, where he uſed to wait whole Mornings to take him at his going forth, but ſo encompaſs'd, that very rarely could he urge his Suit to him, which was not only one Requeſt, but many; for no ſooner had *Clodius* found a Vacancy, and implored *Cicero*'s Grant, but it was unhappily diſpoſed of to another; either his Word was unfortunately pre-ingaged, or it was a Trifle not worth his Acceptance; ſomething would fall equal to his Deſerts, ſomething fit for ſuch Friends to beſtow and receive; or *Cæſar* had given this away; but the next, upon the Faith and Honour of a Friend, ſhould indiſputably be his.

Mean time *Thais*'s Extravagancies at home, and *Clodius*'s Neglect of all Buſineſs abroad, but attending upon *Cicero*, made their little Affairs run to ruin in the World: The mighty Hopes his Friend ſo artfully fed him with, cauſed him to neglect the Duty of his Calling, he uſed no Means to get Supplies: *Thais* exhauſted upon the publick Stock, and *Clodius* himſelf, by Court-Attendance, contracted a Habit of Idleneſs! above half the Day waſted at *Cicero*'s Apartment, the other was conſequently laviſhed among ſuch as he found Fellow-dependants, in comforting themſelves for Delays, and incouraging one anothers fantaſtick Hopes, with the generous God; ſo that theſe deceitful

Promiſes were every way the Ruin of unhappy *Clodius*; his Wife at home big with Expectation of Court-Preferment, diſdain'd to do any Thing diſcordant to thoſe Hopes, eſpecially when they ſo intimately agreed with the Profuſeneſs of her own Temper: Mean time the Remains of her Dowry flew off, the Land was next mortgag'd, then forfeited and ſeized: *Clodius* by *Thais*'s Advice, durſt not aſk *Cicero* for the Money he had obliged him with, leſt it ſhould make him cold in his Services, or give him any Diſguſt.

Clodius could not in his Heart forbear reſenting thoſe unkind Delays of his Friend; but he was in, and there was no retreating, 'twas now too late to apply himſelf to other Buſineſs, that Time he had ſuffer'd to glide away could not be retrieved, and nothing remain'd to ſave him from Ruin but the expeditious Performance of *Cicero*'s Promiſe; which whilſt he was urging with more than ordinary Importunity, frightful Poverty ſtaring native Modeſty out of his Face, the poor, the wretched deceived *Clodius* was ſeized by his mercileſs Creditors, and carry'd to a common Priſon. He immediately ſent to deſire his Wife to come to him; Women are naturally tender over the Miſerable, and at firſt redouble their Cares and Careſſes in any Misfortunes. *Thais* was not yet ſo abandoned, ſo out of her Sex, but that ſhe felt the Tenderneſs that another would at ſo deplorable a Sight; ſhe wept, ſhe exclaim'd, ſhe embraced her ſuffering

Hus-

Husband, she accused her own Extravagance, *Clodius*'s Credulity, but above all ingrateful *Cicero*'s Breach of Friendship and deluding Promises; 'twas a long time before she cou'd be brought to hear any Advice, till her Sorrows having pretty well tir'd themselves, she endured what her Husband could say, and with a seeming Return of Reason, heard his Advice, which was to go to *Cicero* in Person, who had never seen her since that Night when he had appeared so charm'd by her Wit and Beauty, and there implore his Goodness to have Compassion upon the miserable lost State of an ancient faithful Friend. Tell him, says *Clodius*, That all his Grandour cannot present him with one Heart so sincerely his as mine; a Heart he was truly in possession of before his Quality and Fottune attracted others: I would have dy'd for him, and did share with him the little I was Master of; beg him instantly to make the Payment of the Money I lent him, which will go a great way towards taking me out of this detested Place; else one Demand will come upon another, and I shall end my Days in loathsome Confinement. Tell him as he has ruin'd, 'tis now his time to retrieve; shou'd I remain here, my Thoughts, my Reflexions and Tenderness for thee, would distract me; Must I live, must I sleep, without my dearest *Thais*? I who have never had her a Moment out of my Mind since I first beheld her, must I be condemned to this cruel Separation, or what

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is more cruel, see her a Partner in my Wants and Miseries, to share the Fatigues and Necessities of a nauseous Prison? her Limbs extended for Rest upon a Bed so detestable, 'twould fright away the very Prospect of any. Sleep, as heavy as he is, never laid his leaden Scepter upon any, under this detested Roof, how wretched and overwatched soever! Here's no Forgetfulness, Grief can't so much as nod in an Aboad like this. My dearest Wife plead with success, that I may be restored to Thee, my little Son, and Family ——— go ——— and let me know that *Cicero* is just, and thy unhappy Husband not entirely abandoned to his evil Destiny.

Thais adorned in moving Sorrow went to *Cicero*'s Palace, and was so fortunate as to hear that he was alone; I don't call the servile Croud that waited for a Word, a Glance or Nod, Company; he was alone, because none were of consequence enough to be admitted to him; and happily employed in reading a Dedication to himself, from a young and successful Poet, whom for the Sweetness of his Strain we call *Maro*; nothing could put him into a better Humour, the Statesman was all unbent, Vanity and Pleasure usurp'd upon the busie Part, and *Cicero*'s Soul dilated with Delight finding himself so advantagiously represented. Tho' Patrons may not believe they deserve all that is said of them, yet well placed Flattery is seldom disagreeable, because it

helps

helps to perſuade the World that there muſt be Merit, for a judicious Author 'tis preſumed would never build without ſome Foundation. *Maro*'s Verſe has Force and Fire, it affects even upon Subjects that do not at all relate to us; how then ſhould it miſs of Pleaſure and Applauſe, when it is induſtriouſly directed, and goes immediately in purſuit of both?

This well-caſt Frame of Mind was a happy Preparative for *Thais*'s agreeable Reception: She had no ſooner ſent in her Name, but the Stateſman remembred her to Advantage; his Blood was already in an agreeable Dance; *Thais*'s lovely Eyes, and the attractive native Beauty of her Sex in her, gave him to think, that was an Hour of Joy abſtracted from Buſineſs, and he would endeavour to improve and indulge it. The Lady had ſo much Senſe as to conſider Sorrow, never but unwillingly, enters the Cloſets and Chambers of the Great. Pity and Compaſſion are the weakeſt of all the Paſſions: She would therefore attempt him by that of Gratitude, re-inforced with powerful Auxiliaries, that of lovely Eyes, glowing Youth and Complexion, riſing Breaſts, agitated by Fear and Reverence of his Grandour, rather than Remorſe for her Husband; few, very few become the Dreſs of Sorrow. *Thais* was one of thoſe Beauties, whoſe *Cupid* delighted in Revels, rather than Tears. She had conſulted her Glaſs, and would ſtrike at once, both for the Liberty and Preferment

ment of *Clodius.* Time had interpoſed between the firſt Irruptions of her Sorrow, and cancel'd the Marks of unbecoming, forbidding Grief; her Eyes ſwam only in a charming Humidity and Languor; her glowing Bluſhes beſpoke a well-timed Modeſty at her Intruſion: She trembled but not with Woe; the Anxiety of Doubt, the Uncertainty and Deſire of Pleaſing, robb'd her Steps of their uſual Firmneſs; an agreeable Languiſhment invaded her whole Perſon. She appeared to *Cicero* tender and amiable, faultring in her Looks and Manner, ſurprized by his Preſence; nor leſs deſirous to charm and ſurprize him by hers.

Cicero, who knew all Nature, and was in a Humour to adhere to her in the moſt intimate Manner, pleaſed, as I before told your Highneſs, at the former Sight and Converſation of *Thais*, was thrilled at the ſecond; his Blood already in an agreeable Agitation, mantled, or rather fluſhed; he was paſt the Power of giving her a formal Reception. Forgetting the Friend of *Clodius* in the Lover of *Thais*, he ran to her lovely Boſom, which having preſs'd to his, he bid her waſte none of thoſe happy Minutes *Fortune* beſtow'd upon him, in telling her Suit, ſince it was already granted before ever ſhe ſpoke; and purſuing his Ardors, which ſhe repel'd with a well-affected, but not diſdainful Modeſty, he conjured her not to diſappoint his Happineſs: Buſineſs allowed him ſo very little time for his Pleaſures, and

there

there were ſo few Women to his Taſte, that if he was refuſed, he ſhould never attempt again. Coldneſs from the Fair was always ſo effectually applied to him, that it dead'ned the Fierceneſs of his Fires, and gave him Power of Reaſoning within himſelf; for he ſuffered none to pleaſe him, whom he could not pleaſe. This Rhetorick was ſignificant, *Thais* had no Intent to diſguſt, ſhe argued only for a more commodius Interview —— his People were in Hearing —— ſhe ſhould be undone —— her own Houſe —— he was ſo poſitive —— ſo agreeable —— ſo irreſiſtible —— and (as he told her) ſhe ſo charming, that he would be with her at Eight that Evening to compleat his Happineſs, which from the Taſte he had had, fully convinced him, was of moment to the Pleaſures of his Life; ſo kiſſing her Hand, he called one of his Gentlemen to conduct her, upon the Report that was brought him, of *Cæſar*'s Favourites being come to confer with him about Buſineſs of Importance.

Wretched *Clodius* not ſo much as mentioned, this Interview took quite another Turn, one very different from the forlorn Condition he was reduced to. *Thais* was pleaſed, or rather charmed with the Magnificence of *Cicero*; and tho' he was much older, and not ſo handſome as *Clodius*, yet a Lover ſeldom fails of getting the Advantage over a Husband, in the Opinion of the Miſtreſs: Thoſe unabated Ardors! that Extremity of Fire! Height of Rapture! Keenneſs

of

of Embrace! all deadned by long and ſure Poſſeſſion, ſhews one ſo much to the Advantage of the other, that it is no Wonder they get the Preference. How carefully ought the Sex to guard themſelves from Opportunities of making Compariſon, how avoid thoſe dangerous Interviews wherein the Lover may prevail, ſince it not only deſtroys their Innocence, but a ſwift and ſure Contempt ſucceeds upon what-ever the unartful Husband ſhall happen to do after.

Thais had her Thoughts filled with more agreeable Ideas than *Clodius*'s Priſon. She would not go near him that Day for fear of ruffling her Features, and giving her Air a diſadvantagious Turn; ſhe ſent to tell him, That before Midnight ſhe hoped to give him a good Account of Things, for ſhe had till then to wait in Expectation of *Cicero*'s Commands. Her Heart at Reſt on that ſide, ſhe cauſed her Apartment to be ſet out with all poſſible Decency; and becauſe her Sorrows gave her a Pretence to the *Diſhabillie*, ſhe put on one ſogentile and becoming, join'd with a triumphant Joy that ſparkled in her Eyes, the ſecret Reflexion of Pleaſure paſt glowing on her Lips, and bluſhing on her Cheeks, that when ſhe laid her ſelf down upon her Bed, where ſhe would have it thought her Sorrow threw her, ſhe ſhewed more amiable than in a Court-Dreſs; for ſhe was one of thoſe Beauties that appeared beſt when moſt unadorned.

Cicero

Cicero, who had then no particular Commerce with any of the Sex, and who liv'd at large, ſnatching a happy Moment where he found it, without engaging his Heart, ſcarce his Mind, beyond the preſent; found ſomething more ſolid for *Thais*, the former low Walk of his Amours was no longer in his Thoughts; the Sectary's Wife was forgotten, and her *Plabeian* Husband by this time had worn out the fine Livery that had diſtinguiſhed him for *Ciccro*'s Cuckold; he might again return to his Oar, his Lord had no Inclination to do him farther Honour in the Perſon of his Spouſe. The *She*-ſurintendant of his Family no longer pleaſed, her Run was alſo over, there was a perfect Vacancy in the Orator's Heart; therefore *Thais*, as if in the lucky Moment, came to fill it: That ſhe was the Wife of an injur'd Friend! a Friend who paſſionately loved her, and had tenderly obliged him, rather heighten'd his Deſires; poſſibly had his Paſſion not had that Oppoſition, it had ſunk, as it roſe, with the uſual Tranſitorineſs of his other Amours; but the Unlawfulneſs, the Thoughts of forbidden Joy, ſet an Edge upon his Appetite, and cauſed him to render himſelf with a Keenneſs of Paſſion at the appointed Hour near her Bedſide.

The firſt Woman who gave me leave to call her Miſtreſs, was an Intimate of *Thais*'s; ſhe has ſo often diverted me with *Cicero*'s Amours, that I am very well inſtructed in many Particulars. The Lady who affected

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to weep only before her Woman, took her Handkerchief from her Eyes upon her Departure, and ſhowed her ſelf in perfect Beauty to a Lover, who felt ſomething more advantagious for her than he had ever felt for any of the Sex. Her Gown was a pale Pink, ſuitable to the Darkneſs of her Hair, lined with a rich gold Stuff, all careleſs, and eaſily to be diſpoſed of at the Lover's Wiſh; which way ſoever ſhe moved, it was obedient to the Touch, and diſcovered her ſwelling Breaſts, Part of her Limbs and Arms, or her ſlender Waiſt, that had nothing under the Gown but a linnen Covering; no Statue could be handſomer or whiter than her Legs and Feet, half cover'd with Sandals of Silver and Pearl Embroidery. She knew her Beauty, and where it was moſt conſpicuous, with a ſeeming undeſigning Art, the lovely Wanton moved her Limbs as if unknowing of the Motion, and gave to the Lover's Sight, a Landſkip of inevitable Charms! her Eyes, her Dreſs, her Hair ſet off by thoſe *Aurora* Ribbons that tyed her Night-cloaths; her every Grace became ſo conſpicuous, that all *Cicero*'s Senſes united in that One of Sight; he gazed intemperately! he ſighed! he could not ſpeak! where then was all his boaſted Wiſdom? Where that Reaſon, Learning, Policy! that unerring Judgment and refin'd Diſtinction! which had raiſed him to be the firſt in Eloquence and Reputation of the Empire? He thought it then his higheſt Glory to be an ardent Lover; his greateſt

Happi-

Happineſs was placed in the Poſſeſſion of Beauty! bright glorious Beauty! which gave our Stateſman to know, that all the Charms of Grandour were ſtale, unaffecting, empty Delights, compared with the ever ſubſtantial Joys of Love.

After a convenient Diſtance of Time, *Cicero* deſired his Miſtreſs to tell him what happy Occaſion had brought her to his Palace, and what were her Commands, for ſhe ſhould certainly be obeyed, and a thouſand times ſooner, for having ſo ſoon obliged him? 'Twas a Condeſcenſion ſo grateful, ſo agreeable to his Temper, that it had entirely charm'd him. So ſweet an Addition to her Beauty, that there was nothing in his Mind or Heart that ſhe had not ſubdued by her immediate Yielding. Nature, he ſaid, had certainly deſigned her to triumph over him, and had whiſper'd to her Soul this only Way. Here *Thais* did not fail to aſſure him, that ſhe could, only in Favour of him, have been guilty of ſo much Frailty; that he had certainly enchanted her by an irreſiſtible Impulſe of Joy, then at a time when ſhe was not only an utter Stranger to the Thoughts of Joy, but reſigned to Sorrow; in conſequence ſhe told him the Misfortune of her Husband, and conjured him by all that Honour, that Friendſhip which had formerly paſs'd between them, to aſſiſt and ſupport them under the Calamity which was fallen upon him; ſhe exaggerated the Circumſtances by which they

were

were brought to Ruin, his Promises and *Clodius*'s unhappy Dependance upon them, by which her self and Son were reduced to the last Extremity; her Husband now in the Hands of his mercileſs Creditor's, but his Wife without Honour, in thoſe of a Lover, who had by new and ſurprizing Graces, not only rob'd her of her Innocence, but would rob her of Life, if he did not ſet the trueſt Eſtimate upon her hitherto unconquered Heart, and for ever allow her a Place in his.

Cicero roſe from her Arms, and took ſome Turns about the Chamber in a deep *Reſvery*; *Thais* remained upon the Bed in ſo much Deſpondence, that ſhe began now to do in earneſt, what ſhe had before counterfeited, that is to ſay, ſhed Tears for fear her Lover was not ſo entirely her Slave as he had expreſs'd. This brought him out of his Contemplation, he began to comfort her, and gave her his Hand to riſe from the Place where ſhe was lying: They walked together, he was ſilent for a Quarter of an Hour; at length, as if he had took his Reſolution, he ſtop'd ſhort and looking her fixedly in the Face, asked her if ſhe loved him?——————without Heſitation ſhe appeal'd to what had lately paſt, and aſked him if a Lady could give a greater Proof than ſhe had done, or could make a more conſiderable Sacrifice, and in his own way, which was as valuable as the Sacrifice it ſelf; becauſe ſhe believed it coſt a Woman ten times the Reluctance to oblige a Lover at

once,

once, than when by long and insensible Degrees she was brought to yield her Innocence and Honour? —— I believe you love, Madam, answered *Cicero*, taking her Hand, and to convince you how dear you are to me, I will venture to make you a Proposal which you should never hear, if I did not think you entirely in my Intereft; as shocking as it may sound, consider it well, for 'tis the only Means to set us both at ease and make us happy.

Clodius, 'tis true, has formerly obliged me by several Things, he was qualified for private Friendship; but alas! Men in my Station must not seek for Amusement, but Service; he has depended too much upon past Acquaintance, and been very troublesome, his Head has not Strength to bear any Thing —— a meer Rattle, and of a Party quite opposite to mine —— what can I give him? His Principles will not suffer him to be my Creature; besides, if ever he be at Liberty, will he not dare to divide your Favours with me? —— Can I suffer so worthless a Rival? —— Or is the Name of Husband a Toleration for sullied Joys and participated Pleasure? —— I loath the Thoughts of taking you out of such brutal Arms —— I have hoarded up my Happiness in you! the Empire and *Cæsar* shall have all my busie Hours! but when I would live to my self, it must be in those transporting Pleasures you can bestow —— then when I have a leisure

Mi-

Minute, I must find your Husband with you, wretched Animal! of Power to pall, but never please! Besides, your Fortune with him will always be necessitous. Suppose I should give him some inconsiderable Office, he's qualify'd for no great One, the ill Company and squandring Vein he is got into, must make you infinitely uneasie: Nor ought my Bounty to relieve you: I should beg to be excused, tho I could lavish my whole Fortune to you; giving what he must partake of would be but an indifferent Satisfaction; to pay him with my Gold, for dividing with me all that I can call Happiness: Therefore, Madam, if you'll believe me, let him rest where he is; his debauch'd Companions will, I fear, take care to support and keep him alive longer than we shall have occasion for him. The Money which is in my Hands, shall be put out for your Son's Use; and for you, Madam, I have nothing but in respect of you; my self, and every thing else, is at your Devotion: A House shall be taken for you in another Part of the Town; you shall change your Name, and I will do all Things in my Power to render your Solitude agreeable. I ask you only to conceal the Honour you do me from the World. I am ingaged in the *Zealous Party*, am the Head of what they, in derision, call Idolaters; and tho' all wise Men of all Opinions, think much the same way of natural Pleasures, yet it would be Matter of such violent Offence to the Weak and truly Godly, those

that

that know not why they are ſo, that I muſt avoid giving Scandal upon ſuch a decry'd and notorious Point as Adultery! To cant, cheat, lie and forſwear, is nothing with them; but to kiſs another Man's Wife, the whole Clan would riſe up in Arms againſt me! I mention the Money I have of yours to be put out for your Son's Uſe, not that he ſhall need it, or can, whilſt you command my Fortune. I would, with all my Heart, reſtore it to your Husband, if I could with ſafety; but that will enable him to get out of Priſon, where 'tis our Intereſt he ſhould lie. Fond as he is, Madam, of you, Do you believe he would reſt till he had made an univerſal Search after you? the Conſequence of that would be very perplexing; I am therefore obliged to be mercileſs to him, rather than be cruel to my ſelf. Thoſe who are wiſe, in the firſt Place, conſider themſelves; our Friendſhips are not to oblige others; it is indeed a Misfortune when we cannot ſecure all at home, without being rigid abroad.

This Harrangüe as wicked, as impious, as it was, gain'd Applauſe from the adulterous ambitious *Thais*. She foreſaw in a minute what an Obſtacle that Fool, as ſhe called him, would be to her Pleaſures and Grandour. A Woman muſt have good Nature, muſt have Vertue, to love her Husband with the ſame Ardor in Adverſity, as Proſperity; to doat upon his Misfortunes with the ſame Sincerity as upon his good For-

Fortune; this Lady was none of thoſe dutious conſcientious Wives: 'Tis true, ſhe had violently afflicted her ſelf at the firſt Proſpect of her Huband's Ruin, becauſe ſhe feared her own was involved with it: But now that ſhe had found an Aſyle in *Clcero*'s Paſſion, ſhe eaſily reſign'd up *Clodius* to his Miſeries. Crafty as ſhe was, ſhe did not fail to make a Merit of the Sacrifice, telling her Lover, that ſeeing nothing but through him, ſhe only was what he pleas'd to direct, and would for ever be guided by him.

This Point ſettled, ſhe employ'd the Remainder of the Night, after *Cicero*'s Departure, not in viſiting the Wretched; ſhe was reſolved that Part ſhould trouble her no more! but in pulling down the Furniture and packing up: She was ſo extreme diligent, that by Morning all Things were ready; ſhe cauſed them to be conveyed to her Libertine Siſter's, there to remain till a Houſe could be taken; next diſcharging her Servants, ſhe ſent her Son to Penſion to one of the Philoſophers; dexterouſly ſecuring her ſelf from any Purſuit, ſhe took ſuch effectual care againſt being follow'd or diſcovered, that ſhe got off happily to the Rendezvous *Cicero* had appointed, who with impatient Love and longing Arms, waited to receive her. After he had congratulated her Arrival, and thank'd ber by profuſe Profeſſions of Joy, he told her ſhe was worthy to be a Miſtreſs, that is to ſay, one entirely beloved: Not even Heroes ought to be aſhamed

of

of a Love-Paſſion, in favour of a Woman of her Spirit, Reſolution, and Courage! That he adored thoſe Qualifications in her beyond her Beauty, becauſe they were Charms poſſeſs'd by ſo very few of her Sex! He had now nothing to deſire of her but to ſhare in his Grandour, and what he confeſs'd was a more difficult Task for a Lady to grant, to keep that Grandour and her ſelf concealed from all the World.

Unhappy *Clodius*! moſt miſerable of all Men! oppreſt by Fortune! betray'd by Friendſhip! diſhonoured by Marriage! a Victim to adulterous Love! wounded! ſacrificed! an Oblation to the Security of two the moſt deteſtable! the moſt inhuman! the moſt ignominious of their Time! Ah *Cicero*! How canſt thou wear any Peace of Mind; Serenity upon thy Brow? Pretence of Religion? that ſanctimonious Appearance? How harrangue it to the *good People* of thy Party? How preach up, as thou doſt, *Vertue* and *Moderation*, when thy ſelf art Scarlet deep tinged with the higheſt Crimes? to whom Hypocriſie! Faction! Injuſtice! are become familiar? Thou, to whoſe Wiſdom all Things are revealed! ſhou'd'ſt not thou remember, That Ingratitude is of ſo deep a Colour, the Stains are not to be waſhed away, No, not hardly by Oblivion. Has not *Plato* told us, *The Infamy of Man is immortal*? Thou ſhou'd'ſt have conſidered, That the Injuries done by a Friend, are much more piercing than the Wrongs wrought

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wrought by an Enemy; but he that is disposed to Mischief, can never want Occasion.

Yet, who is it that we find thus guilty? One in Prime of Youth, and Passion! full of immortal Vigour and bounding Force! whose Heat of Blood and Fancy cannot yet be subdued by the cold Precepts of Reason! whose Sun has scarce run its twentieth Course! the fiery Steeds in their full Prance, not tired by Time! deaf to the Master's Voice! disobedient to the Reins! fraught with inevitable Instinct, the irresistible Impulse of Nature! stung with the poignant Craving of Delight! and eager to renew the new-found genial Joy!

Or is it hoary venerable *Cicero*, whose ebbing Blood runs backward to the Fount of Life? Who has scarce Warmth dully to circulate the lazy Tide, which slowly creeping in his frozen Veins, leaves Irregularity behind? sagacious, by Time made cold and temperate! grown past those Follies that might disturb the harmonious Voice of Reason! weighed down by Diseases and Politicks! What Wonder to find Wisdom in such a Dwelling? But oh! Antipathy to Kind! monstrous to Nature! 'Tis reverend *Cicero* himself, who apes the glowing Lover! temperate *Cicero* who personates the fierce Adulterer, and accounts it Vertue by help of supernatural Temptations, and high-bought Restoratives, to be able to be vicious: What Remedy for so accomplished a Sinner, one who employs his Reason not to sup-

ſuppreſs but promote the Paſſions, who labouring under all the Imperfections of the *Old*, artfully attempts the elegant Exceſſes of the Young?

But Madam, to return from whence we have digreſs'd, the ſuffering *Clodius*, who awaited for Day with the Impatience of the Miſerable; he had been promiſed Intelligence before Midnight, the Morning came, yet he was ſtill in the dark as to what Succeſs *Thais*'s Negotiations had had with *Cicero*. He fortified his Patience, forbid his Expectation to extend ſo widely on the Rack. In ſhort, he endured what was poſſible for one in his Circumſtances, and Uncertainty of Mind: At laſt a Friend, who had been ſolliciting his Creditors, came to the Priſon with Terms of Accomodation. *Clodius* conjured him to go to his Houſe, not only to inform his Wife of the Conditions, but to enquire of her Health, and to know how ſhe had ſucceeded with his Patron. But what a melancholy Scene! how wounding was his Return? The Friend could ſcarce believe himſelf or his own Eyes, ſcarcely credit his Sight, when he beheld an empty Houſe, and heard from the Neighbours that the Lady had diſcharged all, and had left no Account where ſhe was gone. *Clodius* was yet more incredulous, he ſent from one Part of *Conſtantinople* to the other; every where that he knew or imagined that ſhe had Relations and Acquaintances; he even wrote to *Cicero* to know if he had ſeen

her, but nor being able to get any Intelligence, he curſt that Thing a fair, falſe Wife, who only ſeeks the Sun-ſhine, and deſerts her Husband in a Storm; he curſt himſelf, his Hour of Birth, and fatal Wedlock. *Thais* had not only abandon'd, but took from him all the Means was left him to ſupport his Life! *Cicero* failed not to ſhew the Friend her Diſcharge in Form for the Money, which, as he ſent him Word, had been paid at her Requeſt, the Night before. This Uſage was ſo ignominious, ſo monſtrous, and unaccountable, that *Clodius* could not believe it; the Height of the Barbarity kept him from crediting of it. He flattered himſelf that ſhe was abſconded to make an advantagious Compoſition with thoſe who had caſt him into Priſon, and therefore waited with ſome tolerable Degree of Patience till that Day and the next were expired; but then he ſunk under his Anxiety of Mind, and was ſeized with a Fever, which had been happy for him, if it had carry'd him from the World, to free him from the Inconveniencies of Life, the Miſeries of a loathſome Priſon! and the Treachery of a falſe Friend and Wife! who cauſed him to conclude to the Diſadvantage of the whole Sex, that *Women were like to* Fortune *ſtanding upon a Globe, winged with the Feathers of Fickleneſs and Ingratitude.*

But all his Sufferings were rather forgotten, than pitied by *Thais*: Her *Equeſtrian* was now made a *Patrician*; ſhe looked upon her

ſelf

ſelf to riſe in proportion to his Honours; her Palace was glorious; ſhe had an improving Fancy of her own, but a little Experience gave her to know ſhe ſhould quickly be an uſeleſs Article of Expence to her old Stateſman: It was not that he was neceſſitated to be a Lover, but in ſpight of no Neceſſity he would be a Lover: He had rather an imaginary, than a real Occaſion for a Miſtreſs. *Thais* very well knew that Art had never yet produced a Cure for old Age: *There* lurk'd the *Dæmon* that would put an End to her Reign; ſo that ſhe did not ſo much ſtudy to embelliſh her own Charms, as how to preſerve the Reliſh of Charms in him! She applyed her ſelf to the Search of all thoſe Secrets that could prolong Youth and keep off Decays! Reſtoratives! heightning Cordials! rich Elixirs! coſtly Baths! ſtrengthning Oils! Whatever the Phyſician, Virtuoſo, or Philoſopher could adviſe, thoſe with ready Expence and Wit ſhe appropriated to the Uſe of *Cicero*. It was not her Fault that ſhe became not Miſtreſs of the great Secret, the Ultimate of Chymiſtry, the *Magiſterium* that is ſaid to have the wonderful Power to reſtore decaying Nature, renew or ſtop departing Youth: She built Elaboratories, erected Furnaces, incouraged the Learned and the Needy to try their Experience at her Coſt; ſo that in her Houſe was to be found all that could contribute to the Health and long Life of a Lover. She was for ſome Years become neceſſary,

more in Quality of a Nurſe than a Miſtreſs. And to ſhow to what a Height ſhe carry'd her Condeſcentions, reſolving, that ſo ſhe could but reign, no matter by what Methods! She uſed to lead her old Patrician into the coſtly Bath, where ſhe cauſed him to be attended by bright, half naked, dazling Beauties; new and till then unſeen, their ſhining Hair with a graceful Flow, ſhowing their Prime of Years, and unaſſiſted Charms. Art needed not to interpoſe towards the Support of Graces that could have no Addition. Theſe Virgins were inſtructed by their *Corrupter*, who with mighty Coſt and Pains, had ſecretly train'd them up for theſe Uſes, to dance, to ſing, to talk laſciviouſly of Love, to ſhow their poliſh'd Limbs, all ſupple and advantagiouſly diſpoſed, to raiſe a Warmth in the half dying Lover. After the Bath he was carried to a citron Bed, ſhining as Gold could make it, ſtrow'd with Sweets, where they with ready Love, panted to receive him. Some one wanton Nymph, with her delicious Hand, chaffed his old Limbs with ſtrengthning *Sabæan* Oils, to make them pliant to the Embrace, whilſt *Thais* cauſed him to remark the Beauties with which Nature had enrich'd the Girl; ſhe talk'd not of the Fire of the Eyes, the Carnation of the Lip; ſhe directed him to the firm, ſwelling, ſnowy Breaſt, the Turn of Limbs, the taper Waiſt, and thoſe unſeen Beauties which ſhe as induſtriouſly diſcloſed as others conceal: They ap-

apply'd Kiſſes capable of firing the coldeſt Frame; whilſt ſhe would read Pieces more looſe than *Ovid* in all his Flow of Love. The Patrician expiring with Pleaſure, diſſolv'd in Delights, confeſſed *Thais* the Miſtreſs of the World for new and unthought Enjoyments; and rewarded her with ten times a larger Hand, for that Bliſs ſhe procur'd him by others, than for what ever ſhe had beſtow'd upon him from her own Charms.

Thais's Palace ſacred to *Cicero*, admitted none of his Sex but himſelf; Scandal will have it that ſhe was ſo nice in that Particular, ſhe us'd to meet ſome of the *Roman* Youth, whom ſhe did not diſdain to amuſe her ſelf with, at her Siſter's, but would not permit them the leaſt Acceſs at Home: She was ſerv'd only by She-Slaves, and thoſe were amorous Devotees, whom ſhe caus'd to be fetched from *Greece*, when they were too Young to have a true Senſe of Decency or Vertue! Theſe ſhe inſtructed in the Arts of looſe laſcivious Love; and ſtill as they grew ſtale to *Cicero*, and that he was ſated with them, ſhe ſent them off Slaves to the Iſlands that were ſubjected to the Empire, and ſupply'd his depraved Age and Fancy with new Beauty. Novelty has ſo great a Charm, a different Manner diſtinguiſhing every Woman, that 'tis the only Way of diffuſing the Sex, or varying a Joy, that in reality is but the ſame Thing repeated. This *Cicero* us'd to obſerve, and took a Pleaſure in recount-

ing to *Thais*, the different Agitations and Delights they gave him; whilſt ſhe, warm'd by ſuch Scenes of Love, when her Patrician was diſmiſs'd, to tread the Maze of Politicks and Buſineſs, us'd to fly to the Rendevouze, there to experience in a younger Lover's Arms, what Certainty there was in the Speculations of her Old.

O unhappy *Clodius*, we leave you too long before we take you out of your miſerable Priſon to behold the exalted Glory of your Wife's Palace! Fame, who has not her Number of Eyes and Ears for nothing, came into the Secret of this Amour, and put it not only into the Mouths of the *Great Vulgar*, but the *Small*. Her Husband's Creditors ſo induſtriouſly improved Report into Certainty, that they us'd to wait Lord *Cicero*'s Palace at every Avenue; whence they dogg'd him with ſome Difficulty to that of *Thais*; nor could the mean Diſguiſe of a Slave or a *Plebeian* ſecure him from their Knowledge, that preciſe ſanctimonious Step of his too particular to be miſtaken. They loved Diſcoveries better than I do, who could patiently wait the Morning for his Return, after his Paſſing the Night as *Juvenal* tells us,

All Filth without, and all on Fire within,
Tir'd with the Toil, unſated with the Sin,
——— So foul, and ſo bedight,
Brings Cæſar *back, the Product of the Night.*

Fall-

Falling to Buſineſs and the Advancement of Religion, he found his Underſtanding return with double Force after ſuch Unbendings. In theſe Receſſes he uſed to contemplate the wonderful Effects of Nature, and capacitate himſelf for being a Profeſſor of experimental Philoſophy. But lying a little too open in his Amours, and not being able to reſtrain *Thais* from publiſhing the Riches and Glory ſhe liv'd in; her Husband's Creditors agreed among themſelves, ſince a *Priſon pays no Debts*, to releaſe him. The only Hopes they had of being ſatisfied, lay in taking him out upon ſuch Conditions as he would doubtleſs agree to, and ſending him to ſeize his Wife's Furniture, which was coſtly enough to pay his Debts to Advantage; this was no ſooner reſolv'd but put in practice. *Clodius* received the News of his Infamy and Liberty together. He had ſubſiſted for many Years meerly upon Charity; his Misfortunes and Length of Confinement had not only dull'd, but turn'd his Brain. He was inſenſible of what was beſtowed upon him; he knew not how to live Abroad, the Priſon was become his only Maintainance, and when they talked to him of his Wife's Grandour, he ſeemed to rejoyce without having that ſtrict Notion of Diſhonour, as had inſpired his quicker Senſe; but wholly manag'd by thoſe that gave him Liberty, he agreed to put the Law in Execution, if ſhe would not comply to thoſe Terms he beg'd leave to propoſe to her;

a fatal Tenderneſs being all the Remains he had of his former State and Mind. A Letter was dictated, which he tranſcribed and addreſs'd to her by that Name which ſhe had aſſum'd; the Demand was ſuch a Sum of Money to be paid by the ſeventh Hour the next Morning, or ſhe muſt expect the Indignation of a provok'd and abus'd Husband. *Thais* read it as her Doom, and fearing he would not ſtop there, ſhe knew not what Meaſures to take: The Warning was ſhort, 'twas already dark, and tho' the Demand was inconſiderable, compared to what ſhe could furniſh, yet ſhe reſolved with herſelf, that it were much better to ſave it, if her Wit could find the Means. She was now become covetous, as ſhe grew rich, a ſeeming Paradox which many are acquainted with; ſhe ſent him an Anſwer, that it ſhould be done, and promiſed to be punctual. The Creditors overjoy'd at the Succeſs of their Stratagem, hug and embrace one another, and fell to congratulate and cheer themſelves with Cups of generous Wine; whilſt *Thais*, who was not at all unmindful of her Buſineſs, faſtens the Gates and Windows of her Palace, and falls to pulling down the Beds and Furniture; all was performed with admirable Silence and Expedition; they were packed up and ſent away to People in whom ſhe could confide, and herſelf and Train of Slaves decamped to another Ground; ſo that when the Husband was brought in the Morning by his Creditors

tors to take Poſſeſſion, they wonder'd to find themſelves in ſuch a Deſart. Rage and Reſentment immediately ſeized them, poor *Clodius* was accus'd for ſuſpending the Execution of their Project. Anger to ſee himſelf abus'd, rouſed him from ſome of that Lethargy of Senſe, that a long Impriſonment and Misfortunes had occaſioned. He would have poinarded *Cicero!* he rav'd againſt him, with ſome feeble Efforts, for the Diſhonour and Poverty his apoſtate Friendſhip had brought upon him; but being in the Hands of others, who had ſomething better Senſe, they perſuaded him to be calm; and ſhew'd him the Impoſſibility of attempting the Life of *Cicero*, incompaſs'd as he always was, by a Train of Clients, Dependants and Slaves, unleſs when he went upon his Amours, which was a Secret they were too wiſe to truſt a Madman with, well conſidering, that if *Clodius* murder'd *Cicero*, his Life muſt pay for it, which would not pay what he was indebted to them; they only deſir'd to manage him till they could once put him in Poſſeſſion of ſome of his Wife's Treaſure, and then deſigned to let him purſue his Revenge at Pleaſure.

The like Diligence as had once before made them acquainted with the Place of *Thais*'s Aboad, gave them after ſome time an Opportunity to make the like Diſcovery; they attended *Cicero* from the Poſtern of his Garden Back-gate, lodg'd him at a finer Palace, more ſuperbous than the former,

and

and when Morning was come, watched him back to his own. They made all the neceſſary Inquiries to find if this was the ſame Lady; when once ſatisfied of that, they introduc'd *Clodius*, even into her very Houſe, before ſhe had notice. The Precaution ſhe took to ſave her Gold, Jewels and Plate, was to fly by a Pair of back Stairs down into a Vault with her Lap full of what ſhe could collect, having had, upon the Sound of his Voice, that admirable Preſence of Mind, as to cauſe the Doors of the lower Apartment, where he was, to be faſtned upon him, which took up ſo much time to force, that herſelf and Slaves were got, by means of a ſecret Door, into the next Houſe, to a Friend of the Patrician's, with what was moſt precious and portable; her Cabinet and ſtrong Box of Letters fell to them to rifle; there were ſuch *Douceurs* from *Cicero*, whoever had had the Opportunity of Compariſon, muſt have confeſſed, that great Genius's are not eaſily traced by their Manner of Writing; it is not the ſame in Eloquence as in Painting, where to an Artiſt the Hand is immediately diſcover'd at ſight. Here was quite another Caſt of Thought and Expreſſion. *Advice to the good People*, and his *Billet Doux* were indeed as different as their Subject; tho' he ſhow'd not leſs Application and Induſtry in deſcending to the Capacity of the former, than Wit in riſing to the refin'd Taſte of the latter. A more inferior Pen than *Cicero*'s could not have treated ſo accurately as he

has

has done of knaviſh Politicks, depraved Religion, and maim'd Debauchery. His Letters were filled like his Libels, with Particulars, What had lately given him Delight, in what Manner he had found himſelf moſt affected, wherein had lain, in the laſt Interview, the Poignancy of his Pleaſures, the artful Embrace of *Clelia*, the naked Beauties of *Phryne*, the wanton Dialect of *Sappho*, and ſometimes their united Endeavours directed by *Thais*'s maſterly Hand, had ſucceeded in giving him concurrent Joys, Bliſs unknown to the Reſt of the World, and which he had never proved, if his niggard Stars had deny'd him the accompliſhed *Thais*. 'Twould weary your Highneſs to tell what theſe elaborate Letters contained, had they not been all writ with his own Hand, and ſigned *Cicero*, one ſhould never have believed, that a diſeas'd, old, decayed Politician, had had ſuch wholſome, young and ſprightly Thoughts.

One of the Creditors had a Wife who pretended to be a ſort of Wit, he reſerv'd theſe Letters to divert her; hapning to be a violent Enemy to the Idol-Party, of which *Cicero* was the wiſe Head, ſhe ſeemed reſolv'd, when I left *Conſtantinople*, to collect ſome of the important Particulars of his Life, his Father's Birth and Honeſty, the ſordid Education beſtowed upon himſelf, his deſpicable Adventures, and low Walk of his firſt Diverſions; his new-

fangled

fangled Religion and Notions of Government, wherewith he had debauched the People; his prodigious Rise, Behaviour, and Conduct whilst in Power, together with an impartial Account of his latter Amours and long Runn of Debauchery in *Thais*'s Palace; with several other worthy Particulars, which may chance to make it, by the Help of his own original Letters, one of the most diverting Miscellanies Extant.

But to return to *Clodius*; his Companions had too great a Sense of his Condition to suffer him to see these amorous Epistles; they persuaded him to put all the Furniture of the House immediately under the Spear, which yielded more than enough to satisfie his Creditors; the Over-plus was reserved for his Use, and the Pleasures of some of his Prison-Debauchees, who had got the entire Management of him and his small Remains of Sense. *Thais* was as good to them as an Inheritance; for still when there was an Ebb of Treasure amongst them, they would industriously trace the Politician to her Aboad, and bring the Husband to assert his Right: This once produced an Interview, where all that's tender, touching, reproachful, and mourning past on his Side; all that was audacious, haughty, and shocking on hers.

But because these Visits were both expensive and troublesome to *Thais*, and by no means diverting or commodious to *Cicero*;

ro; he was charg'd at his Suit, to the Value of more than he had ever plundred: The Patrician pretending that the Goods were his, and *Thais* only in Truſt, as the Female-Surintendant of his Houſe. Thus was *Clodius* return'd back to the Encloſure of a more inſupportable Priſon for a much larger Sum than before, and curſt with a more inexorable Creditor; where he languiſh'd a conſiderable Time, till his old Companions united to try the Validity of *Cicero*'s Quirks of Law, and would have certainly redeemed him from that deplorable Oppreſſion; very well knowing the Plunder of the next Palace was more than enough to repay their Expence; but they were prevented by *Clodius*'s being diſcharged in Form by *Cicero*, and thence conveyed (as it was given out by his own Conſent, tho' conjectured quite contrary) to ſome Land unknown, for he has never ſince been heard of; but whether Life or Death! Liberty or Slavery! Poverty or Plenty be his Deſtiny, is yet in the Knowledge only of the Fates, and thoſe Perſons who were the truſted Agents of *Thais*'s Fears and Diſpleaſure?

What Lady can hear this Relation, and not deſire to have it concluded with a Panegyrick upon Lord *Cicero*, for being ſo true, ſo inimitable a Lover? Who does not adore the Height and Conſtancy of his Paſſion? Who does not ſee the Obligations that *Thais* has to him? Since it

muſt

muſt coſt him more Labour and Thought how to ſurmount the Foible of old Age; and the Infirmity of Diſeaſes; more Trouble ſtill to act the Lover, than Others take to cure themſelves of their Love. Has he not ſacrificed Friendſhip, Honour, Humanity, the World's Eſteem, Gratitude and Reaſon, to perſevere in his Paſſion, at an Age when even marryed People withdraw from the Rites of *Hymen*, to apply themſelves to Heaven with the greater Freedom and Serenity of Thought? *Cicero*, when judg'd at the Tribunal of Beauty, muſt certainly find an Indulgence for all his Errors, if not a Plaudite, eſpecially for ſuch as have ariſen from his never-ceaſing Deſire of Beauty. 'Tis eaſier to ſubdue our Enemies, than ſuppreſs agreeable Paſſions; unleſs you will ſay, that Age had already extinguiſh'd his, and conclude with ſome of his Cenſurers, That in the Young, Love is a pardonable natural Weakneſs; in the Old, a monſtrous and unprofitable Fault!

Thus, Madam, I have repreſented *Cicero*, rather in his amorous than political Capacity, becauſe I judg'd that was turning his bright Side to the Ladies. I have forbore to tell your Highneſs, how eloquent! how excellent is his Wiſdom! I would extol his Charity to *Thais* in the Ebb or Ruin of her Fortune; but perhaps you will ſay, *That tho' all Charity be counted Love*, yet *all Love is not Charity*. Should I

ſpeak

ſpeak of his Returning her Wrongs upon her Husband, I may be reproached with the Vindictiveneſs of his Temper, and that he is by Nature inexorable; 'tis indeed a Defect in ſo great a Man, becauſe Hatred and Malice are peculiar to little Wretches, who have not Liberality of Soul enough to pardon, or Courage to take ſuch a Revenge as Honour permits: The Mind being formed to Love, it muſt be *depraved when it abhors any Thing but Vice*: Great Souls, eaſily *blot Injuries from their Memory*; Mean Ones, *never forgive where once they hate.*

Your Excellency, reply'd *Ethelinda*, has raiſed ſuch an Idea of *Thais*'s old Patrician Lover, I do not tell you of which Sort, that I beſpeak one of the Miſcellanies that you tell me the Lady is collecting of his Life. Sure the Letters of a Lover of his Standing, muſt be Originals. Can he talk of any Thing that is truly felt in that Paſſion, without prodigious Affectation? What departs from him at this time of Day, muſt be the Effects of an extraordinary Remembrance, the Repetition of his Youth by Art of Memory. One would think *Plato*'s Year was come round to him again. What a Court is yours? how amorous! how politick! one may ſay, That the God of Love, and the Goddeſs of Diſcord, have made a ridiculous Agreement to move in Conſort, an Union which may be termed a whimſical

ſical Paradox; we that rarely hear of ſuch Eruptions in the North, ſtand wondring at the eaſie Conflagration: Why, your profoundeſt Stateſmen, and your greateſt Virtuoſo's, have their Adventures and Amuſements. Have you yet heard what has paſs'd in King *Beraldus*'s Court, relating to your Predeceſſor's Lady, and her indulgent Lord? No, Madam, anſwered the Ambaſſador. The ſame Queſtion being put to every one in the Company, they all anſwered in the *Negative*. 'Tis then in my Power, I hope, purſued the Princeſs, to entertain you with ſomething new, wherein there is a powerful Mixture of dear bewitching Scandal——————It may be a Relief from the Trouble I muſt give your Excellence in purſuit of your obliging Promiſe, and leave Lord *Horatio* Liberty to write to the Emperor, as his Lordſhip lately told us, he was obliged to do. In the next Chamber you will find all Things neceſſary; That Gentleman, my Lord, will attend you——— After ſome Unwillingneſs of troubling the Princeſs's Lodging, *Horatio* withdrew, and her Highneſs called, Who's there?————— Somebody ſend in *Mademoiſelle Charlot*, ſhe ſhall inform you of twenty Particulars I can't pretend to charge my Mind with. After this Girl was diſmiſs'd the Ambaſſador's Train, I received her into mine. *Charlot* has an Air of Sprightlineſs, is Maſter of her Subject, has much Sincerity, and does not want Wit; ſo that

if

if I miſtake not, your Lordſhips will not be diſpleas'd at hearing her relate an Adventure that has ſomething in it rare; I mean the extreme Affection and Compliance of a Husband.——— *Charlot* having received the Princeſs's Commands, prepar'd her ſelf with an agreeable Addreſs to obey her in the following Relation.

The

The History of Cornutus, Endymion, *and* Arethusa.

Cornutus's Degree, my Lords, is Patrician; he marry'd *Arethusa* with all the Pleasure and Joy of a fond Bridegroom. They liv'd in mutual Delights. Nothing could be more blameless than her Conduct, till *Cornutus*'s Mother, stooping to rise, enrich'd *Julius Sergius* with her antiquated Charms and modern Possessions, which, it is not doubted, was the Magnet that drew him: He immediately seiz'd upon the golden Chain held by Ambition, which from the lowest Extremity of the Earth, is said to touch the Sky, every Link being a Step to new Dignities. *Sergius* was so happy to justle the Press about him, till he crouded next the Goddess, and began to mount in spight of all Opposition: So prodigious swift was his Rise, that it scarce left any Tract or Remembrance behind it; nor could they see what Merit he had to recommend him to that Wealth and Power he suddenly became Master of. Upon his Interest, and at his Request, his Son-in-law *Cornutus*, was sent Ambassador by *Cæsar*, to *Charles* King of the *Franks*: That Monarch has Love and Gal-

Gallantry much in Esteem; his Court and Kingdom take the same Turn: There, is to be found such Freedom, such an Air, or rather Spirit of Love, as is not to be equal'd in any other Place; the Women believe themselves born for no better Purpose; their whole Desires are to inspire that Passion; their only Business how to accomplish themselves; they really are such wonderful Mistresses in the Art, that they follow Nature but in one Point, so miraculously improving the Face, that after rising from their Toilet, you would not believe it the same; so embellished by Dress, so taught to look, to speak, to languish to advantage, that they become irresistible. Nor does a marry'd Woman scruple to receive the publick Addresses of a Lover, which the Husband is so far from giving himself any Pain at, that he looks on it as a Merit in his Wife, as if she could not be lovely without Adorers, and consequently not deserving his Passion; tho' he does not fail to repay that Adoration in kind, to some other Beauty: Thus the eternal Round is Loving and being Beloved; yet all esteem'd Innocent, 'till some publick Indiscretion forces them to see what they would unwillingly believe.

Arethusa had a Flexibility in her Temper, that gave her an easy Bent to what was agreeable and fashionable, passing from the more rigid Court of the *Greek* Emperors, to the airy one of *Charles*'s, she quickly gave in to those delicious Liberties, and for fear of being

being esteemed less polite, became more gay than could be expected in so short a time. Her Lord observ'd the prodigious Progress with Satisfaction; he would not have his Lady less modish than another, and therefore added his own Instructions to her Observations, till *Arethusa* was become as much a Coquet, as Sauntring, as Swimming as any of the Court; as busy in Gallantry, as indolent in Business, as little fond of her Lord, as doating on others; so very much a fine Lady, and so very little a Wife, that *Cornutus* was transported at those Embellishments. But that your Lordships may not wonder at this extraordinary Accomplishment, be pleased to take his Character, as it was said to be writ *Extempore* by *Charles* himself,

" *He Laughs and he Grins!*
" *He Dances and Sings!*
" *But prove him, He's fooliſh Deluſion:*
" *Nor Anſwer, nor Queſtion,*
" *Nor Taſte, nor Digeſtion,*
" *Nor Preface, nor yet a Concluſion!*

The Affairs of the Empire were in a fair Way of being well manag'd, as your Lordships may imagine, whilst *Cornutus* had the Conduct of them. *Charles* did not fail to caress him to an excessive Height; he seemed to yield all Things that he asked, because indeed he knew so well how to influence him, that he was directed to ask

nothing

nothing but what *Charles* was willing to yield. Care was taken ever to oblige, and never to diſguſt him; the wiſe Monarch prepar'd as well againſt Trifles as Eſſentials; he knows great Events have often inconſiderable Originals; and leaſt *Cornutus* ſhould deſire to be recalled, he made him ſo in Love with the Diverſions found in his Court, that he dreaded nothing ſo much; nor had he any other Uneaſineſs upon his Mind, than to find that his fine Lady, as much as ſhe was admired, was not yet beloved: That is is to ſay, no particular Gallant had ſignalized her for the Object of his Adoration. Notwithſtanding theſe Compliances, I would not have your Lordſhips believe, that the Patrician deſir'd *Arethuſa* to depart from her Vertue; that is a Point wherein certainly all Husbands are tenacious; his Vanity was to have it ſhine ro Advantage. He pretended, that by her Cruelty ſhe ſhould at once have the Opinion of her Beauty and Chaſtity confirmed; fond of the Experiment, he was always the firſt to open the Eyes of her Beholders. He ask'd this Lord, that Count or Prince, can any Thing be more charming than her Air and Shape? Had ever any Eyes ſo agreeable a Look! ſo bewitching? and then her hidden Beauties, they are inexpreſſible! So much a *Veuus!* ſo delicious —— Ah, my Lords, one would die for ſuch a Miſtreſs. But, my Lords, purſued he, in that worn-out Topick ſo much affected by faſhio-

nable

nable Husbands, one's Wife——— what Pity 'tis she is not any other Woman, I should run mad for her——— even Possession can't allay her Charms——— And yet to be married——— 'tis I know not how——— fine Meat——— but repeated too often——— who can have a perpetual Desire for the same Thing?——— Yet *Arethusa* is a Sort of *Olio*, wherein we may always find something agreeable——— The Persons whom he spoke to, ask'd one another, what the Fool meant to force his Wife upon them? There is a Caprichio in Inclination, they did not like theirs should be directed; so that my Lady Ambassadress improved her self in vain; she caused no considerable Emotions in that Court, but gained an Air of Liberty, an Habit of Indiscretion, which when once contracted, is not so easily thrown off: *Modesty* the nicest Virgin alive, if disobliged, discountenanced or chaced away, rarely forgives, and never returns!

Arethusa could not make Incursions into an Enemy's Country, without sometimes coming off with Disadvantage: She at first designed Pickueering for Adoration, only to please her Lord, that he might believe her charming to others as well as to himself. She thought not in the least of ingaging her own Heart; a *Coquet* rarely disposes of that beyond her Call; but yet sometime they are caught, as was my Lady Ambassadress. She had had a Profusion of Homage, all those out-

out-side Forms of Courtſhip, which the *Franks* ſo much abound in, they ſeemed to warm her Heart, and ſhow her how lovely muſt be the Intimacies of an Amour, where the Approaches are ſo pleaſing. Her Apartment was the Rendezvous for all the idly Gallant! The Young came to learn, the reſt to practiſe. In the firſt Rank of theſe was the Prince *Endymion*. His graceful fair Hair, animating Eyes, inimitable Mouth, juſt Height, and nice well-made Shape, gave us at Eighteen to conclude, that it was impoſſible Nature could go any further in favour of the Sex; a bewitching Modeſty and well-bred Behaviour introduced him with all poſſible Freedom to the Toilet of the Ladies: He was yet thought guiltleſs of the Bow and Dart, neither wounded nor wounding.

My Lord Ambaſſador loved Dancing, Muſick and Voices; he invited the beſt Performers to the Apartment of *Arethuſa*: One of them he has ingaged (as a Proof of his good Negotiation) to perform at the *Greek* Court. Prince *Endymion* always honoured the Ball with his Preſence; and tho' *Cornutus* regarded him not with ſo diſtinguiſhing an Eye as did his Lady, yet he was pleaſed to ſee, and rally him, as the favourite *Adonis*, to each deſiring *Venus* of the Court.

Arethuſa beheld the lovely *Endymion* redolent of Youth! ſhe ſaw the Flower juſt op'ning on the Bough, crown'd with the

early Beauties of Spring! unsullied! unfaded! the refreshing Dew not yet exhaled by a meridian Sun. The Goddess *Nature* shew'd us her most masterly Hand, when she produced *Endymion*; nor had the Ladies any Security in conversing with him, but the Greenness of his Age: Ignorance of his own Power, with-held him from attempting to prove its Extent. His Childhood had pass'd with as much Incense and Adoration, as even the *God of Love's! Citherea*'s Darling could not be more often, nor more justly praised for his Beauty: He was distinguish'd by the Name of the *lovely Boy*, the *amiable Child*, *Le Bell' Enfant*. The most modest among the Ladies, the most reserved, let her have never so little Complaisance, found her Soul dilated at his Sight: How would they smother him with Kisses! with what Transport clasp the little Idol! how oppress him with their Sweets! how lavish out the secret Softness of their Sex, in favour of this young Insensible!

Nor could *Endymion* forget so tender an Education; when he grew beyond their open Cares, and that the *Cupid* was too big for publick Fondling, he still adhered to the *Ruels* and *Toilets* of the Fair; There he conversed! there he was pleased, and seemed to go in Search of some happy Improvements! Women are the best Masters, when they place their Delight in Instructions. The young Prince had either read or heard that no Man is perfectly fashion'd or polite, till

till a well-bred, ſenſible Miſtreſs falls in Love, and takes Pains to accompliſh him; *he* was exceſſively tractable, and full of good Inclinations towards perfect, implicit Obedience and Improvement.

Arethuſa had ſomething ſo complaiſant, as well as agreeable, in her Converſation, that Prince *Endymion* found himſelf very much to his Satisfaction when he was there. Being eſteemed too young to give Jealouſy, he went every where, and at all Hours, with unſuſpected Freedom. *Cornutus* you have heard was none of the *Rigid*, he was a Husband of a newer Faſhion, and had better Manners: Beſides, he conceived too good an Opinion of himſelf, had he had but an indifferent one of *Arethuſa*, to be jealous of any one, much leſs a Boy! He did not ſo much as think of him; *Endymion* might ſtay as late as he pleaſed; come at what Hours; ſay and do as he pleaſed, there was no Reflection made, no Suſpicion had; Who could fall in Love with him? What Danger was there of a fine Lady's Exceſſes, in favour of a perfect Child? ſo he was ſtill called, and ſo *Arethuſa* ſeem'd to believe him. She would keep him after the Company! play with his fine Hair! let him loll upon her Lap! reſt his lovely Head upon her ſwelling Breaſt! ſport his Lips with her Fingers! ſtroke his Face! but durſt not kiſs him——— that was too groſs ——— yet ſhe long'd for that indearing Contact; ſtill as ſhe touch'd him, Pleaſure thrill'd her

Heart! ſhe glowed! ſhe ſigh'd! ſhe knew not what was the Meaning of thoſe Diſorders ——— I had been received into her Train, upon the firſt Form of the Ambaſſador's Equipage, and was the neareſt about her Perſon. I beheld, with Surprize, thoſe Intimacies which ſhe did not at all manage before me: It was not my Buſineſs to remind a Lady of her Duty, who believed her ſelf ſo perfectly inſtructed in every Thing. *Endymion* took theſe Favours, as Remnants of his Infancy, the Sequel of thoſe Careſſes he had been uſed to: Whether he knew no Meaning, or thought they had none, I believe he did not in a long time make any Reflections that were criminal.

Two Siſters haunted her Apartment that ſeem'd to bid fair for rivalling her in the Prince's Heart; their Mother had been the King's Favourite, whether with any Daſh of the Libertine was not ſo eaſily determin'd, becauſe he ſeem'd to have a Deference to her Judgment; conſulted her in Affairs of State, and put her Lord at the Head of one of his Armies. Her Daughters were marry'd to Perſons of their own Condition; the Husband of the youngeſt was ſent to travel, ſo that the Virgin-Wife having none at Home to employ her Thoughts, grew fond of the lovely *Endymion*. *Arethuſa* was arriv'd at Jealouſy, and ſaw, with Torture inconceivable, all the Tricks that *Felicia* played to ingage the Prince: She

hated

hated the Sight of her, yet was uneasie to the last Degree, when they were both absent, for fear of their being together. When she got *Endymion* by himself, she spoke every Thing to disgust him ——— Heavens! my Lord, said she to him one Day, when he was by her Toilet, and I was combing her Head, What can Women mean to disguise Nature? You see the Colour of my Hair, *Felicia* heard somebody commend it, and has spoiled her own to imitate mine: How can Women appear so false? Do not you remember when 'twas the best Thing that Girl had? but she must be in the Fashion (tho' her Manner of Dressing will never bring her into it): Certainly none can put on their Cloaths so awkwardly besides her self: You know we are very great: I ask'd her why she spoil'd the finest pale Hair in the World? I found it was, because dark was become the Mode? and tho' she would not own it, she thought it set off, or assisted her Complexion: I don't know but she may be in the right of it; but yet Art, is Art, detestable Thing! and Nature, is Nature. Whilst *Arethusa* was making this fine Invective, 'twould have been very much to the Purpose, if one had ask'd her Ladyship, for how much of her own Complexion she was beholding to Nature?

Soon after she grew uneasie to all about her, melancholy, peevish, full of Vapours: Her Lord perceiv'd the Change, and brought a Succession of Company to entertain her;

but she was best when he left her at Liberty to choose her own Diversion, which she never found when separated from *Endymion.* Oh God! what Hours? what Nights were mine? how was I oblig'd to hear, and answer? how to wake and watch upon the Repetitions and Fondness of her Passion? when no longer able to support the Weight, she unloaded the Burden upon me, who had not all the Complaisance of my Station: I pitied her, but I would serve her Vertue, and assist it against Love, who was so powerful an Enemy. 'I fail'd not to represent
'the mortal Sin of ingaging with an other
'besides one's Husband, and the dreadful
'Condition of those that were in a State
'of mortal Sin; all their other good
'Works, Charity, Devotion, Resignation,
'availed not any Thing; for were they to
'die without sincere Repentance and Abso-
'lution, there was no Medium, the Soul
'would immediately pass, to augment the
'wretched Number of the Damn'd, to be
'eternally tormented, a never-ending State
'of Reprobation! horrible! and tremen-
'dous!

Arethusa answer'd me, 'That was true, and
'she believed me; but she was a Lover, and
'wou'd hazard it; she was yet young enough
'to attempt running one delicious Race of
'Pleasure, not distrusting the Destinies so
'far, as to think they had not allow'd her
'Thread enough for one Amour; she hop'd
'she should have Power to reform before

'they

'they had half-ſpun her Line: However,
'if ſhe were eternally to ſuffer, which ſhe
'could not believe, irreſiſtible Deſire, and
'potent Paſſion goaded her on, and ſhe
'cou'd not, wou'd not check the Reins;
'therefore commanded me upon my Duty
'to aſſiſt a Love which was already too for-
'midable to be oppos'd, ſince her Life, her
'Soul, was ſtak'd upon Poſſeſſion; her Paſ-
'ſion would therefore be rather augmented
'than abated by Reſiſtance.

'Divines, and you godly Friends, pur-
'ſu'd *Arethuſa*, think you do your Duty by
'drawing a Scene of dreadful Images to the
'Lover's Fancy, as if from the Moment we
'were Lovers, we were alſo infatuated, and
'ſaw none of thoſe Infernals, ſo obvious
'to the Adviſer: Yes, *Charlot*, be aſſured
'we ſee, and deſpiſe them all.

'*Touch not, Taſte not, what is freely given,*
'*Is but their niggard Voice, diſgracing bounteous*
[*Heaven.*

'*Citherea*'s Son is a God invincible; he
'renders us intrepid to Danger! Perſuaſion!
'Religion! Honour! or Devoir! if we
'tremble it is with the ſweet Fear of not
'ſucceeding! Do we attend? it is to his
'enchanting Rhetorick and powerful Lays!
'Have we Devotion? it is to his Altars,
'where we offer up unfeign'd and fervent
'Sacrifice! Our Glory and Duty conſiſts
'in an exact Fidelity to his tranſporting

'Dictates! his Laws we obey and love! we 'value nothing in comparison with his Pre- 'cepts! and if the World's Opinion, Re- 'putation, and the Character of Vertue, 'cannot be maintain'd without first Aposta- 'tizing from him; Why, farewel those 'airy Fantoms that could never yet maintain 'their Sway, where *Venus* was in Place! 'they offer but Shadows in comparison of 'the solid Delights the Queen of Pleasure 'brings along with her.

'I will not have you presume to think 'the Advice of the Patriarch himself, could 'avail against such a formidable Prepossessi- 'on; much less that of so silly a Maid as '*Charlot*: There is nothing impotent in the 'Passion which agitates me; 'tis all irre- 'sistible and piercing: A feeble Inclination 'I might have withstood, but the whole 'Godhead rush'd at once upon me, and so 'entirely subdu'd and fill'd my Heart, that 'I am only fond of shewing my self his 'most ardent Votary. *Endymion* is so young 'and childish, he sees not, dreams not of 'my Infatuation; we must instruct his 'Youth, awaken his Attention, and teach 'him the Use for which that glorious Form 'of his was made!

'But how, Madam, answer'd I, if Prince '*Endymion* should despise you for your For- 'wardness? Idiot Girl! replyed she, as if such 'a Spirit! such a Form! such a Face! and such 'a Love could be refus'd when not clog'd 'with the everlasting Chain of Matrimony?

'But

'But admitting it might happen, as cer-
'tainly 'tis impossible ——— Then 'twere
'time enough to repent when we find no
'Incouragement to the bewitching Sin.
Oh for some dear easie Method, some soft
Contrivance to lay me in *Endymion*'s Arms,
guiltless of Hardship, or an open Distress
to the Modesty of my Sex, where all that is
awful about me might be dismiss'd; nor
Place, Attendance, nor my very self the
same; that I could but be metamorphos'd
into the Thing most pleasing to *Endymion*'s
Fancy. They say, that audacious Rival
Ariadne assum'd the Dress of Innocence to
steal his from him! that of an awkward Coun-
try Girl; the Prince's Bashfulness gave way
to his Curiosity, he that trembled to attack
a Court-Lady, was furious as a Lyon upon
a rural *Phyllis*; he who would not venture
to sigh before one of us, kiss'd and tumbled
the feign'd Rustick without Remorse, she
pretended to carry him Fruit to sell to his
Bed-side ——— Ah how destructive has
Modesty been to me? ——— How have I
suffer'd that Creature to steal his first Em-
braces from my longing Arms? To lose, as
I have done, the Pleasure of giving him his
first Impression, the first transporting touch
of Joy, which stings the very Imagin-
tion ——— I might have indeed imagined,
that so much Beauty as *Endymion* is Master
of, could not long be left to it self; the
Bough now ripen'd and weigh'd down with
glorious Fruit, if to Day it forbore to fall,

would to Morrow find a ready Hand to pull it——— why was I not the Perſon?——— Oh *Charlot*, if indeed thou art not ſtupid Contrive, adviſe, do ſomething for thy Miſtreſſes Happineſs——— but thou art an awkward godly good-for-nothing Girl; all I ask of thee, when I ſhall be abſent, is to tell my Lord I am aſleep——— indiſpoſed——— reading——— fond of the laſt Tragedy——— and beg to be excuſed——— will meet him at Court———in the *Cirque*, or *Amphitheater* at ſuch an Hour——— or in the King's Cloſet, which Excuſe thou find'ſt moſt ſeaſonable; in the mean Time you ſhall tranſcribe a Note, which I think fit to ſend the Prince, your Hand-writing is not known: The *Billet* was thus.

'If your Highneſs pleaſes to repair to the 'Garden upon the *Seine*, you will meet a 'Perſon in the *Grotto* of the *Naiades*, who 'has Commiſſion to lead you to a Diver-'ſion more pleaſing than that of Walks and 'Fountains: The Time is to morrow at ſix, 'tho' the Ev'ning prove never ſo fine, there 'are ways to make the Night more delici-'ous! Adieu, young Heroe, I hope old 'enough not to want Courage to try the 'Force of ſuch an Aſſignation; you are 'made for Adventures——— when will 'you begin? 'Tis Loſs of that invaluable 'Time, which when once fled, you with all 'your Charms will not be able to recover! 'Adieu with the utmoſt Longings and Im-'patience.

This

This Note was convey'd to the Prince by a Page unknown, who brought us back this Answer.

'Since the Character and Stile is stamp'd 'by the softer Sex, there can be no Dispute of 'Obedience. My Heart and Mind are yet 'blank Paper, there was not so much as 'Curiosity writ upon it, till your delicious 'Billet impressed it. Young as I am, I 'hope to give a good Account, both of 'my Courage and Willingness to improve 'Time, which in your Company I may 'perhaps begin to think as Invaluable as 'you seem to name it. Since it is so fleet-'ing, let us, my lovely Adventurer, lose 'none of its precious Moments: To ante-'date your Appointment, I will be there 'before six; adieu with mutual Longings 'and Impatience.'

My Lord had newly taken a House of Pleasure, ten Miles from the City; the Year was dress'd in all her Pride of Beauty, *May* call'd to taste her Charms and delicious Fragrancy. *Cornutus* seeing *Arethusa*'s Indisposition, hoped the Country would restore her, and gave Orders to prepare this Solitude; but as she had never been there but to view it, before my Lord had purchased it, it was not yet known to belong to him; upon that she founded her Design of carrying *Endymion* thither; she did not doubt but so to manage Affairs, that he might remain in Ignorance of the Place and Person that oblig'd him. In order to it, she put

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on the Dreſs of a Cavalier: In that Garb ſhe look'd handſomer and more youthful. She commanded me to write a Note, which ſhe carried with her to the Servant that was left to look after that Houſe of Pleaſure, with Order for her to lodge the Perſons who ſhould bring her that Letter, to prepare the beſt could be got for Supper, and in all Things endeavour to obligethem. So provided ſhe left me for that Night: I had in charge to tell my Lord, when he came from the King, that ſhe was gone to Bed indiſpoſed, and beg'd the Favour of lying alone; in the Morning he did not fail to come and enquire again of her Health before he went to Court. As ſoon as he was gone, and by good Fortune, without deſiring to ſee her, upon my telling him ſhe was ſtill aſleep, it was my Cue to depart. I had ordered the Coach and Equipage to be made ready, and took my Siſter into the Chariot with me cloſe veil'd and dreſs'd in ſome of my Lady's Cloaths, her Height and Shape anſwer'd ſo well to *Arethuſa*'s, that our People made no Diſpute but it was her ſelf. I left Word they ſhould tell my Lord at his Return, that my Lady was gone to the *Villa*, in hopes the Air might do her good, and intreated his Excellence to dine with her, if his Affairs would permit him.

I waited upon my Siſter, as if ſhe were *Arethuſa*, up to the beſt Apartment, but we let her not into the Secret; upon finding my Lady there *En Cavalier*, we paſs'd it

upon her for an innocent Frolick, and cauſing them to change Cloaths, ſhe departed on the Horſe that had brought my Lady, as if ſhe had been the ſame Gentleman that had lodg'd there all Night. *Endymion* was gone two Hours before, Things took the Turn we had projected, and *Arethuſa* by good or lucky Management, made that dangerous Sally without any Prejudice to her Reputation, or even Suſpicion of what had paſs'd.

But when we were alone, ſhe flew into my Arms, hung about my Neck, kiſs'd me a thouſand times, and in all the Tranſports of a Perſon poſſeſs'd, thank'd me for the only happy Night of her Life. Ah dear *Charlot!* cry'd ſhe, when ſhe could begin to ſpeak plain Senſe, what a Difference?—— Eh, who would marry——— or paſs a whole Life in Inſipidity ———nauſeous *Hymen* ——— abhorred Conſtraint?——— How I pity thoſe of Condition of my own Sex that wear away, nay ſmother an Age of blooming Youth, without a Taſte of Joy! we are put to Bed, as our Parents direct, without one Grain of Inclination! our Sweets are ſacrificed without even obliging the rigid Maſter to whom they are offered! How much better is it to lie for ever alone than endure a reluctant Embrace? There is no Mean in that Caſe, 'tis all Extaſie! the End of living! the Extract of Delight! or cold inſipid taſteleſs Duty! the heavieſt Part of the Yoke, the Burden of our Nights,

and

and Sum of our Diſlike; I'll no more on't! my Lord's become intollerable! how ſhall I get rid of him with Honour? What think you, Madam, anſwered I, of pretending to make a Vow of Chaſtity as to what relates to his Lordſhip? Enquire of the Caſuiſts how far that may go towards ſaving your Soul! 'tis but imagining this Husband dead, and that you are married to another; if it frees you not from Impurity, it ſecures you from Plurality at leaſt. This Wench is ſo devote! interrupted ſhe, on my Conſcience thou couldſt ſanctifie any Thing; what doſt think of leaving the Altar for nothing but a Lover's Bed? I have heard of ſuch a Lady, ſhe did not count one Bead the leſs for her becoming a Miſtreſs! Certainly the more, Madam, anſwered I; ſhe might imagine it compenſated for her Fault. But, Madam, will you not favour me with the Courſe of your Adventure? I had a thouſand and a thouſand Fears upon your Ladyſhip's Account, beſides what my Lord's Tenderneſs and Inquiſitiveneſs gave me! I ſometimes imagin'd Prince *Endymion* himſelf would not be very well pleaſed to march under the Conduct of one who appeared of his own Sex, and I fancied he might be diſpoſed to ask a farther Explanation; I was in pain how your Ladyſhip would do to give him Satisfaction in the *Grotto*, if he ſhould chance to grow Impertinent! Thou haſt Abundance of Whimſies I don't doubt, reply'd *Arethuſa*, without conſidering un-

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der whoſe Couduct I march'd, that the God of Love himſelf was my Leader, that I was truly his Votary: Stung by irreſiſtible Deſire, wounded By his keeneſt Dart, I only obey'd a Conqueror: I could not reſiſt: I was truly a Lover, not ſway'd by Appetite, fantaſtick Luſt and meer Ambition of Change, fond of Variety, and agitated only by *That*! then had I indeed been vicious! light! unpardonable! Coquet! vain, one who wronged the nuptial Contract, and unpardonably offended my Lord and Husband! in a Word, one who fell, when ſhe could have ſtood! threw her ſelf headlong from a Precipice in ſport, when ſhe might ſafely have repoſed upon the Height of it! Then, Madam, I reply'd, in your Ladyſhip's Senſe, 'tis but being very much in Love to be guiltleſs of the Conſequence. Doubtleſs, anſwer'd ſhe, don't you ſee when People are ſtark Mad, they can commit no Crimes, or at leaſt none that are imputed to them; we pity, but we do not condemn them; it even frees from the Sentence of the Law, tho' they break it never ſo much. But your Adventure, Madam, I interrupted, being very well inſtructed as to that Point; one can ſpeak to a Lover in no Language ſo agreeable as their own: Therefore I did not forbear to preſs it, which with lovely Bluſhes of Confuſion, ſhe took care to relate to me.

Charlot thou may'ſt well imagine, that as bold as Love has made me, I was not

without Heart-beatings, Hopes, Fears, Doubts, and full of Desires. The Prince was true to his Letter, it wanted of Six, when in my Man's Apparel I got to the Grotto, but found *Endymion* in Posseſſion of it: I enter'd with a perſonated Boldneſs; I ſay perſonated, for who that has been a Lover is ignorant, that tho' we dare all Things for the Object beloved, yet we are aw'd and trembling when near it? I perceived he did not like, what ſeem'd to him, Intruſion. Men of Quality are ſo uſed to be reſpected, that they account not for Change of Place, but think the ſame Obſequiouſneſs their Due, as well from all the World, as their Domeſticks. But to prevent his growing into an ill Humour, I preſented him the Billet I had order'd thee to write; and which, purſu'd Madamoiſel *Charlot*, to make the Matter plainer to your Lordſhips, I will repeat.

To Prince ENDYMION.

'SInce 'tis hoped your Highneſs dares follow this ſoft Ambaſſador, need you be aſſured he will conduct you to your Audience, where the Queen of Love herſelf preſides? If Height of Paſſion, as 'tis ſaid, be both Merit and Beauty, you will find none ever had a better Title to Charms, than Her, who is impatient to be yours.'

His

His Highneſs was pleaſed with what he read, humid Fire ſtruck from his Eyes! his Cheeks glow'd with conſcious Red, and heavenly Youth! he asked me, where this Lady was to be found? I told him, if he pleaſed to truſt himſelf to my Conduct, I would bring his Highneſs to the Place ſhe had appointed. Tho' perhaps, anſwered the Prince, I am too *little* ſcrupulous, and might very well demand a farther Explanation before I ſtir, yet there's ſomething in thy Manner ſo ſoft, ſo ſure a Preſage of Happineſs, that I will think of no Danger but Delay; thy Voice and Air has ſo much of the Woman in the World I moſt adore! that I can't help following thee, tho' twere round the Earth; but I doubt my good Fortune is not to arrive from that Quarter. By this Time we were come to a Back-door of the Garden that opened into the Country, where the Slave according to thy Orders waited for us with two Horſes: He diſcharged his Truſt with a good deal of Spirit and Exactneſs, having led us by Abundance of Turnings, till he had made the ten Mile at leaſt Twenty; this amuſed the Prince as much as I could deſire; thou knoweſt I am uſed to hunting, ſo that a Horſe was not likely to tire me; we at length alighted here, I conducted *Endymion* to his Apartment, even into the Bed-chamber, and went to give Orders for Supper; at my Return he expected to have ſeen the Lady, and was almoſt peeviſh without her; but I beg'd

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his Highneſs without Impatience to allow her her own time; for ſince ſhe was to come from *Paris*, it would doubtleſs be dark before ſhe arrived, and had ordered me to entertain him with ſomething to eat, not as he ought to be entertain'd, but as the Solitude of the Place afforded.

Supper was ſerved up, the Prince aſſum'd all the good Humour he could, but I was very well pleaſed to ſee his Impatience left him but little leiſure for any Thing elſe; he commanded me to eat with him, we were forced to ſerve our ſelves, and I had a thouſand Pleaſures to ſee him unſeen; that is without any Guard upon his Words or Behaviour. He asked every Minute if the Lady were come? After a convenient time I told him ſhe was, and had ſent her humble Service to his Highneſs, deſiring he would pleaſe to go to Bed, and ſhe ſhould wait on him when the Lights were removed.

'Then I am not to ſee her, cryed the Prince,
'with a diſſatisfied Tone; very fine, I have
'taken all this Pains for nothing, and loſt
'ſo many Hours of better Converſation:
'Pray give my Duty to the Lady, and tell
'her, that I am as diſcreet as ſhe can ex-
'pect; to ſecure her, I will give her ten
'thouſand Vows of Secreſy, and when once
'ſatisfied as ſhe ought to be, there's nothing
'can oblige her to conceal herſelf, but old
'Age, and Diſtruſt of that Beauty I have
'formed ſo agreeable an Idea of. I obeyed,
'and return'd, as from the inexorable Lady,

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'that she was resolved to be concealed; her 'Quality and Reputation were too much 'to risque with so young a Man, that if 'their Correspondence continued, and his 'Highness gave Proofs of his Discretion, 'she might in time be brought to trust him 'with the important Secret. My most 'humble Respects to the Lady, answered he, 'and tell her I have now no Favour to re-'quest, but Horses and a Guide to carry 'me back to *Paris*; I doubt I shall scarce be 'so lucky a Knight-Errant as to find the 'Way alone, and in the Dark, especially 'not knowing what Part of the Country I 'am in. Will then your Highness depart, 'answered I? To be sure, he reply'd brisk-'ly, I'm for no Adventure with my Grand-'Mother; the first Thing I did, should I 'suffer the Masquerade to go on, would be 'putting my Fingers in her Mouth, to try 'if she had all her Teeth, and if those I 'found there were her own: No! no! my 'pretty Youth, I'm for no blind Bargains; 'I should not know what Idea to frame to 'my self; old Age and Uglineſs are two 'that haunt me at present; nothing can 'disperse them, but Light and the Lady's 'Face. I am infinitely sorry, I replyed, 'that your Highness is then condemned to 'pass the Night alone, the Horses are sent 'away, and will not be here till Morning. 'Beseech your Highness to wave that Nice-'ty, I can assure you, that the Lady is 'as young as I am, and thought very

'agree-

'agreeable, I would ſay handſome if I
'were not pleading a Cauſe already pre-
'judged by your Highneſs. All this may
'be, he anſwer'd, but I have no Stomach
'to her unſeen: 'Twill not be very civil
'barring the Gate againſt her in her own
'Houſe, and yet I ſhall make uſe of that
'Precaution for fear of having my Bed in-
'vaded in the Night, when it will be too
'late to ſpeak one's Mind; for tho' a Lady
'were the Devil, one muſt take care of
'letting her know, that we think ſo——
'Or, now I conſider on't, thou ſhalt be my
'Bed-fellow, and then let her come with all
'my Heart, I'll turn her over to thee;
'come *Fidelio*, (I had told him that was my
'Name) help me to undreſs, this Diſpute
'has made me ſleepy and peeviſh, I am re-
'ſolved you ſhall lie with me, ſo that your
'fine Lady may keep her fine Airs to her-
'ſelf: I'll never run after the Cant of a
'Letter from an unknown again: I am
'well enough uſed, and deſerve a Diſap-
'pointment. By this Time he was got into
'Bed, and commanded me to make haſte
'for fear of diſturbing him; he ſaid, that
'he generally fell aſleep as ſoon as he was
'laid, and if awaked could not get any
'Reſt in a great while, but firſt bid me
'faſten the Door; you may be ſure I had
'the caution to obey him in that Particular,
'as well as in the other; I had not taken
'all that Pains for a ſleeping Lover. He
'commanded me to leave the Lights burn-

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'ing, by which, and the Reflexion he at 'first had made of my Likeneſs to my ſelf, 'I knew I could not eſcape his Knowledge, 'and therefore only ſought how to make 'him ſecret and diſcreet; but as that was 'the Buſineſs of the Morning, I would not 'fruitleſly amuſe my ſelf by way of Anti-'cipation, nor ſteal from preſent Love and 'Happineſs, Moments, that ſeem'd ſo pe-'culiarly dedicated to that God.

The Prince, with all his Pretence, was uneaſie at his Adventure; he talked of Sleeping, but the Thought of it kept him waking; he ſeem'd irreſolute——waver-ing, almoſt in the Mind to accept the La-dy's Terms——but then keeping to his firſt Reſolution, he bid me for the laſt Time come to Bed, and ſay no more of her. Now was the Difficulty to be diſcovered with a good Grace: I got ſo near him, that he felt the whole Impreſſion of my Perſon: *Fidelio*, cryed he, haſtily, Thou haſt the ſoft-eſt Skin I ever felt; nothing of our Sex was ever ſo poliſh'd! I turn'd my ſelf to him, and laying my Arm round his Waiſt, graſp'd him with that Ardor, as put me out of my ſelf, or my diſguiſe! I ſigh'd with ſuch an Eccho of Tenderneſs! and fell into ſo univerſal a Trembling, that all I could do was to hide my Head in his Boſom, and faultring, cry'd out, dear *Endymion*, I am dying, if you don't forgive and love me!'— The Prince at one Inſtant put his Mouth to mine, his Hand to my Breaſt, threw open

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the Curtains and the Bed-cloaths, immediately knowing me, 'Tis she! 'tis she! 'tis *Arethusa* her self! my lovely Life! —— what a stupid insensible Brute have I been, to waste so many blessed Moments? —— *Charlot*, thou dost not expect I should tell thee any more —— in a Word, I am intranced! doating! dying for my agreeable Lover! —— loathing! despising my disagreeable Husband!

This Amour thus begun, continu'd whilst we were in that Kingdom without any Discovery, tho' a thousand times upon the very Brink of it by my Lady's Excess of Love and Indiscretion: She was jealous of all whom the Prince either spoke to, or look'd upon; the two Sisters I told you of, were as fond of him as *Arethusa*, the Court called them Prince *Endymion*'s *Shadows*; wherever he went they had immediate Intelligence, and were presently after him; wherever he walked, they walked; whatever Lady was of his Acquaintance, they made of theirs; in all Visits, where his Highness went, they were sure to be of the Company: *Arethusa* often had them, because the Prince was often there; she would have brought him to have said disobliging Things for her Sake, but he was not so little a *Cavalier*.

Eugenia, the eldest of the two Sisters, was married to a Person who thought himself a profound Politician; he was of the Party against the Court, and very diligent in making Proselytes of young Noble-

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men; as soon as they began to appear, he would draw them on his Side, and that of the Confederacy; it had been talked that such a Count had set his Lady to ingage young Prince *Arthegal* on the King's Party: *Eugenia*'s Lord was not less zealous, and therefore recommended to her to make sure of Prince *Endymion*, since he seem'd to have Pleasure in her Conversation; he taught her several Topicks of Discourse; instructed her in Politicks, and the Means to fix him; he was excessively zealous in the Cause; often invited the young Prince to his Palace; and when there, would conduct him to his Lady's Apartment, leave them together, nay, shut the Door upon them —— Nor was he mistaken in *Eugenia*'s Abilities or Assiduity, she so intirely seduced the Prince, that tho' born from the royal Family, and a Mother then zealous for its Interest, who had married a second Husband of untainted Loyalty, good Sense, and great Abilities; yet *Eugenia*'s Artifices, by her Lord's Instructions, made Prince *Endymion* a Convert to that Party, who exclaimed for Liberty in the Subject, and were every Day endeavouring to limit the Monarchy to narrow Bounds, such as their scanty Politicks had of late dictated to the Multitude.

Arethusa did not pass her Time with all the Ease she could have desired; this new Attachment usurped upon those Hours which had been formerly dedicated to her alone:

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The Prince, now made one of the Buſie, was ſo exceſſively careſſed, he ſeemed to be the Object of the Men's, as well as the Lady's Adoration: but as he was yet too Young to be let into their darling Secrets and Deſigns, little more was expected than the Reputation of his Birth and Quality, which ſerved to ſtrengthen their Party, by the Credit of ſuch a Prince, one of the Blood being come into it; he was yet too gay, too remiſs, too wanton, too full of *Venus*, and the inebriating God, to produce Miracles in favour of Politicks, Machinations, and State-Deſigns. To keep him warm ſome one or other was continually with him; thoſe that were debauched and thoughtleſs, eaſily devoted themſelves to his Converſation and Intereſt, that it might not be doubted of his being entirely in theirs.

Arethuſa murmured, ſhe complained; ſhe even became Poetical. Love occaſions ſtrange Inſpirations; ſhe made a Song which all the Court ſung, without knowing the Author; the Words were ſo tender, ſomething in them ſo near the *Sapphick* Strain, as I have heard good Judges ſay, that tho' my Voice is like to do them little Reputation, I will attempt entertaining your Lordſhips with the Air.

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Arethusa's *Song on* Endymion.

FLY from his charming Graces, fly,
Or thou'rt undone, or thou'rt undone, as
[well as I.

The God of Love is sure his Friend,
Who taught him all his Arts,
And when a Conquest he design'd,
He furnish'd him with Darts.

His Quiver and his gilded Bow
To his Assistance brings,
And having giv'n the fatal Blow,
Lends him his fleeting Wings.
Fly from, &c.

Charlot's Voice and pretty Manner, drew from the whole Company their Applause and Thanks; which having put her into an agreeable Confusion, took up some Time before she could dismiss her Disorder, and then she thus continued her Relation.

Lord *Cornutus* was all this Time as good a Husband as any in his Circumstances ever was; his Humour still continued of gettitg his Lady Admirers. He did not doubt *Endymion* was as sensible as his Youth would permit, but he had no Jealousy of a nearer Intimacy; he was even ignorant of what all the Court whisper'd. The Prince was come one Evening from a happy Rendez-

vous; he went upon a Visit to a Lady, where there was a great Deal of Company at Play; he look'd so lively, so transported, in such a perfect good Humour, that she asked his Highness whence he came? and what he had been doing? Doing! he answered in an Extasy, what you love best in the World, next Cards! ——— How, said her Lord, who could best be supposed to answer for his Wife; I know Prince what that must be. This gave some of the Company, who wanted to destroy Reputation, Curiosity, to hunt as usual into a Secret, only when known to divulge it.

I have been acquainted with some Ladies, and very fine ones too, who took as much Pleasure in discovering anothers Amour, as ever they did in concealing their own: Nay some have gone farther, and have wanted the true Pleasure in their own, till they were discover'd. Here Vanity is the chief Ingredient: There ill Nature, a sportive Sort of Wit, too barren to find Supplies at Home, seeks Recourse abroad. Heavy *Antramont*'s fine Wife had dy'd in Reputation, nor would he have surviv'd with that of Cuckold, had it not been for this gossiping Curiosity in two Ladies, who liv'd over against *Melantha*, the *Ivory* Woman's House. They had often observed, upon certain Days, and at a certain Hour, two Chairs close shut up, at a small Distance of Time to follow one another. The Slaves who carryed them were always the same. *Melan-*

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tha was gueſs'd to get more at the Trade of Concealment, than at that of Selling of *Ivory*. TheſeLadies have watch'd ſix Hours together, with a World of ill-natur'd Patience, till the Lovers were willing to part, and then had them ſeparately follow'd till they diſcover'd one Chair to go into *Antramont*'s Houſe, the other into the Prince of ——— They did not fail to pay their own Pains, at the Expence of the Lady's Honour. Some ſuch good-natur'd People heard Prince *Endymion*'s Raptures, and wanted to know who was the Lady concerned. So effectually they placed their Spies, that *Endymion* was watched to the Aſſignation, from whence *Arethuſa* was dogg'd Home. The good-natur'd Town immediately catch'd the Report. Her jealous Rivals did not fail to ſpread the Infection. The Prince was teiz'd on all Hands, and to ſuch a Degree, that he had ſome Thoughts of ſacrificing future Gallantry to his preſent Repoſe. My Lady accus'd him, he accus'd my Lady; there was nothing for a long time but mutual Diſtruſts: We trembled leaſt the Scandal ſhould reach my Lord, but there was not any that had ſo much Malice to *Arethuſa*, all the Court ſmiled at the Juſtice of his Deſtiny, he would have his Wife adored, and ſo ſhe was to the Purpoſe.

There was an Accident happ'ned to a Bride much about that Time, which put my Lady upon comparing the Happineſs ſhe had in a Temper ſo eaſy as was her Lord's.

Silius, a Gentleman of the Country, Owner of a large Revenue, had long loved *Amelia*, the Daughter of a Noble-Man. His large Poſſeſſions gave him an Advantage which his Quality could not ſo well pretend to. The Day that they were married he ſeem'd more tranſported than it was poſſible to expreſs; he came to take the Bride with ſuch Raptures, ſuch Exclamations of his Happineſs, that ſhe was envied by all the Ladies preſent, who thought there never was ſo true, ſo ardent a Lover. No ſooner was the Ceremony performed, but a degenerate Coldneſs ſucceeded that noble Warmth; but there was not Leiſure to make inſtant Reflections; he left the Company, and wandered alone by himſelf into the Garden, where in a little Time the Bride's Siſter came to ſeek him, to intreat his Preſence at the Feaſt. She had been the Confidant of his Paſſion for *Amelia*, and ever in his Intereſt: Seeing him with a more than ordinary Concern upon his Face, ſhe enquir'd of his Health, whether he were indiſpoſed, or if any Thing unuſual had befallen him? He told her yes, but it was not yet Time to diſcover his Malady, begg'd her to tell him ſincerely the Truth of one Thing he ſhould ask her: She really loved him, and did not heſitate giving him the Aſſurance, Then he conjured her, by her noble Birth! by Vertue! Truth! Honour! all Things binding! to inform him whether *Amelia* had had any other Ingagement, or had ever

loved

loved before she was acquainted with him? The Question very much disturbed the Lady, she feared the Jealousy of a Temper that began to give such early and unseasonable Proofs of its Infection; but that he might not misinterpret her Disorder, she compos'd her self, and assured him her Sister never had; and said all that was necessary to set a less uneasie Heart than his at Rest: He received the Professions with a great Deal of Joy, and beg'd her not to tell *Amelia* what had pass'd. In the Morning they were congratulated by all their Friends, among the Rest the Priest who had married them, (with the Liberty of his Function, and that Freedom he had ever used, having been in the Family before she was born) came to wish her Length of Happiness and Joy: In the Midst of his Compliment, he had unadvisedly touched her Hand with his. *Silius* who never had taken his Eyes off from him, started up and cry'd, It was too much! he had suspected their good Intelligence before, but was now confirmed, since no Woman of Honour would suffer any Man (tho' he were her Confessor) to touch her naked Hand; their mutual Glances, and Exchange of Eyes, during the Ceremony of Marriage, had justly alarm'd him, neither had he got over his Doubts but with the utmost Difficulty, which were returned with that Impetuosity and Appearance of Reason, he thought her so much unworthy his Regard, he would never see her more!

Imagine what a Diſturbance this was to the general Joy; the Bridegroom departed, and continued a long time obdurate to all that cou'd be urged in her Juſtification; neither the advanced Age of the Prieſt, the Length of Time he had lived in the Family: the innocent Freedom, with which *Amelia* had been bred up in regard to him, cou'd make any Impreſſion upon his jealous Heart. Love indeed would ſometimes plead for her, (for 'twas his Height of Paſſion gave him Height of Uneaſineſs) ſhe had the Misfortune of loving him to as violent a Degree, which at length prevailed upon both, one to receive, the other to be received, upon ſuch Terms, as would have been agreeable but to few Ladies of her Age and Merit. *Silius* had an old Seat in the Country, many Miles diſtant from *Paris*, ſituated in a lonely Place, moated and ſecured by a Draw-bridge, where he conducted this voluntary Victim, on condition ſhe ſhould never deſire to depart from thence, but bidding adieu to Relations! Family! Friends! Diverſions! Converſation! and in ſhort, the World! endeavour only at regaining her Character, which he ſaid ſhe had juſtly forfeited by her indiſcreet Freedoms, together with his Eſteem, which he would try to put her again in Poſſeſſion of, if ſhe ſupported her Solitude as ſhe ought, and apply'd herſelf to a chearful Performance of that Duty, which was indiſpenſable from a vertuous Wife.

Lord

Lord *Cornutus*, upon this Adventure, made the Court very merry at his good Humour; he rallied at *Silius*'s Jealousie, and took a good deal of Pains to confirm People in their former Opinion, as to the Passiveness of his own Temper, and the Ridiculousness of that Husband who, upon *Chimera*, *Fantasque*, or even any Thing, but undeniable Demonstration, became uneasie at Home. *Arethusa* was beholding to him for Abundance of happy Moments, tho' she saw not *Endymion* so often as when he was not yet become a Statesman, *Eugenia*'s Convert, and *Felicia*'s Admirer. Busie as he was, he was still young, and did not fail sometimes of coming to the Rendezvous, and giving her to think her self very well entertained there: But alas! What Certainty is there in human Affairs? had they been more in Love than they were, even as Lovers, they were still subject to sublunary Vicissitudes as much as other Mortals. The Emperor had deputed another Ambassador in *Cornutus* his Place, who was commanded to go and congratulate King *Beraldus*'s Accession to the *Sarmatian* Throne: *Arethusa* wept! exclaim'd! fasted! refused to sleep! said she should die in being separated from her lovely *Endymion!* nothing touched the Prince's Heart more than her Sorrow, the Proofs she gave him of her extraordinary Passion assaulted his good Nature. Absence is the Test of Love, the utmost Trial a Heart truly agitated can endure; her Tears! Prayers! Complaints!

and Deſpair! at length determined *Endymion* to accompany Lord *Cornutus*, under the Pretence of Travel, to improve his Youth, and gain him Experience. Behold, on the ſudden, *Arethuſa*'s Sorrow converted all to Joy; her Lord's Temper was ſo favourable, that he congratulated her upon the Prince's Reſolution, and began to be ſolidly vain at this Piece of good Fortune, no longer diſputing but that the Court would conclude his Lady's Eyes had determined *Endymion* to make the Journey, and conſequently that himſelf had the Honour to be married to a Lady, whoſe Charms had cauſed ſo extraordinary an Irruption from the Heart of one of the moſt lovely Princes of the Age.

Arethuſa was now upon her Way, freed from thoſe Alarms, which Faction, and the Rival Siſters had given her. She was all her ſelf, Good-humour, Joy, Delight and Love! nor had ſhe any Apprehenſions from the Gallantry of that dull northern Court where ſhe was going, her amiable *Endymion* would be her own, ſhe ſhould poſſeſs him without thoſe *Shadows* that had inceſſantly haunted him in the Court of *Charles*. She indulged her Paſſion to ſuch an Exceſs, that I have a thouſand Times wondered my Lord was blind to her Conduct; he would himſelf bring *Endymion* to her Bed-ſide, and leave him there till he returned from Court, at the ſame Moment exaggerating her Charms, as if he had a Deſign to recommend them to his Rival. Their Manner of living to-

gether,

gether, quickly gave Matter of Scandal to the more reserved northern Beauties; but *Arethusa* did not manage upon that Point, since her Lord was not offended, she did not believe she ought to constrain her self in Consideration of the Spleen of those, who she thought envy'd her for the good Fortune she had to possess the Love of such a Prince as *Endymion*.

King *Beraldus* was then at a fine *Villa*, twenty Miles distant from *Marsovia*. The War, which press'd hard upon him from the Part of *Theodorick* King of the *Vandals*, caused him earnestly to follicite the Emperor for Assistance of Men and Money; there was a Treaty on Foot between *Cæsar* and *Beraldus*, which was managed on the Part of the former by Lord *Cornutus*, which often occasioned his Absence from his Palace, at *Marsovia*, to attend the King at his *Villa*: Those were the Lover's Nights, which *Endymion* did not fail to employ to Advantage; I was us'd to see him as often in *Arethusa*'s Bed, as was my Lord; Custom wore off the Wonder. I could behold him there without a Blush, long Security made me even remiss in my Watch, we had been so perpetually used to good Fortune, that we never once thought of a Reverse: *Cornutus* was generally punctual to his Word, we could depend upon the Hour of his Return, he was too obliging, too well-bred to invade his Lady's Retirements at a Time unexpected; thus, in happy Security, the Lovers

made the moſt of Opportunity; till one fatal Night, when we had been told my Lord would ſtay at the King's *Villa*, he returned without being deſired, or ſent for. The Prince had been more than two Hours in Bed with *Arethuſa*, they were fallen faſt aſleep in each others Arms. I ſtood Centinel in an other Room that anſwered upon the Stairs, I mean I ſhould have done ſo, but without any Apprehenſion of Danger, had caſt my ſelf upon a Day-bed, and was then inſenſible of all Things but my Dreams. My Lord, as was his Cuſtom, undreſt himſelf below; he ſent his *Valet de Chamber* to Bed, ſtaying a little while to look over ſome Diſpatches; when he had done, his Lordſhip took a Light in his Hand, and aſcended the Stairs as ſoftly as if he had had a Preſentment of what Diſcovery he was about to make. He paſs'd directly to the Bed, the Curtains were cloſe; my Lord went to the ſide he uſually lay on, where was his Lady in the Arms of her ſleeping Lover. *Cornutus* had ſet the Light upon a Stand, but ſo much to the Diſadvantage of the Guilty, that when he removed the Curtain, it gave him the Proſpect of whoever was in the Bed; as he was ſtealing in, he gave her the kind Epithet of dear *Arethuſa*: One's own Name pronounced, wakes one ſooner than a Clap of Thunder. She heard, knew his Voice, and immediately ſhrieked ſo loud, that ſhe awakened the Prince; yet at the ſame time, which is wonderful, had ſo much Preſence

of

of Mind as to catch fast hold of her Lord; who feeling more Company than he expected, threw back the Curtain, and saw *Endymion* getting out of Bed, and then out of the Chamber as fast as ever he could: waking me as he went through the Room where I was, be bade me follow him in a Moment to his own Apartment. I don't know whether your Lordships understand, that the Prince was always lodg'd in Lord *Cornutus*'s Palace as well as sometimes in his Bed.

My Lady still kept her Hold, feigning all the Fear and Distraction of what might be the Consequence; she protested her Innocence, wept, cast herself at his Feet, begg'd him to hear her, and to have pity upon the most unfortunate of her Sex; assur'd him with horrid Imprecations, 'She was ignorant of *Endymion*'s being in her Bed; that she had mistook him for himself, false *Charlot* had imposed upon her Vertue; going to Bed early with a Pain in her Head, that wicked Creature in two Hours after came to tell her, her Lord was returned, and was below in the Dressing-Room; but being very sleepy, she had commanded her to beg his Excellence to make no Noise at his coming to Bed, for she was intolerably troubled with the Head-ach. Thus that fatal Adventure pass'd, till Heaven had sent him to detect the Villain's Crime, and revenge the greatest Outrage that could be offer'd to a Woman of Honour and true Vertue. A

'Woman

'Woman passionately fond of her Hus-
'band, and one who had neither Eyes nor
'Thought for any but her own Lord.'

Arethusa still continued her Hold, and would not on any Terms be brought to quit it. Her prodigious Assurance amused *Cornutus*; she would have made an excellent Comedian, for in any Point where she had occasion to feign, she first imagined her self in earnest, and then immediately became so, which indeed is but the Consequence of such an extraordinary Faith. Her Tears and Air of Innocence, which she knew admirably how to assume, together with that real Esteem and Tenderness Lord *Cornutus* had for her, made him believe most of what she said; there was at least Possibility, if not Probability, on her Side. He was not one of those who too precipitately resolve on any Thing, he would weigh the Danger before he explored it: *Endymion* had offended him in the nicest Point, and the most notorious Manner; but *Endymion* was brave, and by this time got amongst his own Servants. Should he pursue him it would be ineffectually, he might lose his Life sooner than take the Prince's, who was doubtless, after so great a Piece of Villany, upon his Guard, if he were yet in the Palace. *Arethusa* still wept! still despaired! but seeing that even during his first and most dangerous Transports of Rage, he attempted nothing fatal; she thought that he believed she might be intentionally innocent, and cunningly pur-

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ſu'd her Point, and beg'd for Fame, ſince by his Calmneſs there was no Appearance of Danger for her Life; 'She conjured him 'by all that was tender, all that was indear-'ing! not to give her up to Infamy! ſhe 'that was ſo far from committing a Crime 'of that Nature, that ſhe had never thought 'of it but with Deteſtation! muſt ſhe be 'expoſed! loſt! undone! for ever ruined! 'becauſe a Villain was a Villain! and had 'betrayed her! irreparably betrayed her? 'Muſt ſhe wander as an Out-caſt round the 'World, ſhun'd by all the Good! and 'pointed at, even by the Bad, to ſuffer for 'the Prince's Crime? Ah! where was the 'Juſtice of involving the Innocent with 'the Guilty? Beſides ſhe told *Cornutus*, his 'own Honour was equally concerned, ſhe 'could not be thought to loſe hers without 'a Blemiſh to his; nay, ſhe did not know 'but that his Lordſhip was more guilty 'than the Prince, who had perhaps only 'taken a fatal liking to her Perſon, from 'the Praiſes himſelf had given her; not 'contented as a Husband to find her charm-'ing, he had indiſcreetly inſtructed a Lover 'in their tender Myſteries! a Lover, who 'ſo well knew her Vertue and Height of 'Paſſion for her Lord, that it was in vain 'by private Blandiſhment or open Force, 'to attempt either; but by Fraud and Cir-'cumvention he had ſucceſsfully invaded 'both: Therefore in conſideration that him-'ſelf was the Original from whence the

'killing

'killing Miſchief was derived, he ought 'to forgive the fatal Conſequence; and 'ſhe would never again ſpeak to the Prince, 'if poſſible, never ſee him. The World, 'who knew *Cornutus*'s Courage, ſhould they 'get Air of what had happened, would 'not believe the Adventure: A Wife was 'not eſteemed guilty, till firſt given up by 'her Husband, for if he were ſtill of her 'ſide, Slander durſt never approach her; 'Detraction it ſelf would not be heard, if 'he continued her Protector. Nor could 'he in Honour, Equity, or Pity, abandon 'one who ſo religiouſly adored him; and 'who by the Manner of her firſt Shrieks 'evidently manifeſted her Innocence and 'Surprize, in beholding her Lord in one 'Place, when ſhe already thought he had 'been in another.'

Cornutus had heard her Juſtification without Interruption; muſt one not have an Extent of Patience, to be ſilent upon ſo great a Misfortune? unleſs, as in amazing Sorrow and Surprizes, the Greatneſs takes away the Power of Speaking! He loved the faithleſs *Arethuſa*, and therefore wiſhed her innocent; but that he might not too eaſily ſeem to believe, he adminiſter'd to her the moſt ſolemn Oaths, that ſhe did not know the Prince was in her Bed. How dreadfully ſoever they appeared, ſhe thought it was now no Time to heſitate; well-born as ſhe was, a Senſe of Fame and Glory, made her prefer her Reputation to her Life; nay,

tho' she risqu'd more than Life, she had so quick a Sense of Honour, notwithstanding all her Indiscretions, that she staked the nobler Part, the Soul, to save it; and undauntedly swore all that could devote and deprecate her! Swore she was innocent of the Adultery! that she knew not, nor believed, but *Endymion* was *Cornutus*! So ardent! so execrable were her Asseverations, that her Lord believed it was a Sin not to believe her! He raised her from her Knees, where, naked as she was, she had still been kneeling; he took her in his Arms, forgave her, then went to Bed to consult about the Conduct of this important Affair.

Lord *Cornutus* was pretty easie on the Side of his Lady; he was willing to pardon her, but unwilling that the World should know it. He had endured the Evil of successful Rivalship, with an unprecedented Goodness of Temper; but how to escape the Infamy of so much Easiness? Prince *Endymion* himself might boast of an Adventure so extraordinary; calling him to account for his Villany, would publish the Affair, letting it Sleep would scandalize his Courage. My Lady came in for Rescue in so nice a Point, and undertook to make the Prince believe that her Lord thought *Charlote* was her Bedfellow, and that amidst the Confusion and ill Light, his Excellency had mistook the Disorder for *Arethusa*'s Surprise, and *Charlot*'s Modesty, who, Virgin as she was, could not but be frighted at *Cornutus*'s unexpected Return, when

when she found her self in Bed with him! Therefore she had fled with Precipitation to hide her uncloathed Person from his View! This, as the most tolerable Expedient the Exigency cou'd offer, was pitched upon. As soon as it was Day, in conjunction, they produced a Letter; that is to say, his Lordship dictated, and her Ladyship wrote.

To Prince ENDYMION.

'WERE I, my Lord, to give a loose to the Vindictiveness of my own 'Temper, or to punish you to the Height 'your Crime deserves, I should cause you to 'be assassinated by ten thousand Daggers! 'base! insolent! inhospitable! amidst the 'full Security of Night, to invade the sa-'cred Marriage-Bed! What Injury have I 'sustained? happy only amidst my Disgrace, 'that my too loved Lord is ignorant of the 'Pollution! Love of Glory inspired so 'lucky an Address, that he has been made 'believe it was *Charlot* who was sleeping 'with me; your precipitate Departure, the 'Dimness of the Light, and his just impli-'cite Opinion of my Vertue, gave him not 'so much as to suspect the Deceit; he has 'even laugh'd (Heavens! how much is 'wronged Innocence to be pitied) at that 'wicked Creature's Confusion and Modesty 'distress'd, by his coming so unexpectedly 'to Bed where she was. What remains in

'that

'that Ruin your lawleſs Attempt has made 'upon my Vertue, but to endeavour to pre- 'ſerve my Fame? Ever to ſee you alone, 'will be a Preſumption I ſhall not be able 'to endure, an Attempt my Honour cannot 'bear; never to ſee you will be an Enquiry 'for buſie Tongues, and even my own Lord 'will be the firſt to demand the Occaſion of 'ſo much Coldneſs, where he has allow'd ſo 'great an Intimacy! The Courſe you ſhall 'take, muſt be, whilſt you ſtay in this 'Court, to live with him as uſual, only, by 'Degrees, wean your ſelf from that Dear- 'neſs which has hitherto been between you. 'See me as ſeldom as Devoir will permit, 'but as you value your Life, never without 'Witneſſes; on theſe Terms (ſince rigid 'Honour and cruel Fate will not allow me 'better) I may be brought to endure liv- 'ing, tho' ſullied by the Embraces of a Ra- 'viſher! diſpoſe of that wicked Creature '*Charlot*, where I may never ſee her more! 'return me no anſwer but Obedience! In 'a Word, prepare to give repoſe to my 'Soul by your immediate Departure from '*Sarmatia*.'

Wou'd not all Mankind marry, continu'd *Charlot*, were they ſure of a Wife with ſo much Addreſs as my Lady? If the married People are but of Intelligence, they may for ever ſecure each other: Lord *Cornutus* preſerved *Arethuſa*'s Fame, ſhe in return pre- vented him from riſquing his Life; ſhe ma- naged him to the Envy of all her Sex, that

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is, he loved her, did not care to make an oſtentatious Squander of his own Perſon and Valour, and therefore would be manag'd. He redoubled his Affection, now fully convinced of her Merit, ſince ſhe had Adorers; and that others found her charming! which was a Conſolation that hit his Humour. She intrigu'd ſo well, as in diſguiſe, to procure an unſuſpected Interview with *Endymion*, he congratulated her Eſcape; told her he perfectly underſtood her Letter; adored her Wit and Addreſs; ſaid, he had took care to keep *Charlot* at a diſtance, who was impatient of the barbarous Aſperſion caſt upon her Reputation. My Lady agreed it was hard, ſhe was much afflicted at it, but there was no Alternative; either ſhe muſt fall, or I be imaginarily ſacrificed! In concluſion, ſhe gave me ſome Preſents, and a tender Recommendation to her Highneſs. Prince *Endymion* re-inforced it by his Intereſt; the Princeſs has had the Goodneſs to hear my Defence; for being unwilling to receive a Domeſtick ſo branded, I was obliged to make it, before I could have the Honour of her Eſteem or Confidence; and tho' there was ſomething ſo cruel in Lady *Arethuſa's* Accuſation, that I never ought to forgive her, ſince doubtleſs, the ſame Wit that help'd her to eſcape by involving me, would have furniſhed her, upon a little Conſideration, with an Excuſe leſs deſtructive to the Reputation of a Domeſtick, who had no greater Fault than Compliance and Fidelity

to

to her Service; yet, since she has procur'd me the Honour of the Princess of *Marsovia*'s, I am tempted to think it an Equivalent for the Loss of the greatest Good a Maid can possibly possess.

Charlot withdrew, after having modestly received the Applause of the Company. Let the Exigency by which she was brought, contrary to her Temper, to oblige one Lady, by betraying the Frailties of another, warn the fair Sex, from any of those tender criminal Intimacies that force them upon the Confidence of Domesticks; they are most of them faithless, all mercenary and presumptuous, when once they have the Honour of the Person they serve in keeping! reducing those who have the Right of commanding, to be Servants to their Servant. Mean and scandalous Security! a State which gives the Authority from the Mistress to the Slave; takes from her the Power of reprehending the grossest Fault, suffers her not to resent, be peevish, or out of Humour, whether she be mortally or trivially offended: Neither can the Gold of *Tagus* buy their Gratitude, so unreasonable are they, so unconscionable a Rate they set upon their Secrecy; nothing in their Imagination can be an Equivalent for performing what others call their Duty, forcing those by whom they are trusted, to fear all Things whenever they pretend to be disobliged. Happy they who possess their Soul in Innocence,

cence, and have no Occasion for such mean and infamous Dependencies.

Lord *Cornutus*'s compliable Temper, furnish'd the beauteous *Ethelinda*'s Admirers with subject Matter to make a Comparison; they observed with Wonder, how little jealous he was, yet how fond a Husband. It put them in Mind of a History, where the Husband being ill used by his Father, for marrying a beauteous Wife without a Dower; had yet the good Fortune to find an old Patrician his Friend, and he always boasted of it ——— Lord *Cataline* gave me this fine Ring. Lord *Cataline* sent me to see the Comedy, and stay'd to keep my Lady company for fear she should be melancholy whilst I was gone. Lord *Cataline* loves me dearly ——— he says I shall have any Thing ——— Lord *Cataline* lends me Money, tho' my Father will give me none. Lord *Cataline* lay at our House last Night, *&c.* so he does very often, and sends the purest Presents ——— he has promised to come again to Morrow ——— he teaches me all the Fashions ——— says I must not lie with my Lady, but ever now and then, especially when his Lordship's there ——— because 'tis the Mode to have two Beds. ———

Count *St. Girrone* told them of an Adventure he was witness to in *Constantinople*, it having pass'd in a House whilst he was in it. Addressing to the Princess, he began to observe, That Jealousie, as well as all other Passions, differed in its Effect, according

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ing to the Temper of the Perſon it agitated: Thus Love was hot and preſumptuous in the bold forward Man, the Impatieney of his Humour was generally aſcribed to his Pre-poſſeſſion, and from thence often received Applauſe and Rewards it never merited: That ſuch, when animated by the rougher Paſſions, as Anger and Jealouſie, were oftentime dangerous to converſe with: Sorrow and Pity working upon the Melancholy, carried them to ſuch a Pitch of Mourning and Compaſſion, that the Sanguine could never reach! but whenever theſe Rules were croſs'd, and Nature work'd irregularly to a Contradiction of Temper, it generally produced fatal Effects. Jealouſie when arrived to Certainty, was either killed it ſelf, or killed the Perſon whom it animated: In the ſame Moment, continued the Count, it believes and diſ-believes, admits the greateſt Contradictions, the utmoſt Impoſſibilities: Its very Being is ſupported by Doubts and Imagination: It dies when once it is aſſur'd there was Occaſion for it to be born, involving his Parent Love in his Fate! or if, as ſometimes, tho' ſeldom, very ſeldom, it ſtill has an Entity; it drags on a wretched Life to the Deſtruction of Reaſon! Senſe! Honour! and ſhortly terminates in an incurable Madneſs! I may very well conclude, that no Condition, no Diſeaſe the Heart of Man can be touch'd with, ſo much deſerves our Pity as this.

A young

A young Gentleman of the *Equeſtrian* Order, named *Rufus*, was married, after being travers'd a thouſand Ways in his Amours, to a beautiful Lady of the ſame Rank, called *Erminia*. Neceſſity on her Side determined her to wed *Rufus*, for ſhe was left with a Fortune diſproportionate to her Birth. Her Face! her Shape! her Dreſs and Mien, ſurpized with Wonder and Delight! She was perfectly good-natured, yet ſo reſerved in her Temper, that the Difficulty of Acceſs was often interpreted to, what ſhe was not at all guilty of, Pride! eſpecially to thoſe whom ſhe honoured with an Intimacy. She was adored and attempted by moſt of the Men of Gallantry and Quality of *Conſtantinople*, ſought, courted and preſented, for her Favour: She incouraged none of their Addreſſes, or rather was ſo far from receiving them, that ſhe took all wiſe Methods to deſtroy the very firſt Impreſſion her Beauty might make, in the Beginning killing the leaſt Ray of Hope; ſo that we may very well ſay, ſhe did not permit her Charms to ſee what they could do in favour of her Fortune: She had ſo little Vanity, (without ſome 'tis ſaid a young Lady can't be agreeable) that her Lovers could not prepoſſeſs her, but that their Deſigns were ignoble; ſhe knew well that rarely Women married to advantage without a Dowry; true! ſome few, very few ſucceeded, but not without running a long Expence of Reputation; when the Lover, perhaps, as

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in the Caſe of *Lucillius*, happened to be Owner of leſs Courage than Money, this Perſon having confeſs'd the Enjoyment of his Miſtreſs to his Friend, what a Figure muſt he make, afrer a Correſpondence of two Years, to employ that very Friend to procure him the endowing Gold, being forc'd into Marriage by the Brothers of the Bride, againſt his ſated Inclination? Nor could *Druſilla*'s Succeſs tempt *Erminia* to dally with her Fame. *Druſilla*, who had Courage enough to receive the Addreſſes of that powerful Orator *Carinus*, great in Dignity and Fortune! who had corrupted as many Women as he had byaſs'd Cauſes! he could not converſe with any that did not give him Deſire, nor did he omit Fraud! Force! Bribery! Vows! Aſſiduity! to compaſs them. Involving Heaven! and Earth! Religion! and Principles! for the Gratification of his own Inclinations! old in the Arts of ſubduing Beauty, was not *Druſilla* an *Amazon*? Nothing leſs durſt have received and incouraged the Addreſſes of one born for Conqueſt, ſo greatly removed from her narrow Orb! but ſhe had Wit and Management. Something ſhe muſt venture, or ſtill be herſelf, ſtill be little: After an Age of Courtſhip, Viſits, and Magnificence, ſhe was not at all ſurprized to hear the World was buſie with her Fame, and that it brought her Vertue to pay the Expence of thoſe Adorations ſhe had permitted! when ſhe firſt embarked, ſhe knew the Price and Hazard of

ſuch a Voyage, but how to turn it to Account was the Criſis of her Wit. *Carinus* had thorough Senſe, Knowledge of Nature, and the World; to have pretended Vertue and Remorſe of her Side, might have provok'd him to laugh at her for a Hypocrite or a Fool! ſhe made it her Buſineſs to charm! entirely to ſubdue his Heart to hers! to agree her own Humour, her own Senſe to his! to ſeem proud and pleaſed at ſuch Agreements! to perſuade him he was infinitely beloved, to invent ſucceſſive Entertainments for his Mind and Wit! never to be ſick or idle! tormented with the Head-ach ——— Vapours ——— ſo uneaſie ——— All was gay, all was young and ſmiling, Affairs of State left no Taſte of Pleaſure but what he found at *Druſilla*'s, there he would refreſh after the Fatigue of the Day! there diſmiſs unwieldly Grandour for eaſiy Love! He was now grown great as Oratory could make him, a Favourite of the Empreſſes; one of thoſe that had more important Views than letting *Irene* govern! *Druſilla* therefore took him by his own Reputation! told him, 'Twas now time to live for Fame, 'ſince he had lived ſo long for Pleaſure! 'the Delights of Love which he had ever 'been fond of, were Joys that became his 'Youth, common to unthinking Men! 'But now! now! that all Things by the 'Help of a little Regularity were within 'his Call, why ſhould he offend by Irre-'gularity? Thoſe of the Idol-Party, that

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'meant to triumph over the Orthodox, 'were to carry it by the Appearance of 'more Sanctity, more Moderation, more 'external, as well as internal Devotion! 'this was never to be compass'd to any 'Degree, the wish'd Degree, but by being 'the first in Reputation, which he must be 'hopeless to gain, whilst he maintained 'such an Intelligence as theirs. Tho' she 'loved him dear as Life, or dearer, she 'was willing to be the Sacrifice! to be dis-'used from the Happiness of seeing him, 'rather than he should give Offence to those 'who looked up to Persons of his Rank 'for Rules to walk by: 'Twas no more 'than resolving to separate, the Pain would 'be only hers. Glory! Business! growing Re-'putation, of which, when he had once tasted 'the Sweets, he would be excessively fond, es-'pecially since so conducive to his End, the 'Grasp of Power! Revenge upon the Ortho-'dox, and Peace of Conscience, would easily 'wean him from the Remembrance of a sim-'ple Woman, whom he might live to hate, 'when once be began throughly to con-'sider how ruinous such a Correspondence 'was to that Glory he ought, as one of 'the Heads of so exalted a Cabal, to go in 'search of.'

The Orator was so long harrangu'd by *Drusilla*'s inimitable, unexampled Care of his Reputation, that he began to believe he had some to lose, or at least had it in his Power when he pleased to gain a good

One; the Thing was ſhort; a Miſtreſs and ſuch a Reputation were incompatible, but a Wife and Reformation were very conſiſtent. There were too many Delights found about her, to be willing to give them all up to the Good of a Party; to ſtarve one's ſelf to create Plenty to others: He would do as much, as any Man with his Appetites could do, which amounted to this, (and the Sacrifice was a Hecatomb from him,) giving up his Liberty to buy Reputation. Thus was *Druſilla*, after ſo many Months Converſation, married, and whoever would not believe they had been ever innocent, were eſteem'd highly uncharitable! ſo unaccountable! ſo prodigious a Deference was had to the growing Reputation of this new Devotee! this wonderful Convert, to political Religion!

Scandal will have it, that *Carinus* proves a miraculous Husband! He has not only Lord *Cornutus*'s Zeal in getting his Wife Adorers, but provides in a ſtricter Senſe againſt thoſe Inconveniences irremediable in his Lordſhip! As there is a vaſt Diſparity in their Age, he admits there muſt be as great a one in Inclination: To ſhew his lovely *Druſilla* that he would have her live, not only for himſelf, he indulges her Pleaſures, and in a Manner ſo very extraordinary, that if I'm not miſtaken, 'twill not be long before the Curtain's drawn, and the Town entertained with a Scene wherein more than themſelves are Actors! as diverting as new! —— as

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reaſonable as natural! I could never yet find by what Charter Husbands have pretended to confine their Wives from a Diverſion they do not ſcruple to take themſelves! *Carinus* is advancing a new Syſtem, a Manner of Drawing, that will render the Yoak much leſs galling on the Side of the Ladies; for which they ought to ſet up his Statue in the Temple of *Juno*, and introduce it with divine Honours, when they perform the Myſteries of the good Goddeſs.

Erminia was not Miſtreſs of ſuch Arts as muſt neceſſarily be us'd in an Affair like *Druſilla*'s. Tender and modeſt, humble and unambitious, ſhe ſought ſome little Eſtabliſhment where her Fame might be ſhelter'd, ſomething anſwerable to her low Fortune rather than her Birth. When *Rufus* preſented himſelf, his firſt Propoſal was Marriage rather than Admiration; indeed the latter muſt be but a Conſequence of the former, where their Circumſtances were ſo diſproportionate. *Rufus* had a Face handſome without Exception, had his Teeth proved more regular; but in Recompence they were concealed by the reddeſt Lips, with a moſt agreeable Smile. His Shape, as it wanted of the Polite, had nothing groſs, or to be diſliked; perhaps his Air and Manner was not ſo much in faſhion as thoſe that live at Court. *Erminia* was nice, her Heart felt not any Call to this Hymen: *Rufus* his Temper was ſedate, flegmatick, good-humour'd, ſo far as not to be eaſily

put into a Paſſion. No Talker, a Man of excellent Reading, good Digeſtion, and Senſe: He had ſcarce ever ſhewn an Empreſſment for any Thing, 'till *Erminia*'s Charms had found the way to a Heart hitherto eſteemed inacceſſible. Solid, ſerious was his Converſation; Talents not ſo eaſie to make way to the Wiſhes of the Fair, but *Erminia*'s ſweet and grateful Temper, was in Proſpect to make them very happy; and doubtleſs they had been ſo, had not the intermedling Hand of Chance, thrown an unfortunate Circumſtance between.

There was a Man of Quality, the ſecond Son of a Patrician, named *Silanus*, who was a Relation of *Rufus*'s; his Perſon without a Fault, his Manner a Faſhion to others; an Air of lofty Grandour, ſomething departing from a Court, not to be found in *Rufus*, nor but in very few! He had the Reputation of being the haughtieſt Man in the World, in reſpect of Love; he look'd on the Ladies not with Indifference only, but Contempt, as to all Occaſions that ſeemed to demand the Heart. His good Breeding ſecured him againſt any Offence to Decency, but all beyond, was not *Silanus*'s Province. *Rufus* had invited him to ſee his Bride, but the little Inclination he felt for the Sex, defended him a long time from the Viſit. *Erminia* had heard much of him, and had ſome Impatiency to ſee a Man of his Character, a Character ſo new to her as Indifferency! for as yet, none had ever approach

proached her, but either were, or affected to be ſenſible; 'tis a Theme for Converſation; what can one talk to Ladies? They know not Oratory, Philoſphy, Geography, and the Languages! Scandal indeed is an inexhauſtible Subject, but it ſeems more appropriated to the Old, thoſe from whom Charms are departed; 'tis a Dæmon by which their *Ruels* are perpetually haunted: Not but the Young love it as well, but they have not ſo much Leiſure, much of their Time being employed in making, and diſmiſſing Conqueſts; in Puniſhing and Rewarding; in Smiles and Frowns: A young Beauty with never ſo little Averſion to Idleneſs, may find full Employment about her ſelf; but then ſuch Indifferents as *Silanus* muſt not make her Train. He ſaw fine Eyes without ſeeing! the moſt perfect Symmetry of Beauty was no Harmony to him! He diſdain'd to love, but like a Brute, prompted by Inſtinct, he follow'd the rude Dictates of Nature, and poſſeſs'd without approving! This us'd to be his Boaſt among his own Sex. As for the other, he took care to be ſeldom among them, unleſs it were with thoſe humble obedient Creatures that are to be bought; to whom his proud Soul needed no other Language to ſpeak in, but Money, diſmiſs'd the next Moment with the Contempt they deſerve: Scandal to the Sex! Infamous Subject of Offence! even to thoſe who are ſo frail as to be Lovers!

Rufus made ſmall Progreſs towards gaining the Heart of his lovely Bride; it ſeemed guarded with inacceſſible Coldneſs; a Mountain of Snow, whoſe Summet the Fates had forbid him to aſcend! tho' he did not want Love, he did Addreſs; or being become a Husband, poſſibly he thought he had no Occaſion for it; not conſidering that in the Young, the Heart is ſeldom unemploy'd, the God of Love does not long permit a *Vacuum*! ſooner or later it muſt be filled! 'Tis not the Region of Idleneſs! happy they who in the Diſpoſal are ſo fortunate to meet with one Deſerving.

Erminia's Temper had always defended her Vertue! cold, and unenterprizing! She lived the Life of Reaſon, not Paſſion! contented with her Husband, but undelighted! free from Pain, tho' not in Pleaſure! and thus ſhe had poſſibly waſted her Days in a calm Tranquillity, inoffenſive, tho' not commendable! had not the Deſtinies ſpun her Thread from off the black Diſtaff of Adverſity, as well as that of *Rufus*'s, and ſent to her, hitherto, undeſiring Eyes, the well-made haughty *Silanus*. *Rufus* gave an Entertainment, whence (having been before ſo often invited) he cou'd not any longer defer going to pay him the Marriage Compliment. *Erminia* expected the proud Indifferent with a Mien agreeable to his; there was ſo much the Appearance of it in her Manner, where ſhe was not yet acquainted, that it coſt her little to aſſume it to her new

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Relation. Conſcious of the Beauty of his Form, which always drew towards him the neglected Eyes and Regards of the fair Sex, he was piqued to ſee the lovely Bride with ſo cold an Air, rather paſs over, than ſtay to conſider him. Behold, Madam, the Caprichio of our Sex, her Froſt had the Art of inflaming him, and put *Silanus* upon thoſe Advances he had never been guilty of before. He vouchſaf'd to view her Charms, nay, to commend them; after a little Time he purſu'd the Theme, even with Exaggeration. Muſt we all doat on Contradiction? Cold *Erminia*, who yet had never known Deſire, was caught by the favourable Diſtinction, and in a Word, opened her Ears to receive his Praiſes! her Eyes, to ſurvey his Perſon! and her Vanity to reliſh thoſe Adulations, which at once poiſon'd and delighted! becauſe ſhe had often been aſſur'd, *Silanus* had never beſtow'd his Cares upon any of the Sex before.

I could make a Novel of their Adventure, Madam, were it not for wearying your Highneſs; I will therefore paſs over thoſe that lead to the Cataſtrophy, of which I was an unhappy Witneſs: Be pleaſed to conclude *Silanus* laying a Siege to *Erminia*'s Vertue, and *Erminia* violently in Love with *Silanus*! Pride and Paſſion gave her new and unknown Pleaſure in his Vows and Adoration. How weak is the Line of Vertue, when once in the powerful Hand of Love? How ſlender the Separation between Incli-

nation and Indulgence? How dangerous to hear the Muſick of the *Syren*? How difficult not to be charmed? *Erminia*, who had refus'd the advantagious Vows and Proffers of the Great and Rich; after a long Conflict, ſunk to a Rendezvous with the proud *Silanus*, contrary to Duty, and nothing elſe in Proſpect but Love and Ruin.

I muſt never believe that *Erminia*'s Charms had ſubdu'd the native Brute in *Silanus*, or that he was any other Ways ſtung by Love, than as prompted by Deſire; elſe he would have took more Care of the Reputation of her he pretended to love, than on any Terms, to bring her, tho' veil'd, to a common Houſe of Pleaſure upon the *Aſian* Shore; or when there to be ſo affectedly tranſported, I may ſay diſtracted, or thoughtleſs, or careleſs of her, and the fatal Conſequence, to keep her three Days and Nights, from returning Home! I was diverting my ſelf in that very Houſe, with ſome young Noblemen, (where we came for the Pleaſure of the Air, and Converſation of certain Ladies, whom we had perſuaded to paſs the Evening with us) when we were ſurprized by a loud and confuſed Noiſe above Stairs, Shrieks and the Cry of Murder. We ran up, and found a Bed-Chamber with a lovely Lady upon the ſide of the Bed, weltring in the Blood of one that was murdered in it! Near her ſtood a Gentleman all inrag'd, with his fatal Sword uplifted, ready to ſend hers after the Soul that was fled before;

fore; we immediately disarm'd him, and sent for the Officers of Justice. Never was any Man so agitated by Grief as *Rufus* appear'd to be: He threw himself upon the Floor in such Agonies, that one would believe it impossible to bear and live. He loudly told his Misfortunes, appeal'd to the lovely Sinner before him, for all the Benefits he had heaped upon her: He told us, That coming Home to go to Bed, the first Night of her Absence; Jealousy (to which he had never before been inclin'd) entered his Breast with that inexplicable Rage and Fury, as scarce left any Partition to divide it from Madness! In the Morning it encreas'd, if properly that may be said to encrease, which already has gained the utmost Height! It left him not the least Use or Ray of Reason, like a thirsty Flash of Lightning that in a Moment drinks the Stream, and leaves the Channel dry: So was *Rufus*'s Blood inflam'd, so it boiled, it raged! contrary to the Practice of his Life, that had not been seen to move above the common Rate; even Anger, and the greatest Provocation, had scarce Power to ruffle the Serenity of his Temper! But the Love he felt for *Erminia*, gave Birth to a new Nature in him: It carried him to such an Extremity, as if violent Jealousy were inborn, not accidentally conceived! He searched for her in all Places! enquired of Relations! Friends! Acquaintance for his Wife! told all the World that she was missing, and in what Manner! you may

gueſs at his Prepoſſeſſion by his Indiſcretion: He cauſed Matter of Laughter among thoſe, who never believe the Beſt of young handſome Ladies. In ſhort, the next Day and Night paſs'd, and no News of his *Erminia*! He had yet much to ſuffer, much Spirits to exhale, before he could be deſtroy'd by Jealouſy! The Violence with which it began, preſag'd it would be fatal. He had often examined *Erminia*'s Maid, ſhe deny'd that ſhe knew any Thing of her Lady, but was afraid ſhe was murdered. *Rufus* his tormented Soul, laughed at that vain Imagination, not ſo happy to believe, ſhe was with any but a Lover; he at length aſſur'd himſelf, that Creature muſt know ſomething relating to her Miſtreſſes Abſence. He lock'd her in an upper Chamber, where her Cries could not be heard, took his Poniard, and ſwore he would kill her, if ſhe did not tell where ſhe believed his Wife was gone; the Servant affrighted, and unwilling to dye, (few in theſe Days are Martyrs to their Truſt and Duty) confeſs'd that *Erminia* told her, when ſhe went out, that ſhe was going to meet *Silanus*, but promiſed to return in a few Hours! Even the Certainty of his Diſgrace and Suſpicions could not aſſwage *Rufus*'s two Devourers, Love! and Jealouſy! however he ſmooth'd his ſtarting Hair! unbent his furrowed Brow! and recalled, as much as was in his Power, the Appearance of his former Serenity; the ſweet Hopes of Revenge aſſiſted him in his Diſſimulation;

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by Stratagem he muſt find where was this infamous Relation that had ſo ſenſibly outraged him: He went immediately to his Houſe, but was told he was out of Town. He feigned Buſineſs of the greateſt Importance: *Silanus*'s Favourite-Slave knowing the Kindred and Friendſhip between them (but ignorant that it was *Erminia* who was with his Maſter) told him, in a ſhort Whiſper, that he believed his Maſter would not be angry for acquainting him with the Affair, tho' the Orders were poſitive for all; he would run the hazard of his Anger, becauſe the Buſineſs ſeem'd of Moment; in a Word he confeſs'd *Silanus* was diverting himſelf, according to Cuſtom, with ſome She-Sinner, at ſuch a Houſe, and had left Word with him, if any Thing happened of extraordinary, to come and enquire for him by a Token. The Slave added, if *Rufus* would be pleaſed to have Patience till his Return, he would ingage to bring him back his Maſter's Commands. The inraged Husband told him, 'twas no Matter, he could ſtay; adding, with a forced Smile, he gueſs'd the Lady his Couſin was happy with, and would not diſturb him, becauſe he ſhould be unwilling to be ſerved ſo himſelf. The Slave was very eaſy, believing he had done nothing contrary to his Duty; he had ſeldom known *Silanus* nice in the Reputation of his Women, becauſe, indeed, he had never given himſelf the Trouble to converſe with thoſe that had any.

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Behold the Conſequence of this Slave's Indiſcretion, he had given *Rufus* the Means to enter his Maſter's Chamber unſuſpected, he had ignorantly armed his Hand with inevitable Fate, brought him to the very Bedſide of his Rival, where, without any Expoſtulation, he profited of the Advantage, and ſtab'd him with repeated Strokes! *Erminia* was not in Bed, but ſitting by her Lover, who did not ſurvive his firſt Wound! She ſhrieked, fell down upon his Body in a Swoon, which gave a Moment's Time for Love to interpoſe, in favour of her, to her Husband! he appeared like the Statue of Rage going to perform; he ſeemed to threaten all Things, yet was immoveable, without Power of executing any Thing. In this Agony we came to his Relief. The lovely *Erminia* recovered from her Swoon, and veiling her Face, haſted to throw her ſelf with Precipitancy and Woe at the Feet of her offended Husband! There one might behold what weak Machines we are! how moved by every Hand, toſs'd by Rage! Love! Jealouſie! all the Paſſions! nor can Reaſon ever be hear'd till their Glutt be anſwered! But here fantaſtick Madneſs! wild Anarchy! preſided over the Heart and Motions of *Rufus!* No ſooner did he ſee that loveCriminal at his Feet, but he ſtarted up to raiſe her! no ſooner was ſhe raiſed, but he unveiled her Face! beholding her Tears he immediately caſt himſelf upon her Eyes, to drink them with his Sighs and Kiſſes! then

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a Moment after, as if recalled by cruel Remembrance, he threw her from him! call'd her baſe ——————— abominable ——— all that was deſpicable ——— But ſtill we ſaw, he thought her charming——— Women beloved can do all Things! very few go the Lengths they may, becauſe they have not Heart and Courage enough to prove how much they are beloved! 'tis to their Modeſty in asking, we owe the Grace of ſo ſeldom granting but what is fit to be granted! did they but dare demand as much as we durſt beſtow, what Beggars! what Villains ſhould we be! how great in Obedience! how humble our Slavery! how abſolute our Miſtreſs's Dominion! But then when ſated, nothing ſo ſettled, ſo compoſed, as immoveable as Metal after the Flux! which degenerates into a fixed Coldneſs; we may add, in humane Bodies, Averſion: Then be it confeſs'd, Madam, that there's nothing worthy in our nobleſt Paſſions! tis only for our ſelves we love another! the Impulſe being involuntary, well may the Conſequences be ſuch! But when once the Infatuation is over! what deadned ungrateful Wretches are we! how ſeldom brought to do a generous Thing! nay how baſe! we loath the very Perſon once ſo wonderfully bewitching! ſhun as our evil Genius, what before influenced our Deſtiny! and never willingly regard, what we would wiſh eternally to avoid!

Erminia pretended not to interpoſe her Innocence. She anſwer'd only with her Tears!

Tears! till the Officers of Juſtice came, when ſhe beg'd not to be divided from her Husband! ſhe was willing to endure his Rage and Reproaches, as a ſmall Expiation of the Miſchiefs ſhe had occaſioned! In a Word, *Cæſar*'s Sentence and Pardon were favourable to the injured Husband, and his raſh Murder of *Silanus* called a juſt Oblation to violated Honour; add that they were all Relations who were to proſecute, amongſt which none were found of ſo much Malice, or ſo little Vertue, to eſpouſe the Cauſe of the guilty Deceaſed, to the Prejudice of the innocent and injured Living.

Had I given your Highneſs a weaker Idea of *Rufus*'s Paſſion for *Erminia*, you might have juſtly expected a total Separation after ſo manifeſt a Conviction; but alas! too much a Lover to regard what he ow'd the Husband, he became quite Bankrupt to Fame and Honour; yet muſt it be confeſs'd, he refined upon Revenge, and perſecuted *Erminia* much more effectually than any Thing but his Reproaches could have done! I had heard his Sorrows with an Air of Tenderneſs and Compaſſion, in Conſequence of which, I ingaged Count *Martel* in his Service, who ſollicited *Cæſar* to his Advantage; this ſo far won upon his grateful Heart, that he perpetually acknowledg'd it, and would often viſit me. Obſerving my Attention, he uſed to repeat the Story of his Woes: *Erminia*, convinced of my Deſire and Wiſh to ſee him eaſie! conjured

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me often to favour him with my Company. The Extravagance and Novelty of *Rufus*'s Paſſions, the two Extreams of Love and Jealouſie, both ſubſiſting after Conviction, was what ingaged my Curioſity.

Erminia humbled by her Tranſgreſſion, full of native Sincerity, and well-taught Truth! anſwered all her Husbands jealous Interrogatories; gueſs at his Madneſs, it could even deſcend to Particulars, he would hear from her ſelf what moved her to abuſe his Bed; ſhe anſwered, 'She was 'ſwayed by an Impulſe irreſiſtible; ſhe 'thought and fear'd 'twas Love, becauſe 'ſhe had never been ſenſible of any ſuch 'Emotion, ſuch a Tendency! ſuch a Vio-'lence! but in favour of *Silanus* ——— 'Love! ——— ——— he would dwell up-'on the afflicting Sound——— ——— Was 'it poſſible he ſhould be ſo curſt, to have 'his *Erminia* love another? ——— After a ſufficient Pauſe, he would return to the Aſſault, ſearching for new Matter to diſtract himſelf, and peremptorily demanded to be ſatisfied in all the Particulars of their deteſtable Amour, *&c.* 'Twas vain for her to beſeech him not to carry Things to ſuch a Height. There is a greater Diſtreſs of Modeſty in repeating, than acting; tho' indeed it be a falſe Diſtreſs, in which real Modeſty has no Part; for That having been outrag'd before, may be ſaid to be then flown off! What remains in the Place

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of her, is nothing but Shame-facedneſs, at knowing our Crimes divulged! Yet whatever Reluctance *Erminia* had, ſhe was condemn'd to obey; and whether true or falſe, gave him ſuch an Account of paſſing their Time as is in Uſe with fortunate Lovers. She had not learnt to diſſemble, till afterwards inſtructed by his Jealouſie, for his Eaſe! The Confeſſion ſhe had made, racked, to ſuch a degree, the little Remainder of his Senſe, that Life was become inſupportable to him! he repeated theſe unlucky Circumſtances to ſuch Relations with whom they converſed: At length, quite beyond himſelf, to gain a Moment's Eaſe, he would flatter his Heart, 'twas all untrue, and *Erminia* had only told him Things to puniſh him for his Jealouſie, and the Death of *Silanus*; pleaſed with this Thought, he wou'd indulge it, and asked my Opinion, if I did not think it poſſible for a Man and Woman to paſs three Days and Nights in a Chamber, made commodious by a Bed, without wronging the Marriage-Vow? I told him, to be ſure, 'twas poſſible, and quoted him ſeveral Examples that came into my Head. I further encouraged the Lady to deny whatever was confeſs'd before; ſhe could not in a long Time gain the Aſſurance, not once preſuming that her Husband would believe her. I adviſed her to try: She became bold in a Cauſe that had the Face of Vertue; and ſince it was to ſooth his Madneſs in its own Way, ſhe

attempted

attempted it with ſuch Succeſs, that he grew to fancy her innocent; ſhe told him, ſhe was free from all actual Impurity; true, ſhe went to the Rendezvous, *Silanus* carried her to that Houſe, under the Pretence of eating Fruit, but when Night came, he wou'd not ſuffer her to depart without beſtowing upon him what was only due to her Husband: This engaged them in long Diſputes, he vow'd ſhe ſhould never return without paying his Price; if he could not poſſeſs her Perſon, he would revenge himſelf upon her Fame, and never let her go till ſhe had bleſt him to his Wiſh; which when he ſaw her determined againſt, he faſtened the Door, made himſelf inſenſible to all her Prayers and Tears, went to Bed, and left her to paſs the Night in her Cloaths upon the Bed-ſide, or in any other Part of the Room; in this Condition he was reſolved to try if he could weary her out, and when ſhe would take Part of none of thoſe Refreſhments that were brought, the inhuman Creature laughed at her Reſolution, and told her he ſhould however ſhortly have her dead, ſince ſhe denyed her ſelf to him whilſt living.

As ridiculous and improbable as this Story was, poor *Rufus* for his Eaſe became willing to believe it: then was he ſeen as induſtrious to clear *Erminia*'s Fame, as formerly to aſperſe it, telling this latter Invention to thoſe whom he had before entertain'd with the Reality: They pity'd his

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Diſeaſe, and lamented the wretched Occaſion that had reduced a Man of his Senſe and Letters, to ſo deſpicable ſo forlorn a Condition! In ſhort, he lived ſome Months in a State as wretched as the Damn'd! he fell at length to drinking, to drown his Cares in the *Lethe* of *Bacchus*; and to his Wiſh inflam'd his Blood, ſo well before prepared by Jealouſie, that with only a Fever of three Days length he dy'd, and left nothing of his Eſtate from the too much beloved *Erminia!* Soon after the fatal Infection had ſeized him, there was a ſettled Blackneſs the Compaſs of three Inches Diameter about his Heart; which gave occular Proof of the Agitation he felt within, in ſo many Months Courſe it never diſappeared! I muſt add, that he was ſcarce ever known to nod, never to ſleep, or forget himſelf in all that Time! till in Death he went in ſearch of everlaſting Reſt.

Your Story has made me melancholy, anſwered the Princeſs, I am too apt to be infected by ſuch Ideas! wretched *Erminia!* how has ſhe ſince led her Life? With Honour, Madam, anſwered the Count, if your Highneſs will not rank your ſelf on the ſide of thoſe Inhumans, that pretend there is no Return to Vertue, when a Lady has once deviated from her Path. There is doubtleſs great Diſtinction to be made, interrupted the *Prior*, between thoſe Prepoſſeſſions that depart from great Paſſions, in a ſettled Habit in Vice, and a bare Start; ſuch I reckon

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was *Erminia*'s. I knew a Perſon at *Conſtantinople*, a Phyſician, ſpoke *Albinus*, who was married to a very fine Wife, his Name was *Gallenicus*, a Man of a moſt abject Form, when compared to *Herſilia*'s. By a long Friendſhip, he had got her Father's Conſent, upon his Death-Bed, but never hers; beſides, ſhe brought him a Fortune twice as large as his Circumſtances merited. After the Nuptials, he carried her to the hot Baths at *Pruſa*. Proud of her Beauty, and infinitely vain of the Conqueſt which he preſum'd he had made of it; but alas! there was nothing of it his, but what ſhe could not withhold from him; I may venture to aſſure your Highneſs, that her Heart was guiltleſs of his Dominion.

No ſooner did *Herſilia*'s majeſtick Beauty appear upon the Terras, but all crouded to gaze; the Men to wonder, the Women, as uſual, to find Defects! Her Height! her Shape! her killing black Eyes! lovely Form! thoſe congregated Charms that ſo rarely unite in one! made her the Adoration of the whole Aſſembly! ſhe ſwept the Walks along with Troops of Lovers! and could reckon in her Train to the laſt Man! the moſt prepoſſeſs'd found a Corner in their Hearts for *Herſilia!* She fired the Ladies with Jealouſie, and they her Husband; who, tho' at firſt, fond of that Applauſe which he believed reflected back upon himſelf as Maſter of ſuch Charms; yet perceiving that Air of Diſlike, which in ſpight of her ſelf, ſhe

she could not forbear treating him with, he began to consider the Folly he had shewn to bring her into a Place where she was made so well acquainted with her Beauty! All the young *Patricians Equite*, and others, immediately made their Court to *Gallenicus*. Had he been of a Humour to have shared the least Part of his Wife, he had certainly made a good Market; one or other found a Pretence of perpetual Indisposition to consult their Physician, they would even send in Meat to eat with him, that they might perpetually be under his Eye, concerning that Regularity in Diet which upon any slight Complaint a Doctor will oblige them to. *Gallenicus* made *Hersilia* partake of all; that is, he found she was pleased with it, and was not yet jealous and ill humoured enough to contradict her; at length he must depart, to attend the Health of a *Patrician* of the first Rank at *Constantinople*; the Occasion was so urgent he could not stay to take *Hersilia* with him, but left her in Charge with one that he imagined his best Friend. This Confidence was so far rallied by the rest, those who envied the Advantage they could not obtain, that *Gallenicus*, at his Return, found Libels upon their Intimacy. *Hersilia*, like most disingaged great Beauties, was not displeased at the Homage pay'd her; she advanced toward the Land of *Coquetry*, and like to have arrived there, as 'tis very hard to withhold from entring that flattering Country; when

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Gallenicus retrenched all her Liberties, grew peeviſh! angry! provoked at thoſe *Patricians* that would viſit and eat with him whether he wou'd or no! quarrel'd with his Friend! took Home his Wife! lock'd her up! denyed her Neceſſaries! attempted her Life! which ſhe narrowly ſaved by Flattery, Perſuaſion, and Tears!

Gallenicus amidſt all his Rage, Jealouſie, and ill Humour, could not object any Thing againſt her that was actually criminal; but ſhe was handſome, and he was otherwiſe! ſhe loved to be admired! 'twas impoſſible to ſee her and not to do it! and therefore ſhe muſt ſuffer! This villainous Husband carried his Perſecutions ſo far, that ſhe was every Night in fear of being murdered! all the Day reproached, thwarted, and ſtarved, ſo that ſhe had no other Relief, but Flight! She came *Incognito* to *Conſtantinople*; but apply'd her ſelf to none of thoſe ſhe had conquered, ſhe even avoided Opportunities of being ſeen, but ſhut up her ſelf in a wretched Lodging to work at Embroidery for her Bread! thus wearing away that beautiful Youth of hers in Solitude and Penury! a full Conviction of her Vertue! for where might ſhe not have blazed, if ſhe had but called her Charms to heighten her Circumſtances? The Brute was at laſt perſuaded by her Relations, to aſſign ſome ſmall Part of her own Fortune, with which ſhe lives in humble Solitude; thoroughly mortifyed to the whole Sex by the ill Uſage

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of one, to whom, upon any Conſideration, ſhe would never be brought to return.

Whoever has liv'd but a little Time in the World, anſwered the Princeſs, ſeeing *Albinus* had done ſpeaking, muſt have obſerved the Extravagancies of Jealouſie, as well as the ill Effects! I remember whilſt I was yet young, I went upon a Viſit to a certain Lady, whoſe Lodgings look'd upon a Part of the City very much frequented; my Eyes, like moſt young Peoples, were perpetually at the Windows. At ſome Noiſe in the Street, I ran with Precipitation, and was going to open them; ſhe ſtept to me, and in ſtopping me, beg'd me to maſter my Curioſity, for the Bird wou'd fly out. The Story was this: Her Husband was jealous of her gazing, and had got a Bird to fly about thoſe Rooms that regarded the Street; ſhould ſhe open the Windows, 'twas gone; when ſhe had confeſs'd this to me, I muſt own my Spleen roſe againſt the Wretch, her Tormentor: Tho' his Wife was a fine Woman, and he a Brute, ſhe had never been known to caſt a Glance that might not havebeen warranted by theGoddeſs of Vertue her ſelf! I took it into my Head to enrage the jealous Thing, tho' by a Piece of Cruelty to the little Animal: The Bird would come to Hand for Food; I got it, and pretended to be very fond, and at laſt ſet it upon the red hot Stand where the Fire was, as if by chance, the Feet clung to the Metal,

Metal, and there the dear Creature was, by inhumane Me, roasted to death! Monsieur came in to see the Catastrophy of his trusty Centinel, not very well pleased at its Fate; but he durst not mutter before me, whether he believ'd Chance or Design had occasion'd its Destiny.

Yet we must own, answered *Albinus*, tho' our Sex are sometime jealous without a Cause, yours are not always innocent; nay, so well you can masque your Sentiments, that oftentimes we know not what to believe. I was one Day seeing a Representation at the Amphitheater; I think 'twas a Comedy of *Menander*, and one of the most modest: There sat before me two Ladies, one of them gave her self such sensible Airs, at the least *double entendre* she was out of her self! I could not behold her but as one prodigiously affected! If the least Thing were advanced, tho' in never such decent Terms, that tended to the Rites of Love, this same *Prude* was in a Flame, so covered with Indignation! so sinking with Shame—Jesu ——— Lady *Tullia*, (shrouding her Face)——— did you ever know any Thing like this?———my Gud——— Lady *Tullia*, do'n't you die with blushing?——'Tis insupportable———Lurd, Lady *Tu'lia*———how does one do to be so indifferent?———Heavens! Lady *Tullia*, Can any one hear this, and not be shock'd?——— I enquired their Character; next me sate an informing Friend, who

who assured me, *That* vertuous Lady in Appearance, was far from being cruel, unless in the Effects of her Favours. As to his Part, she had made him such Advances, that he could not but comply, tho' she were not handsome, and his Heart pre-possess'd for another: He visited and was well received, they continued their Correspondence for some Time, till he found certain ill Consequences to his Health, which she had the Bravery to deny with prodigious Assurance; tho' 'twas well known her ill Conduct had occasioned so violent a Jealousie in her Husband, that he stab'd her one Day as they lay in Bed, and had repeated the Strroak, had she not swore ten thousand Oaths never to see the Gamester again! Yet is this the Lady of nice pretended Honour, she that usurps such prodigious Airs of Severity, and in my hearing too! Behold Lady *Tullia* that's with her, how calm! how unconcerned she is! not alarmed! nor seeking her false Explanations! the Difference is, she is truly innocent and vertuous, the other but feignedly so!

Amidst the many Examples to be brought of Jealousy, we may observe, as in the Case of this Lady (who had felt her Husband's Indignation in so remarkable a Manner) that there are generally Faults on both Sides, either a Disparity of Age or Charms, a *Coquet* Humour, or direct Abuse: We agree that very much lies in the Temper of

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the Perſon infected. Lord *Phylarchus* had been one of the vaineſt, moſt amorous! moſt ſucceſsful of the Youth! without Beauty, Senſe, Wit, or any Thing but a modiſh empty Addreſs, the Conſequence of Court-Converſation, the Privilege and Advantage of ſuch who are of his Rank, without which, his Shape excepted, he had had nothing tolerable. He was highly debauched, prophanely irreligious, even to defiling the Church! affronting the Prieſts! and ridiculing their Worſhip! notoriouſly abuſing, with obſcene Mirth and ridiculous Violence, thoſe who came to offer their Devotions! In his Morals void of Gratitude, Sincerity, or the Profeſſion of any Principles; yet ſo unwearied was his Diligence, that he had received, what is called the laſt Favour, from more Women, than one would have thought cou'd have barely eſteem'd him; and which was ſtill unpardonable, he did it not ſo much to gratifie his Deſire, as his Vanity! He firſt began at Home in his own Family, but when once the Amour was diſcovered, and the *Patrician* and his Lady parted, he rid himſelf of that Affair, becauſe he ſaid, he ſuſpected a Rival; but indeed the Diſcovery being made, and the Lady blaſted, the Pleaſure of it was over with him.

Thus ſucceſſively were five of Faſhion expoſed and undone, beſides a Number of the inferior Fry, who ſerv'd only to ſwell the Catalogue of his Conqueſts. Tho' but ſix and twenty Years old, yet by his notori-

ous Exceſſes already drawn down to theDregs of Fourſcore. He began to find himſelf alone,at an Age when One's Converſation is moſt deſired; ſo well he had laid about him, with that Induſtry and Succeſs, (the Pretence of ungovernable Love atoning with his Miſtreſſes for his Indiſcretion) that no Amour of his was ever a Secret, no ſooner was he happy but the Town knew who made him ſo. He became a Proverb, a Rock, upon which the Ladies grew cautious of ſuffering Shipwreck! They would no longer admit of his Addreſſes. He had neither Senſe, Learning, nor even common Reading, to fit him for the Converſation of the Men! His very Companions in Debauchery would have no more of him, his Conſtitution was already broken, no longer could he make any juſt Claim to the gay Exceſſes of Love and Wine! Forſaken and alone! He had no other Refuge but in Marriage; a State he had ever ridicul'd, and to his Power corrupted! His Choice was one of the Empreſſes Maids, who with a paſſable Face, had a Spirit of Government and Thrift, that beſpoke admirable Hopes of a good Oeconomiſt, a Talent requiſite for Lord *Phylarchus*'s needy Fortune.

They were no ſooner married, but Jealouſy made a third; not, as one might ſuppoſe, of the Side of the worn out Youth, juſt wedded to one who thought her ſelf a fine Court-Lady, full of Airs and Affectations, careſs'd as new Brides generally are,

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by all thoſe who durſt not allow themſelves the Liberty of Addreſs, whilſt the Rate ran ſo high as Matrimony! A Wife has a larger Train of *Cupid*'s revelling in her Eyes, than a Virgin; ſhe deals more Wounds, but then in Return 'tis hop'd ſhe diſpenſes a greater Quantity of Balm! But this was not the Caſe between Lord *Phylarchus* and his Lady; he was ſtill as opiniated of himſelf as ever, he diſdained to think the Charms of anothercould darken his! Not ſo with the Bride, knowing the Age of her Lord, and comparing his Efforts, ſhe imagin'd he had other Ingagements! That ſhe poſſeſs'd neither his Heart nor Perſon entire! Alas! this was an Evil without Redreſs! What could the degenerate Youth produce in anſwer to her unintermitting Reproaches? To tell her ſhe was the only beloved! the only Perſon he thought charming! was ſpeaking to the Winds! full-blown Jealouſy diſpers'd ſuch empty Aſſeverations. 'It was not cold Indifference ſhe 'ſaid, for which ſo many Ladies had doated 'on him, the Defects of Age in Youth; 'no! no! Women were ſeldom fond of 'being undone for out-ſide Addreſs! to 'brave Husbands! Relations! Senſe of 'Glory! for a ſoft Tale, only the Harran-'gue of Love! There muſt be ſomething 'more ſolemn, which he with-held from 'her, though his lawful Wife; her Em-'braces! her Rites! were beſtowed upon 'ſome ſecret, lurking, unknown Wanton!

'But she should be found, to the Confu-
'sion of all his false Oaths, barren Asseve-
'rations, and feign'd Caresses!'

Thus was *Phylarchus* incessantly teiz'd by this jealous Fury! She left him no Repose, the Night was void of Sleep, as the Day of Rest: Whatever Woman came to visit them, she perpetually watched their Eyes, their Words, their Gestures, all was Fewel to her combustible Disease! He wished a thousand Times he had never married; better to be for ever alone, than in such tormenting Conversation. He was innocent, and therefore thought his Destiny so much the more cruel! He had no Affections but for his Wife! but alas! whilst Things were as they were, whilst she was fir'd by Jealousie, and he frozen by Nature, how could he convince? 'Twas in vain to assure her that he had regard for none but her self; she made Intimacies with all her new-married Relations and Acquaintance, to learn Circumstances, by which she might make Comparisons; here instead of being relieved, she was but the more aggrieved! fir'd with additional Rage! additional Suspicion! nay, Certainty! she returned to the Onset, reproach'd! threatned! wept! fawn'd! flatter'd! did all that was possible for an artful Woman to draw the Secret, of what she imagin'd her Misfortune: She discarded all his Servants, put new ones about him; then upon the least Approbation of their Service from her Lord, they were again dis-

diſplac'd! ſcarce any remain'd a Week; ſhe opened all his Letters, (which, abſtracted from his immediate Affairs, were not many) for who of any Senſe, would converſe with him? He always expoſed the Ladies who writ to him, and expoſed himſelf by writing to the Men! So that few deſired a Commerce ſo dangerous and inſipid. But this did not ſatisfie the Lady, ſhe was ſure ſhe was injured, and would never give over her Search, ſtill reſolved in her ſelf, that ſomething was to be found! Teiz'd, and tir'd, he demanded what could content her? he would willingly forego all Converſation to make her eaſie, leave the Town, and ſee none beſides. She took him at his Word, and made Purchaſe of an old Houſe ſixteen Miles from *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe immediately ſhut up her dear Lord, and was her ſelf the vigilant Gaoler.

There were ſeveral Perſons of Eſtates and Quality liv'd round about the Seat they had bought, they came to make my Lord and Lady their Compliment of Welcome into the Country; her Ladyſhip took care the ador'd *Phylarchus* ſhould not be ſeen; and when ſhe returned thoſe Viſits, choſe a Day wherein ſhe perſwaded him to take Phyſick, that ſhe might go without him! She ſtaid not above three Minutes in a Place, having as ſhe thought a Privilege from living at Court, to introduce for a Faſhion what Airs ſhe pleaſed. After the firſt Time ſhe took care never to be at Home when the Ladies

came to see her, and went no more to them. Of what Age, what Degree soever, with or without Charms, no Woman upon any Terms, should have the Freedom of her House; those that were not young and handsome, might have Relations that were so: She drop'd all Aequaintance, (her Lord she took care should not have any) and confin'd her self to her Duty, as guardian Dragon of her golden Fruit: She would not so much as go to Mass, because she durst neither leave *Phylarchus* at Home, nor take him with her, for fear new Objects might ingage his Eyes and Affections from her: Thus 'tis certain he wastes his Life, but uncertain whether contented or discontented, because she permits no Body to converse with him, to whom he may make his Complaint, the Walks and Wilderness being all the Entertainment to which this, once so general a Lover is now contented to be reduc'd, there to run over (in the midst of his present Misfortunes) the Thoughts of past Happiness.

I knew another Lady who was jealous to as great an Extremity, but indeed her Lord gave her Occasion. He was gay! gallant! universal! neglected his Wife, and devoted himself to the whole Sex besides! There was a Friend of mine that was of their Intimacy, to whom she wou'd often unburthen her self of her Grievances! so eager, so violent were her Resentments, that he thought, could he but give those tumultuous

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Paſſions another Turn, ſhe might be brought to love him, with the ſame Guſt ſhe hated her Lord: He apply'd himſelf with that Aſſiduity neceſſary to conquer the Fair: Revenge carried it from her Vertue, and to be even with her Husband, ſhe proſtituted her Honour, and entertain'd a Lover. The Aſſignation was in her own Bed; ſhe had a peculiar Guſt in retorting the Injury in the ſame Place, where by his Neglect ſhe had been ſo injured! But in the Midſt of all their Delights, her Woman, who was her perfect Creature, came in haſte to tell her now was her Time, now or never, to catch her offending Lord in the Fact! to put it beyond his own Power or Aſſurance to deny his Correſpondence with other Women! for ſhe had ſeen him, with thoſe very Eyes of hers, go in with one that was veil'd, into ſuch a Lady's Houſe, naming one of ſuſpected (Quality) Repute, and that her Ladyſhip need but riſe, dreſs, and make haſte, to convince her ſelf of the irreparable Injury was offer'd to one, Miſtreſs of ſo many Charms as her Ladyſhip.

Fire never flew with ſo great an Eruption, upon received-in Air, as the jealous Fair did from the Arms and Bed of her new Lover! by ſad Experience he found he was but a ſecond Inclination, and that a Perſon throughly poſſeſs'd by Jealouſie, whatever are their Amuſements, return upon the leaſt Call to their native Bent; in ſhort, all

other Agitations are weak to that, or rather where Jealouſie is in Place, nothing elſe can be heard 'till that is anſwered——— Whilſt her Woman was helping her to her Clothes, ſhe inceſſantly exclaimed, no longer thinking of the Perſon who was in her Bed!——— Is a Woman of my Vertue to be thus us'd? Ah! the Traytor ——— the Adulterer: Does he think there's no Vengeance—— no Hereafter ——— no Puniſhment for thoſe who defile the ſacred Marriage-Bed——— How can he be ſo wicked?——— I abominate his beaſtly Appetites——— I loath his filthy Luſts ——— ungrateful Wretch ——— for what Dowdy am I neglected!——— I ſhall ſuddenly be revenged ——— I ſhall make her an Example, a Warning to all abandon'd Proſtitutes: Fogh! how I hate a W——; my Blood riſes at the Name——— Villain, to loſe his Soul for ſuch Traſh; I ha'nt Patience to think on't: My Coach immediately! Heaven makes me its Inſtrument of Revenge upon ſuch ſhameful Criminals!

Here *Horatio* returning from finiſhing his Diſpatch to the Emperor; they found they had already uſurp'd upon the Hour of Retirement, and prepar'd themſelves for their *Congee* of the Princeſs, with that Reſpect and Ceremony as was her due. She engaged them to return early, becauſe ſhe ſhould ſet out after Dinner, and had yet the Effects of Lord *Albinus*'s Promiſe to expect,

expect, which were the Particulars of the *Conſtantinopolitan* Court, and the Hiſtory of *Cæſar*'s late Oppreſſion by his ingrateful, audacious Miniſters and Favourites! which, as ſhe ſuppoſed, they would be all glad to hear: After having aſſured her Highneſs of their willing Obedience, they took their leaves, and waited upon Lord *Horatio* to the *Envoy*'s Pavilion.

No ſooner was the Prior of *Orleans* ſurrounded by this noble Company, but forgetting the Lateneſs of the Hour, they began to ſpeak of *Ethelinda*. *Horatio* confeſs'd himſelf ſurprized, and if any longer of a Temper to indulge the Thoughts of Beauty, he knew not any that had ſo many Charms as *Ethelinda*: Lord *Albinus* rank'd himſelf among her Lovers, and began to feel all the Pain that Charms and Deſpair could give him, to the Excluſion of a Lady for whom he had even ſhed Tears in leaving the Empire. Monſieur *St. Girrone* valued himſelf upon a Talent he had, of preſerving his Liberty, when he found no Hopes of a pleaſing Slavery, tho' he owned her Beauty was an Excuſe for Inconſtancy, nay Injuſtice, even in Kings! that her Manner had more Charms than her Beauty! ſuch Reading! ſuch wonderful good Senſe! ſuch Knowledge of the World in ſo young a Lady was prodigious! he concluded there was Danger in her Converſation, becauſe tho' ſhe could bleſs but One, ſhe might make a Multitude uneaſie.

They intreated Monſieur *l'Envoye* to forget what Time of Night it was, and to tell them ſomething of her Story, which they found by himſelf that he was acquainted with: He knew not how to refuſe Perſons he was proud and ready to oblige, having aſſur'd their Lordſhips that it was always in his Wiſh to obey, tho' perhaps it might not be ever in his Power: He began his Diſcourſe with his agreeable Air, addreſſing equally, as he was equally fond of Pleaſing.

The

The History of King Theodorick *and* Ethelinda.

THat Perſon, my Lords, who is now Favourite to the *Vandal* King, was Ambaſſador in *Sarmatia* during the Life of the late Monarch; we had an indearing Intimacy; I have learned from him ſome of thoſe Particulars which I now do my ſelf the Honour to relate.

Theodorick, to take him a Part from *Ethelinda*'s Deſcription, is as much above the Reſt of the World, by the Vigour of his Conſtitution, by the Advantage in his Stature, and by the Harmony of his Features, as he has outdone moſt of them by his Actions. In his Morn of Life, thoſe Inclinations that form a Heroe, not only appeared, but grew up with him, with a certain Air of Diſguſt againſt whatever could hinder him from becoming one. Delicacy! Luxury! Idleneſs! and all Exceſs ſeem'd to him as Snares which would not ſuffer a Prince to be conducted by Wiſdom: Gaming he regards as one of thoſe dangerous Amuſements that throw the moſt Wary from their Guard: Tho 'touch'd with the Charms of Beauty he flies from the Inchantment, as from what might retard his Glory. In his Soul there is ſuch Vivacity, ſo clear are his Conceptions! ſo ſtrong his Judgment! ſuch an Equality of Temper! his Faith inviolable,

lable, as well on little as great Occasions: He never pardons the contrary Vice, till after he has made them that are guilty feel the Horrors of it. *Theodorick* thinks he is a King but to bestow, to reward, and to do Good to every one; his Sweetness, Affability, makes him sought after: He is the Prince in the World that is best obey'd, the most beloved, and if it is permitted me to say, the most ador'd by his Subjects: He has profited by a happy Education, he knows the Sciences: the Languages are familiar to him; but he knows all this *'En Prince*; one does not perceive the Extent of his Knowledge, but when there are indispensable Occasions for him to shew it.

King *Theodorick* has a superior Genius for War! his first Action has shewn that he is born for great Attempts; his Eagerness for Conquest, supplies his Want of Experience. This Prince has begun his Reign, by what the most famous Conquerors have thought it Glory to finish theirs: The Trust he has in the Almighty, the Confidence he has in the Courage of his Troops, makes him dare every Thing; he attempts with that Lightning in Execution, that renders nothing impossible! his Army is his Family, he takes care of them! he loves them! they obey his Desires! the Officers and Soldiers submit by Inclination as well as Duty! they encourage their mutual Veneration for him, follow him, imitate him,

and

and laviſh away their Blood with Ardor as well as Courage ! perſuading themſelves that whenever this Conqueror has a Mind to fight, he muſt neceſſarily overcome.

Theodorick paſſes his Time in nothing that is ſuperfluous ! he can give an Account of all his Hours. After his morning Devotions ! which, as a truly chriſtian King, he never omits ! he rides out to view his Lines, and the ſeveral Quarters of his Army ; then he paſſes to the Tent of his chief Miniſter, and there they reſolve upon the important Affairs of the Cabinet, reſerving to himſelf the only Conduct of his Troops and military Deſigns. This Prince, little ſenſible of Delicacy or Profuſeneſs, ſits down to a plain frugal Dinner that Neceſſity and the Laws of Nature oblige him to, without ever drinking Wine, or any Thing that is ſtrong ; ſcarce will he allow himſelf the Time indiſpenſable for Refreſhment, but he mounts again on Horſeback, and goes to exerciſe his Army. After Supper he paſſes the Time with his General-Officers in Diſcourſe of War; he makes them all ſit about him, obliges them to forget his Rank that they may ſpeak more freely, obſerving to ſay little himſelf, that what he ſays may not only be more juſt, but becauſe he will husband the Pleaſure he has in hearing what others ſay. In ſhort, this Prince is ſo indefatigable after the Theory as well as the practical Part of War, ſo unbounded in his Deſire of Knowledge, and

the

the Execution, that he hardly yields to sleep, and but as it were to leave his People the Leisure of reposing.

Theodorick was born from a Father, who, at the Age of One and Twenty, had gain'd three Battles in eleven Months Time; so that his Love of War seem'd hereditary. He was bred up with all the Indulgence and Discretion that a great and vertuous King can be supposed to bestow upon his only Son. He had lost his Mother whilst he was yet a Child; but there was a Lady at the Head of the State, who had all the Experience, Vivacity, and Courage, that had ever adorn'd any of her Sex: It was Queen *Matilda*, the Wife of a Heroe: She had govern'd the Realm in the Minority of her Son (*Theodorick*'s Father) with such Success, that made her reverenc'd and fear'd by the Court and Kingdom.

Ethelinda, whom at this Day we behold a Princess, was the Daughter of one of the Nobility: Her Mother had been of the Bed-Chamber to Queen *Matilda*; but dying whilst she was an Infant, she recommended her only Child to her Mistresses Protection, who caused her to be brought up in her own Apartment, with the same Education as was given to the Princess Royal, Sister to *Theodorick*. She grew up with him, and before he could enquire into the Affairs of the Heart, her Charms left him not the Liberty of his. The first Inclinations that distinguished themselves, were to her

her Advantage: Tho' she were younger than the Prince, she exceeded him in the Knowledge of the Passions: Girls come earlier into the End of their Creation; neither is their Education of the Sort which foures the Mind, or fills it with crabbed Idea's. The Improvement of the Person, the Preservation and Increase of their Beauty, seems the only reasonable Employment of their Hours; which, together with the perpetual Flattery they are used to, gives a forward Air of Gallantry and Perfection: Whilst Boys of the same Age appear crude, indigested, devoted only to Rudeness and Play, hating whatever seems polite, and those Studies in which they are oblig'd to pass their Time.

Ethelinda had a blooming Instinct; she was born with great Inclinations, lov'd Ambition and Adoration; her Father taught her to be acquainted with her own Worth; he even exceeded the Devoir of a good Subject, and instructed her with Methods proper to please Prince *Theodorick* without Reserve: He permitted her the little Play which warms the Young; he advised her against too scrupulous a Modesty, lest it might disgust the Coldness of the Prince's Temper: So that we may say, this Gentleman put it into his Daughter's Head to be loved by the Prince, before the Prince was yet capable of loving. *Ethelinda* grew pale, deny'd to eat, would sigh and heave her young Breast with such Ardor when she

was

was alone with the beautiful Prince, that he began to ſigh by Simpathy, at the ſame Time asking her the Meaning of her Sighs? 'Why ſhe forbore her Meat? How came 'the Roſes to fade? Had any Body injur'd 'her? he would complain to his great '*Mamma*.' The Girl had Wit enough to know the Prince had not ſo much as would ſerve her Turn. She did not want the Queen, but the Prince to relieve her Diſtreſs: She look'd upon him with early Coquet! languiſhing! may I not ſay wiſhing Eyes? 'I don't know what ails me, ſays 'the forward Child, when I ſee your royal 'Highneſs my Heart burns and beats as if 'it would break thro': When I play with 'you, and by chance touch your ſoft Hand, 'then it flutters and flies up to my Mouth, 'as if I ſhould be ſuffocated! When I am 'away from you, 'tis the deadeſt Thing, ſo 'heavy, if I were to ſpeak a thouſand 'Times over, 'twould not hear me! but 'if Prince *Theodorick* be but named, it leaps 'and flounces, and ſo pains me, 'twill cer-'tainly kill me! my Stomach's quite gone, 'I don't get a wink of Sleep, what ſhall 'I do with my ſelf? But when you are 'near me and ſpeak kindly, my Blood 'ſeems all in a pleaſing Dance: Sometimes 'you'll kiſs me, I am not able to expreſs 'what I feel at that bliſsful Moment, me-'thinks there is no End of thinking. But 'when I ſee you taken up with any other 'young Lady, I could burſt with Madneſs,

'I could

'I could fly upon her, and tear out her 'Eyes! I dare not ſpeak my Mind to any 'of the Phyſicians, or elſe I would ask 'their Opinion of my Diſtemper. When 'ever I do ſleep——— I dream ——— of 'our being perpetually together! We have 'heard Love mentioned a thouſand times, 'reply'd the Prince (who pretended to be 'wiſe, and to unfold the Myſtery) I fancy 'yours is ſome ſuch Thing; ha'nt you learnt '*Ovid*? 'Tis the Part of my Study I beſt 'love, unleſs the Exploits of *Alexander* and '*Julius Cæſar*, I wiſh I could do like them. 'But dear *Ethelinda*, have you ever read '*Ovid*? Yes, and fancy my ſelf the Nymph 'that was turn'd into Echo, and you the 'Swain, reply'd ſhe, but what does all that 'ſignify? I ſhall dye, and none of theſe 'Things will come to paſs. I'm ſure I 'ſhan't live long, unleſs your royal Highneſs 'is kind to no Body elſe, and will be alone 'with me as much as you can, and not 'let my Heart flutter ſo painfully as it 'often does.'

By the Repetition of this Leſſon, Part dictated by Inſtinct, and Part by the Count her Father, ſhe uſed the Youth to a Tenderneſs in his Behaviour, which inſenſibly grew up to Love: Can there be a more inviting Object than *Ethelinda*? In a few Years time, ſhe grew the beautifulleſt Virgin of the Court, but ſo loſt in Paſſion for the Prince, that all the World obſerved it. *Theodorick* had as great a Tenderneſs for

Ethe-

Ethelinda, but his Temper led him more to the Reserve; he would be seriously angry when ever the Princess his Sister, or any of their People, would rally him for the particular Regard he seem'd to have for her; unless when he was alone with her, then they contriv'd to pass a thousand indearing Moments. Boys and Girls that have a Liking to each other, and have had a vertuous Education, tho' they are more innocent than afterwards, are not less delighted; their Commerce of Heart is tender and mysterious! they feel sincere Pleasures! those little Angels converse with Purity and Love! their Minds are united without the grosser Contract; neither Length of Time nor Inconstancy can ever make them forget the first dear impression, the first Taste of early Joys.

Queen *Matilda* began to consider what she had so long neglected. *Theodorick* was then almost Fifteen, an Age very forward in Princes, especially those of his Stature: She feared the Consequence of a Pre-possession for so beautiful an Object, and therefore debated with the King her Son, how to remove her. An Embassy to *Beraldus* Prince of the *Saci*, was resolved on for the Count, who should be order'd to take *Ethelinda* with him. This Count named *Oswald*, afterwards so considerable in the Courts of the *Gothick* Emperor and King *Beraldus*, is one of the greatest Genius's of the Age, a Man subtle and enterprizing!

He

He has a vaſt Propenſity to the Cabinet; a Head the beſt turned for Miſchief, and for being a Stateſman, of any in the North.

King *Theodorick*'s Father, had given him a conſiderable Command in his Army. *Oſwald* learn'd the Art of War under his Majeſty. The *Vandal* Kings, his Predeceſſors, had granted away by little and little, all the Crown-Lands; ſo that when that Monarch came to the Throne, there was nothing left to ſupport the Dignity but the Benevolence of his People. But finding by their Laws, that one King might make Reſumption of what the Reſt had given, he erected a Chamber of *Reduction*, by which the royal *Domain* was reſtored to the Crown. A Number of the Nobility ſuffer'd under this Sentence, among which was *Oſwald*, whoſe Anceſtor having been a Favourite, he had no Eſtate but what was derived from thence. The chief Miniſter, who knew what he was capable of, adviſed his Maſter, either to reſtore him Part of his Poſſeſſions, make him one of the Senators, with a large Penſion, or aſſure himſelf of his Perſon in a Priſon, for his Capacity and enterprizing Genius render'd him formidable to his Imagination. The King did not foreſee that there was any Occaſion for ſuch Extremity; he had not ſtudied him, as his Miniſter had done. *Oſwald* underſtands equally to deſign and execute: He has join'd to his Knowledge in War, the

Sciences

Sciences and Languages; nor is there any Quality wanting to make him an extraordinary Man, but Fidelity to his Prince.

Disgusted as he was, at the Decree made by the Chamber of *Reduction*, he had the Power of admirably dissembling his Discontent. *Ethelinda*, his beautiful Daughter, gave him Hopes, that through the Influence of her Eyes, he might come to be first Minister, if she could but advantagiously ingage the young Prince. *Oswald* had been assured by one of the King's Physicians, and his most intimate Friend, that his Majesty, young as he was, labour'd under an incurable Distemper, and could not long survive: Therefore he instructed *Ethelinda* in all that could charm *Theodorick!* But when by the wise Foresight of the Queen Mother, he was commanded to depart, and take his Daughter with him; he carried out of the Kingdom, Resentments, not only against the whole royal Family, but a Resolution to take an universal Revenge of a Kingdom, that had so neglected and disoblig'd him.

Oswald look'd upon his Embassy as it was intended, as a less rude Sentence of Banishment, tho' with as rough a Design! But *Ethelinda* resented it with much more Violence and Sorrow, than it was supposed one of her Age cou'd do. Queen *Matilda* bestow'd upon her the Marks of that Bounty with which she had honoured her Mother.

She

She was put in the Garb of a Princeſs; the Queen preſented her an Equipage proportionable; adorned her Perſon with Jewels; and even ſuffer'd Prince *Theodorick* to beſtow ſome very valuable ones upon her; there was nothing wanting to give her an *Eclat*. The judicious Queen propoſing, that with ſo advantagious an Appearance, they would, in a foreign Court, be charmed at the Sight of a new Beauty! Her Perſon had Graces to make its own Way. She recommended the Diſpoſal of her in Marriage to *Oſwald*, and aſſured him that he might depend upon her Majeſty for a Dowry, equal to the Circumſtances of whatever Perſon ſhould pretend to eſpouſe her. The new Ambaſſador was to return his moſt humble Acknowledgment for all theſe undeſerved Honours, but he knew the Principle from whence they were derived, and held himſelf more diſoblig'd than favour'd.

Nothing could be more tender than the Farewel between Prince *Theodorick* and *Ethelinda*. She let her ſelf go into Tranſports of Tears and Grief. His Highneſs kept his Temper, but did not expreſs leſs intrinſick Sorrow! She went down upon her Knees before him, and call'd Heaven and Earth to witneſs the Solemnity of her Vows, which were never to love nor marry any other. The Prince made the ſame Proteſtation, with Reſerve, unleſs ſhe ſhould marry firſt. 'He bad her not to afflict her

'ſelf,

'self, this Separation could not last always; 'if ever he should come to be King, he 'would recal and marry her. In the mean 'Time he recommended to her the Care 'of her Honour; that she should be nice 'in doing any Thing, how innocent so- 'ever, that might by Appearance reflect 'upon her Reputation, the only Thing 'that could disengage him from his Vows. 'Neither her Birth nor Circumstance should 'be any Obstacle towards raising her to the 'Throne, and sharing with him in all the 'Glories and Pleasures of it, provided she 'kept her Fame unsullied. That would 'be an unforgiving Point; and not only 'make him refuse ever to see her, but cause 'Aversion to succeed his Love for her self, 'and all her Sex in her; whom he should 'never endure, if the most perfect became 'false or frail: His unalterable Reverence 'for Religion, his Adoration for Vertue, 'would soon cause him to hate any Person 'that blemished theirs. As to the Pain of 'Absence; Courage, and Resolution had 'made the Rack supportable to many! 'Their Portion being but a Deprivation 'of Pleasure, might certainly be born by 'Minds resolved and fixed upon Principles! 'No Temptation! nor Persecution from 'the King his Father, or the Queen Mo- 'ther, should cause him to marry, tho' it 'were the greatest and most amiable Prin- 'cess of the Age; he had a Mind that 'would not easily fly off from its Bent;

'they

'they should find it a vain and impossible
'Endeavour, to remove a Passion so obsti-
'nate as his! That as to Beauty at Home,
'for *Ethelinda*'s Sake, he would disuse him-
'self from conversing with Women! Nei-
'ther was the Sacifice much, considering how
'entirely she possess'd his Heart! which
'should be preserv'd for her with a sacred
'Purity, approaching to what he ow'd to
'Heaven.'

Ethelinda, profuse in her Tears and Asseverations, lavished a thousand Oaths, to assure the Prince of her unalterable Truth! Thus drown'd in Sorrow, was she torn from her innocent Lover, and hurried on Shipboard, perhaps never to behold him more.

No sooner did she appear in the Prince of the *Saci*'s Court, but the Prince himself became her Votary, and to such a Degree, that there was no Circumstance of willing Slavery, he would not have endured for the Favour of a Smile. *Oswald* directed her Conduct, and taught her upon Pain of his Displeasure, such a Behaviour as might not wrong her Vertue, and yet prevent Despair from invading *Beraldus*'s Heart. That Prince is really a fine Gentleman, excessively civil, and very well accomplished! but *Ethelinda* could not forget the lovely Youth she had so lately departed from, tho' her Father every Day told her, she must resign her Hopes of ever reigning with *Theodorick*, should his Farher die; the Mother-Queen

was

was a Dragon, whose Vigilance was unsurmountable! her Craft and Policy not to be matched! Shou'd the Prince persevere in his Promise, Faith, and Passion, as he believed he would, Queen *Matilda*, he was well assured, would cause *Ethelinda* to be murdered by her Emissaries, rather than suffer her to sit in the Throne by her; therefore she was to forget *Theodorick*, and think upon the Establishment of her Fortune in a foreign Land, where their hard Destiny had thrown them: Having no longer any Estate at Home, he look'd upon himself banish'd for ever from his native Country, which, like a cruel Parent, had thrust him forth to perish, without designing him the least Relief: She must therefore manage the Prince of the *Saci*'s Affection to so nice a Point, as to leave him Hopes of subduing all Things but her Honour.

Ethelinda, full of blind Devotion, and implicite Obedience to the Count her Father, thought she did nothing contrary to her Vows to *Theodorick*, in hearing *Beraldus*, and answering him as the Ambassador directed. Nothing but her paternal Duty could have suffer'd her even to hear another: What Pity such fine Parts, as had the Count, should be employ'd to seduce his Daughter from her Truth? The Prince of the *Saci* was a raging Lover, he could stop at nothing that led him to Possession: His own Princess was resign'd to Heaven, she pass'd those Hours in religous Exercises, which

perhaps

perhaps had been Part of her Duty to have devoted to the Pleasures of her Husband; but theirs being a Marriage of State, *Her* Heart was carried to Religion, *His* to Gallantry! so that the *Hymeneal* Land of Tenderness between, seem'd never to have been trod by either.

Count *Oswald*, with his inimitable Address and Penetration, quickly gain'd *Beraldus*'s Heart and Confidence; he brought along with him none of those terrible Disgusts and Fears, which another Parent would have shewn at a marry'd Lover's Adoration for his Daughter; he manag'd so artfully, as to make *Beraldus* complain even to him, of *Ethelinda*'s Cruelty, and the Frowardness of his Destiny! He insensibly led him on to seek as well as wish, for a Redress. The *Sarmatian* Throne was then vacant, *Oswald*'s Cast of Brain suggested to *Beraldus*, that if he would make himself a Candidate, he might succeed, which cou'd cost him nothing but the Change of his Religion; and then he might have Power, not only to marry *Ethelinda*, (after the Manner of the *Illyrians*) but to live divided from the Princess of the *Saci*, whose blind Devotion would hinder her from following him into a Kingdom, where she must be obliged to renounce her own, and profesſe the Religion of the *Sarmatæ*.

Behold, my Lords, the despicable Spring of that surprising Action! *Beraldus*, as we all know, succeeded; he was crowned King

of the *Sarmatæ* and *Alani*; but when he ſhould have ſent Home thoſe Troops that he had brought along with him from the *Saci*, Lord *Oſwald* oppoſed him, and advis'd the contrary: The King of the *Vandals* was lately dead; *Theodorick*, under the Guardianſhip of Queen *Matilda*, aſcended. The Count had received new Powers to remain as Ambaſſador from the new Monarch, with a Command from the Regent, not to ſuffer his Daughter to return, tho' even the King ſhould command it, unleſs he deſigned to make his Head the Price of his Diſobedience. He foreſaw Abundance of Difficulties in contending with a Princeſs, grown old in the Arts of Government, and only a *Minor*'s Inclination on his Side: Beſides, he was bent to revenge himſelf upon the royal Family, for the Act of Reſumption: The Mother-Queen was his Averſion, becauſe ſhe was wiſe and vertuous, two Obſtacles to his Ambition! He was ſatisfied *Ethelinda* muſt never hope to reign whilſt her Majeſty was living, at leaſt, till the King were *Major*: His Inclinations might change 'ere then. Empire! a new Face! Abſence! Forgetfulneſs! all theſe Things render'd his Daughter's Hopes very precarious: But on *Beraldus*'s Side, their Eſtabliſhment was certain: He would make her a Queen, tho' 'tis true, not with all the Honour of a Prince unmaried, yet with enough to give her Vertue a laudable Pretence for yielding. The Count, whilſt *Ethelinda*'s magick Form poſſeſs'd

ſeſs'd the King's Heart, might gain his Ear and Confidence ſo far, as to influence the whole Affairs of the North. There was a large and fertile Kingdom named *Cydonia*, that had been long ſince conquer'd by the *Vandals*; it had formerly belong'd to the *Sarmatæ*; in that Territory lay the Lands which *Oſwald* had been in Poſſeſſion of before the Chamber of *Reduction*! Cou'd he perſwade *Beraldus* to invade it, by his Intereſt and Correſpondence, poſſibly they might have deſired Succeſs. *Theodorick* was yet a *Minor*, the *Eaſt* Sea between them; before he cou'd throw in any Succours, the Miſchief might be irreparable. King *Cymbelin* had broke the Peace with the Prince of the *Navi*, who had marry'd the Princeſs Royal, Siſter to King *Theodorick*; by the Treaty of Alliance, the *Vandals* were obliged to ſend Troops to his Aid, which wou'd prove a powerful Diverſion, and prevent the Succouring the *Cydonians*. But ſince it was no ſimple Attempt to perſwade King *Beraldus* to break his Faith, and make a diſtinct War with his own Forces, thoſe of the *Saci*, (for the *Sarmatæ* would not eaſily be induced to one with *Theodorick*, unleſs ſome Omens of Succeſs might hereafter incline them) *Oſwald* propoſed, that nothing wou'd more fix his new People, who were warlike, than the Conqueſt of *Cydonia*! He had promiſed them at his Election to regain all the Territories that had once belonged to the Republick; ſhould he begin by this unthought-

of Enterprize, it wou'd render him not only formidable to them, but the whole *North*; and *Genſericus* would alſo be brought into the Alliance. But becauſe Beauty is often more powerful than Oratory, he ingag'd his Daughter in the Purſuit. She was by this Time grown a Woman, her Charms in that Splendor you now behold! The Ambaſſador taught her the World, had Maſters to inſtruct her in Languages and the Sciences! her greateſt Delight was in Reading. *Ethelinda*'s Memory was prodigious, and Judgment ſurpriſing! She grew ſo improv'd, that *Oſwald*, without a Bluſh, told her, ſhe was now too good to be that rude King *Theodorick*'s: but ſince her Love and Conſtancy was not eaſily to be ſhaken on that Side, he perſwaded her to uſe her Intereſt with *Beraldus* to invade *Cydonia*; becauſe they ſhou'd follow the Court as he would order it, and poſſibly the *Vandal* Monarch might himſelf come to the Relief of that Kingdom, eſpecially if he heard ſhe was in it, and he ſtill loved her; by which Means ſhe might once again behold him; the Reſt was to be left to Chance and Deſtiny.

This new Princeſs (for ſo ſhe had been created with a large Penſion! Attendance! and all Things ſhining) inclined to any Thing that might once more cauſe her to ſee *Theodorick*; but alas! he was no longer hers! Report, improved by the Queen Regent's Vigilance, had brought him an Ac-

count

count of thoſe fatal Honours had been conferred upon her by the King of the *Sarmatæ*, whoſe Paſſion was now the publick Theme of the *Northern* Courts! they even ſcrupled not to ſay, *Ethelinda* had paid his Price for what ſhe had received. *Theodorick*, who was all Vertue, felt his Soul ſicken at the News; he ſent expreſsly one in whom he cou'd confide, not to the Princeſs, but to her People, there to gather what might authorize his Jealouſie, or diſabuſe his Suſpicions: But at the Return of that Meſſenger, he was coufirmed in his Doubts; he was told King *Beraldus* was always in her Lodgings; no Suit was granted but through her Mediation; the ſame Honours were paid her as to a Queen: Count *Oſwald* was made one of that Monarch's Cabinet, and General of thoſe Forces with which they had invaded *Cydonia*, where, by his Intelligence and Faction, that Province was in great Danger of being loſt. *Ethelinda* quickly became the moſt ſpotted Monſter to *Theodorick*'s Imagination; he ſtruggled with his Thoughts of her, but at Length he got Strength enough to throw her off, and all her Sex in her. To divert his Deſpair, he wou'd (notwithſtanding the Queen Regent's Oppoſition) put himſelf aboard his Fleet, which had been mann'd to ſuccour the Prince of the *Navi*. *Theodorick*, at Seventeen, beſieg'd King *Cymbeline* in his very Capital: Having finiſh'd that War, he purſu'd his Courſe to *Cydonia*, when the *Eaſt Sea* was

thought impracticable! What shall I say, my Lords? You must have heard the Particulars of his Successes, against not only *Beraldus*, but the Emperor *Gensericus*, whom he vanquish'd the Anniversary of that very Day, wherein the false *Goth*, with solemn Oaths, had renew'd his Treaty of Alliance? With Eight thousand Men, he beat an Army of Fourscore, took thirty Thousand Prisoners, and relieved *Nova*. *Gensericus* was not then in his Army; or if he had, wou'd not have been able to have withstood *Theodorick*'s good Fortune. That Emperor, resolving to run thro' all Degrees of Service before he became a General, was no more than a Centurion among the Infantry, when *Nova* was relieved.

But as that War has spun out into a great Length, and there are so many Incidents relating to it, as will ingage me in a long Narration, now I have brought your *Ethelinda* to be a Princess, I will beg leave to defer what remains to a more seasonable Hour; only this in the general, not all her Father's Eloquence nor Threats can make her grant any Favour to *Beraldus*, not even to marry him with the Left Hand; tho' *Theodorick* has refus'd to receive her Letters, to hear her Justification, or even to see her when she lately went Ambassadress from the King of the *Sarmatæ*. *Beraldus* was so far influenced by *Ethelinda*, as to bestow that Character upon her, assuring his Majesty, that she only went for a Dis-

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penſation of her Vows: Had *Theodorick* given her Audience, ſhe doubted not but to have convinced the King of the *Vandals*, that ſhe was ſtill innocent; but he is too deeply prejudiced, too obſtinate in deſiring to revenge himſelf upon his Rival King, and of puniſhing the Rebel *Oſwald!* whom he will purſue as well as his new Maſters to their Ruin. Such happy Eloquence has flow'd from the Count, that, if poſſible, he is more in Favour with the Emperor *Genſericus* than *Beraldus!* He enjoys large Penſions from both, reſides in the King of the *Sarmatæ*'s Court, as Ambaſſador from the *Gothick* Monarch, and is the only Oracle with *Ethelinda*'s Lover.

Lord *Albinus* and Monſieur St. *Girrone* returned Thanks to his Excellency, and taking their Leaves of Lord *Horatio* and the Envoy, they retir'd each to their own Pavilion.

MOnsieur *de St. Girrone* found Count *Alarick*'s Distemper so much increas'd by Morning, that it was impossible to think of re-assuming their Travel: The Prior's Physician told him, that some peculiar Symptoms attending the Distemper, made him fear the Malignity! the Humanity and good Nature of the Count *de St. Girrone*, resented the Report with as much Affliction as it was possible to feel for a Person, who had so far merited his Sufferings, as had *Alarick*. Taking all possible Care for his good Attendance, he went to the Envoy's Pavilion: *Horatio* intended not to depart till the Return of those Servants who were gone to *Nova* in Search of the deserving *Celsus*; all Things disposed them to a further Enjoyment of each others Conversation. Lord *Albinus* had already had Audience of his Lordship before the Count came, so that when a Gentleman from the Princess arrived to tell them she was visible, and expected the Honour of their Company, they were ready to attend her. She would eat nothing till they came, which ingag'd them to bear her Highness company at Breakfast; when it was over, she put the Lord *Albinus* in mind of his Promise. After having answer'd that the least Desire of hers amount-

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ed to more than a positive Command from others, he began his Relation. *Horatic* having first told Monsieur *St. Girrone* a-part, that he hoped the Envoy would find (from that Lord who was going to speak, and who was truly instructed in the Affairs of the Empire) another Character of *Constantine* than his Lordship had given, and the Errors of his Reign restor'd to those Persons who had occasion'd them. To which the Count answered, He had only spoke what he had heard, as a Stranger, he could justify nothing, nor pretend not to have been imposed upon, especially in such a Court as the *Greek*, where there was so very little Truth to be found, and that which was, lay too deep to be reach'd by most of their own People; how then should a Foreigner pretend to it, who had neither Time nor Capacity to remove the Rubbish that obscur'd it?

In speaking to your Highness, pursued *Albinus*, I am assur'd 'tis to a Lady who not only knows the Affairs, but Interests of most Princes: I do not at all doubt but you have deplored, Madam, the Misfortunes of *Cæsar*: *Cæsar*! who in the Midst of Empire, enrich'd with Grandour! Victory! and Triumphs! has yet led the Life of a Slave to his Slaves! who by the Force of Ingratitude! Arrogance! Self-sufficiency! Presumption! have carried their Designs to such a Height, that there needed nothing besides to deliver *Constantine* and the Em-

pire from the Graſp of their petty Tyranny; that in aiming to deſtroy the Conſtitution, has made it a Queſtion, which was moſt ridiculous, (counting how deſpicable they were in themſelves) the Deſign, or the Manner of their Performance.

Leo the Emperor, before the Empreſs *Irene* fell into Diſgrace, had declar'd *Conſtantine* to be *Cæſar*, and cauſed the Senate and Army to acknowledge him as ſuch. She had fatally inſinuated her ſelf into the Opinion and Love of the young Prince; he had a Tenderneſs for her beyond Example, undergoing a voluntary Baniſhment with his Mother, ſharing in her Diſgrace, and the Odium that was caſt upon her Conduct, rather than to ſhine in Courts without her! unprecedented Affection! But what Return had he for this Indulgence? The Opportunity of being made the worſt Prince that was ever born; had not the Exceſs of his own Vertue ſecured him from the Infection of an ambitious Mother, and a deſigning Favourite, *Stauracius*! who inſinuated themſelves, to the Excluſion of all thoſe, who could have taught his unwary Youth, true Conduct! Courage! Philoſophy! and the Art of Government. Enervating Pleaſures! Dice! luxurious Banquets! were the Baits with which they would enfeeble his growing Mind! not conſidering, had he took the Bent, few luxurious Princes but what become cruel! revengeful! and deteſtable: But imagining to themſelves they ſhould be

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always able to direct the Consequences, let them prove never so unhappy, they look'd no further than present Opportunities, to ingratiate themselves, and exclude others.

Leo dy'd, *Constantine* the V ascended, and which was wonderful, his Vertue uncorrupted! his Principles unshaken! but fatally distrustful of his own Capacity, he suffer'd his Mother and her Favourite to catch the Reins these introduced those very Enemies of *Cæsar*, that had dar'd to propose to *Leo* the Exclusion of Him, his Heir, from that Empire to which he was born, and to which he had been called by the Voice of *Leo*, and the Concurrence of the Senate and Army. Hitherto all was fair; the People possess'd by some trusty Persons, of the Vertue! Mildness! Sweetness of Disposition! Gratitude! and Religion of their new *Cæsar*! saw him ascend with Raptures they had never before express'd: Yet they condoled amongst themselves for his fatal Prepossession; the Mother-Favourite was the Object of their Hatred; they knew her haughty! corrupt! lascivious! ambitious! cruel and avaritious! How did *Cæsar*'s better Angel protect him? How watchful was he of his Charge, to keep him uninfected amidst so universal a Contagion? O how difficult it is to converse every Day with the Vicious, without leaning to their Vices? How almost impossible to love, and not approve or imitate? Let us therefore conclude, that *Cæsar*'s Vertue was a Rock immoveable! He loved,

loved, and was not ſeduced! could preſerve his Temperance in the midſt of the burning Zone! be merciful, tho' ſurrounded by Examples of Cruelty! ſtill ſweet-temper'd and obliging, tho' to the Froward and Haughty! generous, tho' in the Arms of Avarice! and to ſum up all, religious! amidſt a Race who ſet Religion at defiance, with witty Ridicule, rallying the Profeſſion as well as the Practice.

Is it not to be ſuppoſed they wore a well diſſembled Mask, or elſe *Cæſar*, ſeeing Manners ſo averſe to his own, muſt have deny'd them that Affection and Confidence, he was known to honour them with? The artful Mother, whilſt ſhe thought Hypocriſie neceſſary, blended it with her Endearments. *Cæſar* forſaken by *Leo*, found his Palace depopulated; none trod thaf deſolate Aboad, till the Emperor's Death gave him the Vows and Adorations of the returning World: In that Solitude *Irene* had Time to inſinuate her Duty, Affection, Perſeverance, and unalterable Reſolution, to dye for the Service of *Cæſar*. Who, that has even known Adverſity, can reſiſt the Charms of being adher'd to and compaſſionated? Fidelity is valuable even to the Proſperous and Unfaithful! but in Miſery, 'tis Magick! 'tis what ties us indiſſolubly to them that we find it in; a grateful Breaſt is moſt ſuſceptible of theſe Impreſſions, and much longer retains them. It muſt be Offences of a very high Nature that can ever cancel the Memory of

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Obligations in ſuch a Soul as *Cæſar*'s; let us not then wonder when we ſee him aſcending the imperial Throne, to behold thoſe few who were Partners with him in his Sufferings, crouding to the uppermoſt Step! He had been bred to a Deference of their Judgment! Conduct! and Veracity! himſelf, newly arrived to, and unſkill'd in Empire, involved in a foreign War with the mighty *Perſian*, tho' 'tis true, the invincible *Leo* had left him an Army as invincible; but it had hitherto been only employ'd in beating down the Out-works of that formidable King. The late Emperor had paved the Way to Conqueſt, but never trod it, made the Ruin of his potent Enemy inevitable, but was not ſo happy to ſee it; by his wife and painful Politicks, all Things were fitted for the Reduction of that haughty Monarch, when haſty Death ſnatched *Leo* (yet young) from amidſt the Ardors of his doating People. He knew *Conſtantine*'s Right of Succeſſion, and however diſſatisfied he might be with him, never attempted to defraud him. The *Perſian* War call'd loudly for a General, who might ſupply the Loſs of *Leo*, at the ſame Time all *Iberia* revolted to the *Moors*; who, aſſiſted by the *Perſian*, gave the Empire a terrible Diverſion.

Irene had advanced to the End of the Board her former Favourite *Æmilius*, he was made *Queſtor*, *State-Ædile*, and *Miniſter*; *Stauracius* was put at the Head of *Leo*'s

Leo's flouriſhing Army, and *Horatio* named to command one which ſhould be ſent into *Iberia*; thither he was diſpatched, arm'd with potent Promiſes, and only Promiſes. There were ſcarce ſo many Men as were ſufficient to prevent ſaying he was not alone. With this Shadow of an Army! a handful! undiſciplin'd! uncloath'd! unfed! the Empreſs did not deſign he ſhould perform any Thing! he was only ſent off to leave them at greater Liberty to ſubvert the Conſtitution at Home. A Man of his rigid Vertue, who truly loved his Country, and was animated by that ancient Spirit of Liberty and Glory (*where each Particular devoted themſelves to the* Advantage of the Whole) was too clear-ſighted a Spectator to be permitted the Repreſentation of what they were acting. He had found a Degree of Goodneſs in *Conſtantine Cæſar*, beyond what he had met with in any Prince; which determin'd *Horatio* to uſe all his Endeavours to make him the moſt glorious, as he was the moſt vertuous Monarch of his Time.

Fortune now purſu'd and was become fond of *Horatio*, and the more, for that he knew her, and did not depend upon her Smiles for any Thing, always forecaſting the Event before the Undertaking. He gather'd together his little Army, and tho' contrary to the Advice of his Officers, laid Siege to the Maritime Metropolis; and in ſpight of Art and Nature, reduced a City that was

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provided of all Things requiſite to make Reſiſtance. So ſwift, ſo wonderful was the Conqueſt, ſo out of the Road of War, that ten thouſand Times the Repetion can never leſſen the Miracle! A regular Army would have given Hopes of a regular Siege; had *Horatio*'s had either Strength or Diſcipline equal to the Enemy, the Wonder might have ceaſed! another might have promiſed himſelf Succeſs, as well as himſelf; but againſt all Odds! all Appearance! all Hopes! all Poſſibility! *Horatio* only cou'd overcome!

His Lordſhip, Madam, ſucceeded, he gain'd that important City and the Port, became Maſter of the Sea-Coaſt, and from thence march'd farther up into *Iberia*. But where were the Forces that ſhould have joyn'd him? Where was the Relief he expected, the Reinforcements of Men and Money ſo ſolemnly promiſed him? He was deſerted! betray'd! ſacrificed! given up to War and Famine: Yet his little Band, made intrepid by their Leader's Example, wreſtled thro' theſe Difficulties! patient of Heat, and Hunger! they followed him in all his Enterprizes; they obeyed, and conquer'd! *Iberia*, Madam, was Theirs! they were actually in Poſſeſſion! they had it! but *Irene* and her Creatures would not ſuffer them to keep it! Everlaſting Infamy! Shame to late Poſterity! Blot to *Cæſar*'s Reign! did not one know that *Cæſar* cou'd not reign! 'Twas *Irene* and her Minions who became

ſtartled.

ſtartled at the noiſe of Conqueſt, from one who had ſtood the Diſappointment of all Things neceſſary for Conqueſt; the Want of Men and Arms, the Want of Cloathing, Meat, or Money! She bid her Informers tell it to the Winds, they would hear as ſoon! believe as ſoon! Theſe were not the Days of Miracles. *Iberia* ſubdu'd with ſix thouſand Men! the Metropolis poſſeſs'd! nothing remaining, but for what King, the Emperor ſhould depute, to go and ſet himſelf down in the *Iberian* Throne! All that Tract of World! ſo many Nations reduced! Impoſſible! Fiction! Hyperboly! why his Army was not of Force enough to garriſon one petty Town! how was it then credible, that he ſhould gain ſo many Kingdoms? But ſhe was quickly made to know that a Genius ſo extenſive as *Horatio*'s, when put upon the Stretch, knows not its own Compaſs; it dilates, with Surprize even to it ſelf: his Vigilance and immenſe Views, could dictate and perform beyond what others could imagine. Here the Princeſs having ſignify'd her Deſire to know the Particulars of that War, was refer'd, as Monſieur the Count *de St. Girrone* had been, to the Arrival of the ingegious *Cælſus*; and Lord *Albinus* aſſum'd his Relation.

When the Empreſs became but too well aſſur'd of the Truth of what ſhe had heard, inſtead of rejoycing, as another would have done, that *Iberia* was ſubdu'd, ſhe did not acquaint *Conſtantine* with the News, but aſ-

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ſembled the Council of Six, that had engroſs'd the Management of Affairs. 'Why 'is it, my Lords, ſaid the inrag'd *Irene*, 'that I am this Day to ask you, how *Horatio* has ſucceeded? By what Enchantment 'could he overcome? What Aſſiſtance had 'he from the Empire? Was it not in our 'Council debated and reſolved, that he 'ſhould have none, nor incourag'd nor recall'd! leſt he ſhould ſubdue abroad, or 'turn Malecontent, or *Cenſor* at Home! Is 'it you, Lord *Æmilius*, that have made 'him theſe Remittances? It muſt be only 'you: Who elſe has the Imperial Treaſure 'in their Hands? Or you Lord *Curio*, out 'of our Naval Stores? Is it not contrary to 'Terms! to Policy! *Iberia* vanquiſh'd, and 'the *Perſian* War is finiſh'd! which way 'can you oppreſs the Orthodox? engroſs 'what Supplies ſhall be given? or even 'have Supplies, but by the Pretence of 'War? Can our new-form'd Deſigns be 'manag'd to their End, if Peace enſues? 'Deſpicable! the daſtardly Senate, when 'once their Fears of War is over, will deal 'their Treaſure but with a ſcanty Hand! 'Nay, perhaps call you to account for the 'Diſpoſal of what has been already receiv'd. 'There is a Word, my Lords, can make the 'boldeſt of us tremble, *Reſumption!* Which 'of the braveſt of us, with our purchas'd 'Lordſhips, ſuperbous Buildings, con-'ceal'd Hoards, and foreign Banks, but 'ſhudder at *Reſumption!* By way of Retaliation,

'ation, our ſelves may be made (how un-
'willingly ſoever) to contribute towards
'the Diſcharge of thoſe heavy Debts into
'which our induſtrious Party has plung'd
'the Empire! Theſe are the dreadful Effects
'of Peace, in conſequence of which, none
'will be ador'd like *Horatio*. Who will
'wonder? Who will rejoice at any Victo-
'ry *Stauracius* ſhall gain from the *Perſians*?
'his Army equal in Number, ſuperior in
'whatever may encourage, cloath, and feed
'them; if *Horatio*, without theſe Advantages,
'nay, almoſt without Men, has thus mira-
'culouſly made us Maſters of *Iberia*? But
'ſince it is done, how marvelouſly ſoever,
'we muſt haſten to undo it. Let his ſaucy
'Valour be reprimanded, and himſelf re-
'call'd; let ſuch meet your Frowns and
'ours, who ſhall dare to repeat his Actions
'with Approbation and Applauſe: Be bold
'in ſpreading falſe Reports, how ground-
'leſs and ridiculous ſoever, the credulous
'Vulgar can believe: In theſe Affairs, your
'Lordſhips were not wont to need a Wo-
'man's Diligence, to ſpur on yours. Re-
'preſent *Horatio*'s Succeſs, but as a Courſe
'of what ſhould properly be call'd *Happy*
'*Temerity*! the blind Effects of Fortune's
'Fondneſs, in which Judgment, nor Con-
'duct have not any Part.

'Glory (which ſtung that diſintereſted
'Fool, *Horatio*) is a Notion ſo long ſince
'exploded, that the *Greeks* will eaſily be-
'lieve it could not be the Motive of his

'Actions.

'Actions. Represent him Proud; Impa-
'tient of Advice; Precipitate; One who
'believes Courage the only Requisite to a
'General; when alas! as we might pro-
'duce successful Examples, it is the very
'last. Our Party is not yet strong and rich
'enough for Peace. *Horatio* has advis'd,
'that the *Persian* on that side has already
'offer'd it; that would indeed be the *Crisis*
'of our Power, and give the hated *Ortho-*
'*dox* an Advantage not to be recall'd; you
'will be then no longer the fortunate *Fun-*
'*cto*, the Masters of your Master! Empe-
'rors over an Emperor! nor shall *Staura-*
'*cius* be esteem'd that wonderful General,
'who could only carry Victory, and restore
'Reputation and Glory to the Empire.'

Irene having finish'd her Rant, Lord *Æ-*
milius, a little recover'd from that Disorder
into which her Imperial Majesty's first Erup-
tion had put his Courage, rose up; with
pretended Humility and secret Joy, adorn'd
with a conscious Smile, he thus address'd
the Empress.

'Madam, It is no little Satisfaction to
'the most devoted of your Creatures, to
'find that my Performances have anticipat-
'ed your Commands; that even without
'consulting your Imperial Majesty's Incli-
'nations and Resolutions, I have already
'obey'd, as if I had been fully inform'd:
'Yes, Madam, I have acted all that could
'be desir'd, and pretend in this nice Affair
'to have out-done my self, and to deserve

more

'more Acknowledgment than for any other 'individual Piece of Service; not that I 'ought wholly to attribute the Glory of so 'great a Work to my self; the Father of 'his Country, the Godlike *Stauracius!* Lord '*Cicero!* and those other noble Patricians 'that are here assembled, have assisted me-'with their wholesome Advice; by their 'means I have been able to blast the Repu-'tation of the greatest Action that was ever 'perform'd.

'It was your Imperial Majesty, and my 'noble Lord *Stauracius*, that first made 'choice of this hardy General; you knew 'his former Exploits against the *Moors*, and 'believed he might have Reputation enough 'to justifie (if your Imperial Majesty's im-'mortal Actions needed any Justification) 'the Setting him at the Head of an Army, 'you never design'd should overcome! But 'I foresaw the Consequences, I was ac-'quainted with the towering Genius of the 'Man! his Depth of Thought and Judg-'ment! unwearied Industry! prodigious 'Valour, and tho' too late, interpos'd my 'Advice against his being sent upon that 'Expedition.

'Far, far be it from me, Madam, and I 'dare say from Lord *Curio* also, the Send-'ing him those Supplies of Treasure, Men, 'and Stores, your Imperial Majesty seems 'to reproach us with. He was promis'd to 'be join'd upon his landing, with thirty 'thousand Men; I took care wholly to for-

'get

'get that Article, and to devote the Money
'that was given for their Subsistence, to the
'use of our *Oligarchy*; then suffer'd the
'Madman (I might have justly call'd him so
'if he had not succeeded) to sit down, with
'a Force only of eight thousand Men, be-
'fore a Place that has since, tho' indeed by
'his means, with not half so large a Gar-
'rison, baffled the Attempts of a regular, well
'disciplin'd Army, with one of the *Persian*
'Princes at their Head! Who could foresee
'an Action, that even when perform'd, can
'scarcely be believ'd? a General in spight
'of all Defects, resolv'd to overcome: A
'General *of unexampled Vigour and Courage!*
'exposing *himself beyond what a General*
'*ought*. So incessant was his Application,
'the Hand of Sickness could not deter him!
'What can be said to him who will not
'yield to the raging Assaults of a Fever,
'but in the very Trenches takes an *Eme-*
'*tick*, and there expects its Operation? no-
'thing but Death can make that Man de-
'sist, who sustains almost its Pangs with-
'out a Surcease of Diligence. After taking
'this important Metropolis, did we send
'his Lordship any thing but Words to-
'wards enabling him to prosecute his Suc-
'cess? Has he not with *Eight thousand Men,*
'*defended every Inch of Ground he gain'd,*
'*against Thirty thousand disciplin'd Troops?*
'*and at last dispers'd and drove them out of*
'Iberia. Did he not open a Way to the
'very Metropolis? King *Roderigo* was

'marching

'marching to set himself down in the 'Throne: There needed not much Perswa-'sion for a youthful Monarch to go and 'take Possession of so many Crowns: It 'was my Master-piece; my Insinuations 'kept him where he was, and at length, '*sent him through a barren and mountainous* '*Country, that he might run the risque of be-*'*ing taken*; and in which Journey he must 'waste at least two Months, which was time 'irrecoverable. So far was that young 'Prince impos'd upon, that whilst he was 'labouring his own Ruin, he thought he 'was working his Preservation, and made 'to distrust *Horatio*'s Conduct, amidst those 'undeniable Proofs he gave of his Sincери-'ty. By my Intelligence and Address, I 'have caus'd this last Absurdity to reflect on 'Lord *Horatio*, as if this ridiculous Delay '(which has *occasion'd the Loss of what he with* '*so much Pains, and so many Miracles was* '*possess'd of*) were advis'd by him. Farther, 'I took such effectual Methods with King '*Roderigo*, as that in all his March, he 'should not *favour him with the least Intelli-*'*gence.* When, Madam, (by a memorable 'Stratagem) he went to take in *the famous* '*Saguntum* of the *Romans*, lest he should 'pursue his Conquests, and march with 'equal Success to the Relief of the Capi-'tal of the *Edetani*, *Roderigo* by means of 'my Emissaries, demanded *Two thousand of* '*his small Army*: Did we not do all Things 'to sacrifice him? If he was invulnerable

'as

'as well as intrepid, must I be reproached
'for not defeating Impossibilities? He per-
'formed that Action, and conquered the
'Kingdom *with bare two hundred Horse, and*
'*nine hundred Foot, marching in the Winter*
'*Season in stony Mountains, without Cloaths or*
'*Sandals, and his few Cavalry upon Horses that*
'*could hardly go*: If thus he succeeded, am
'I to be accused? 'Tis the Vertue of the
'Man, and which ought to be reverenced,
'were it not opposite to the Good of the
'Cause, in which we are involved.

'*Chance and Courage seldom produce above*
'*one fortunate Event*; the Result has con-
'vinced us, that his were the Effects of well-
'laid Judgment: But since Starving would
'not do, I could only defeat him by calling
'in Lord *Rutilius* from *Lusitania*: That Ge-
'neral has all his Father in him. The fo-
'reign Spy educated this his Son, in Arti-
'fice and Love of Self; so long as we make
'it his Interest, we may assure us of his
'Obedience; fantastick Glory will never
'carry him *Horatio*'s Lengths; in short, he
'may be depended on: But least by the
'good Posture of Affairs, he might not
'find it so easie for him to lose, as it was
'for the other to gain *Iberia*; *Horatio* was
'commanded to resign, upon Pretence that
'the Troops from *Lusitania*, which came a-
'long with *Rutilius*, were to be commanded
'by a General of the Country: Yet, for
'fear his Presence might over-awe *Rutilius*,
'I have removed him, Madam, he is no

'longer

'longer in *Iberia*, I have sent him upon an
'Expedition to the Relief of *Arles*, Then,
'when twenty thousand Men (under the
'Command of a fortunate General) were
'entered *Iberia*, in Defence of the *Moors*.
'*Horatio* is gone, Madam, and three Legions
'with him, which he is to carry to the As-
'sistance of the King of the *Lombards*; if
'he should even hear that *Arles* is taken, he
'is ordered not to return, but to go and of-
'fer them to that Monarch.

'He is a Man, Madam, all Courage and
'no Resentment! When his *Batoon* was taken
'from him, he still would have served, tho'
'but in Quality of Voluntier. Have I not
'had enough to do to defeat such Modesty?
'and yet your imperial Majesty believes me
'thoughtless: *Horatio* is obstinately good!
'impertinently vertuous! his Care extended
'beyond his Authority; he would succour
'an Army that no longer obey'd him; and
'as he had sold Part of his own Patrimony
'to fit him for the Expedition, and support
'him under it; now, when he might have
'had his Baggage, which was taken from
'him, restor'd, he only desired, in exchange,
'Corn to support the starving Soldier that
'he was made to abandon; and afterwards
'procur'd *Roderigo* a Loan of Money from
'the *Ligurians*, which nothing but himself
'could have done.

'There is more Difficulty, Madam, in de-
'feating the Good, than overthrowing the
'Wicked; the latter is Matter of Punishment
'only,

'only, but in the former we have Opinion
'to combat, and Artifice to oppose to Ver-
'tue; what then, Madam, are the Merits of
'this *Functo*, that have not only traversed the
'Designs, but blacken'd the Fame of the Per-
'former? Our Address has caused the preme-
'ditated Loss of *Iberia* to reflect upon his
'Management that gain'd, and could only
'gain it! We have reported him as a Man
'impatient of Partnership; one that disdain'd
'to command, if not alone; who could not
'bear another General should have any Au-
'thority where he was in Place. It is even
'advanced, that he grew jealous of the Mo-
'narch he had made! and would not permit
'his Approach to his Capital, to ascertain
'the Conquest, and fix the Crown upon his
'Head; tho' nothing was so notorious as
'*Horatio*'s pressing the King to that Expedi-
'tion, or gave us greater Pain, or a nicer
'Turn of Thought to defeat. Not satisfied
'to tear the Lawrel from his victorious Brow,
'to send him into *Lombardy*, we have repre-
'sented That Voyage as an idle discontented
'Sally of his own, departing from a Brain
'fruitful in Projects, and resolved on the
'Finishing of Nothing.

'As much as in us lay, most gracious Em-
'press, we have stifled what we could not
'misrepresent; his over-running a potent
'Kingdom in one Campaign, is scarcely known,
'all Men are discourag'd that dare speak or
'report his wonderful Actions. Have we not
'persecuted him even beyond the Pain of
'dying?

'dying? ruined in his Patrimony! broken in 'his Conſtitution! wounded in his mangled 'Sons! accuſed as a Criminal! depreſs'd in 'Fame as well as Fortune! aſſaulted from 'every Place whence we could caſt a Dart! 'what remains, O magnificent Empreſs! to 'ſatisfy your exalted Indignation, but that 'this *Cæſar* ſhould bleed at the Feet of 'your ador'd *Pompey*, *Stauracius*, to make 'Atonement for having dared to be more 'brave, more vertuous, and more ſucceſs-'ful.'

Yet, Madam, all that Induſtry they boaſted of, could not prevent *Horatio* from being adored by the diſintereſted. Tho' his Lordſhip was ſo far wanting to himſelf, he refuſed his own Actions the Juſtice he would have ſcorn'd but to have done anothers; never offering at a Vindication, nor ſcarce allowing his Friends to permit him theirs: Perhaps thinking that World, who were ſo weak to be deceived, unworthy of being convinced! or, ſatisfy'd with having done his Duty, found all that a good Man deſires from his Peace of Mind within. Unlike thoſe petty Conquerors, who, upon the Puff of every Succeſs, ſend with Diligence twenty Pieces to the News-Writer, to inſert in their Journals the Action to Advantage. How few are exempt from this Vanity, or rather are there any but *Horatio*? whoſe Actions when once perform'd, he left their Reputation to Chance.

Staura-

Stauracius trembled at being thought a Coadjutor in the Injuries that were done him; and before the Report of his being recalled could be supposed to reach him in the *Persian* Territories (tho he was in the Secret when it was resolved on) he sent him a Letter that might make him believe he had not a greater Votary than himself. This Court-Strain of Dissimulation, unworthy the Soldier's Honour, or the Glory of a General, shall remain for ever a Monument of *Stauracius*'s dastardly Spirit and quaint Dissimulation. Almost every honest Man has preserv'd a Copy of Lord *Stauracius*'s *Finess*, I was not less diligent than others; that your Highness may be the better Judge, I beg to report it *verbatim*: Upon which, *Albinus* took out a pair of *Cedar Tablets* from his Pocket, and read as follows.

Stauracius, Father of the Empire, To Lord HORATIO, Commander of the Legions in *Iberia*.

My Lord,

THO' we have not any direct Account of your Lordship's Progress, since the Relief of the maritime Metropolis; yet the Advices of several other Parts, as well as the Enemy's Frontiers, agree so well, and we are naturally inclin'd to believe readily what we wish, that I persuade my self there is no Reason to doubt of your having, some time since, brought King Roderigo *to his Capital. As this good News has been indulged here, with the greatest Satisfaction, I do with no less Pleasure, take this fresh Opportunity of Congratulating your Lordship on this glorious Occasion, which is by all Hands attributed to* YOUR VALOUR *and* GOOD CONDUCT. *The whole Empire is full of Joy for the Advantages this* WONDERFUL *Success will produce to the Publick; and I assure you, I am no less so, for the Addition it has made to your Lordship's Glory, in which no Man alive takes more Part than I do.*

After such surprizing Events, there is nothing that we may not expect from You; therefore, I hope your Lordship will not think us too unreasonable

able in our Hopes, that we shall once more hear of the entire Reduction of Iberia *to the Obedience of their lawful Sovereign, for which you seem designed by Providence, to be the happy Instrument, and I heartily wish you all Manner of Success in the accomplishing this great Work.* I am, with Truth and Respect,

My LORD,

Your Lordship's most Faithful

Humble Servant,

STAURACIUS.

There were still some durst record the Actions of the Heroe, and who aim'd at doing Justice to Truth and Him, in the foremost Rank, the ever immortal *Celsus* be remembred; He who so well could evidence the Dangers *Horatio* had run through! the Miracles he had performed, and the Glory he had won! was neither *afraid nor ashamed* to publish his Knowledge to the World, in a Style worthy of the Action. The Heroe and the Historian seem both to be animated with the same Spirit; one to conquer for the Benefit of Mankind, the other to record. Nor is it the least of *Celsus*'s Commendation, that in so ample a Field for Rethorick, of which he is so great a Master, he seems to design Matter of Fact, and doing bare Justice to his

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aſperſed Heroe, rather than Embelliſhment! His diſcerning Judgment referring to Truth alone, where the Action, as it does here, carries with it ſelf-ſufficient Ornaments to adorn and compleat the Work.

Your Lordſhip, purſued *Albinus*, addreſſing to *Horatio*, (who had ſhown a modeſt Uneaſineſs whilſt his Actions had been the Theam,) now the *Junćto* is diſſolved, and your Enemies defeated, will find upon your Return, that many Pens have broke looſe from that Silence their Fears ſeemed to have impoſed upon them, preſſing forward with Emulation, ſtriving who ſhould loudeſt ſpeak your Praiſes! But I need not recommend to your Lordſhip (who can ſo well diſtinguiſh) to decide between ſuch who ſtay till the Danger be paſt and all Men convinced, and thoſe who had Love and Courage to aim (in the Midſt of Danger) at convincing! nor deter'd by the Tyranny of a Party, who always perſecuted, as regularly and bountifully, as they rewarded.

Cou'd you, my Lord, behold the ſudden panegyrick Torrent that rowls down upon your Lordſhip, *Herminius*, and the Reſt in Power, you would give a Smile at the Concourſe, attracted by the Shine of *Cæſar*'s Favour, and wonder where this Stream had lain ſo long concealed; how it could creep ſo ſilently before, how roul ſo loudly now! but with the Generality of Writers 'tis confeſs'd, the Emperor's Smiles creates (as his Frowns deſtroy) Deſert.

Du-

During the *Iberian* War, *Stauracius* had reduced the *Persian* to a Degree of Distress necessary for Peace; but there was a new-form'd Design at Home, which when we consider the little Importance of the Undertakers, one knows not which to wonder at most, their Impudence or their Folly; the Council of Six, who called themselves a successful Ministry, properly speaking, could only mean what regarded the Fortunes of each other: Of these in order.

'Lord *Stauracius*, Father of his Country, 'Commander of the Legions, and Counsel 'of Six; had betrayed his Master, and pro-'stituted his Sister! *&c.*

'Lord *Cataline*, amongst his other service-'able Qualifications, was honoured with the 'Title of Libel-maker to the Party, tho' 'with a Wit as edgeless as his Courage. His 'Artifices have so long vaunted their Merit, 'that like Tricks of Ledgerdemain, when 'once discovered, they deceive no more. 'A voluntary Cuckold, who for the en-'vied Name of Parent, willingly Fathers 'the Children of his Wife's *juncto*. Him-'self the last of that *Antimonarchical* Race! 'by the help of more generous Parents, 'his Successor, may, 'tis hop'd, have more 'generous Sentiments.

'Lord *Curio* the *Proud*, had so much Po-'licy as but to half-beat the Enemy, lest a 'naval Force shou'd prove useless to the Em-'pire; Raising an overgrown Estate from

'the Maritime Stores; dextrous in sharing
'the Profits of *Piracy*, and letting the *Pi-*
'*rate* dye, not only with his Lordship's
'Commission in his Pocket, but the Hopes
'of Pardon in his Mouth; whence the
'Soul, as well as Body, became a wretched
'Sacrifice! His fine Hall, *i. e.* the Treason-
'Room, is adorned with the Pictures of
'those that have been Emperors: Full in
'the Face of *Constantine-Cæsar*, he has set
'*Chæreas* and *Martial*, those Regicides of
'*Caligula* and *Bassianus*; as much as to say
'*Augustus*, see your Fate, when we are dis-
'obliged.

'Lord *Cicero*, raised to that Dignity from
'the Lees of the People; his Grandfather
'unknown, his Father too well known;
'such a Friend to the Empire, as to sign
'*Carteblanch* for his Master, when bartering
'for an inglorious Accommodation with
'the *Persian*.

'Lord *Sergius*, who not only values him-
'self upon his own poignant Taste in De-
'bauchery, but for the odious Talent he
'has in debauching others; wasting the
'Income of a great Estate, by Measures
'as unaccountable, and in Offices as in-
'famous, as those were by which he ac-
'quired it.

'Lord *Cethegus*, truly Successor to his
'Father, tho' more natural in his Vices;
'more constant (tho' not of Brain enough
'to be so fatal) in his Mischiefs! yet so
'devoted to a Party, that he will not ex-

'empt

'empt even his little Wife, from contri-
'buting her charming Endeavours towards
'carrying on the grand Design.

'Lord *Emilius*, that changeful Politician,
'without the leaſt Reſerve of Modeſty in
'his Depredations, beſtriding like a huge
'overgrown *Coloſſus* the Empire he has waſt-
'ed: Poſterity yet unborn ſhall purſue his
'Memory with Execrations, having for *im-*
'*memorial* Time fix'd a Neceſſity of Contri-
'bution, in diſcharge of thoſe heavy Debts
'wherewith his Miſapplication of the pub-
'lick Treaſure has burthen'd the Empire!
'odious is his falſe and cowardly Charact-
'er! infamous his Compliance with weak
'Princes, his Arrogance to the Good! and
'as if the Miniſtry were a Trade, rather
'than an Art, his making his own Advan-
'tages from all! As diſtruſtful of his Coun-
'try, as his Country ought to have been of
'him; depoſiting abroad, thoſe innumera-
'ble Talents he has ſo long been gathering
'at home.

Nor were their Morals more according in Generals than Particulars: Not one of them but had been famed for living in a Courſe of Idleneſs and Debauchery; I ſay, of Idleneſs, when Wickedneſs did not require their Activity. They had all combin'd to cheat the Nation, and raiſe, to themſelves prodigious Eſtates from the Groans and Tears of the Publick. Agreeing to devote their ill gotten Riches to the Support of the Common Cauſe; there they ſhow'd the

Spartan Equality; and as all Places of Profit were in their Hands, they us'd to bribe the most Despicable, with what ought to have been the Reward of needy Merit. Certainly none ever took such effectual Methods to gain Proselytes; the most senseless Scribblers, the dullest, lyingest Rogues tasted their Support; more industrious, more generous in rewarding than the Orthodox, who perhaps made Conscience of incouraging Persons to serve for Gain, lest it should attract those that do not act upon a Principle. Such are sure to be stedfast, no matter how neglected: Vertue is its own Reward: But since the *Functo* cou'd not refer to that, they made out the Defect with Diligence and a good Fund, by which they were inabled to get Magistrates elected, Wits to commend those Magistrates, and every Step that themselves should take, how absurd and notorious soever, applauded.

Some of them were born from among the People, and but two from *Patricians*! yet all of them rais'd to that Dignity, however equally unworthy! If one prov'd more guilty of one Vice, a second edg'd it out with another: Was this fam'd for want of Courage? That made amends in Avarice! Equally insolent to the Sovereign, whom they oblig'd to take the Mein of a private Person when conferring with them; nor even leaving him a Negative in his own Councils; more arbitrary to their Prince, than any Prince had ever been to his Subject.

Irene

Irene had introduc'd to the Emperor's immediate Service a *Lacedemonian* Youth, born among the *Spartan* Ruins, call'd *Leonidas*: Had not the one been Empreſs, and the other without a Fortune, there might have been found a Relation in Blood between them: The Modeſty and Vertue of *Leonidas*, quickly met a Sympathy from *Cæſar*; Their Tempers were of kindred, ſincere, generous, not enterprizing, calm and ſweet, with a juſt Reverence of Religion. *Conſtantine* imperceptibly lean'd that way. *Leonidas* his Manners recommended him firſt to the Love, and then the Truſt of *Cæſar*: The Empreſs quickly ſuſpected this Diſtinction; her Spies told her, that *Cæſar* was pleas'd with no one's Service but *Leonidas*'s! that he wou'd ſmile, whiſper, and have little Secrets with *Leonidas*. *Irene* remembring theſe were the firſt Signs of *Stauracius* being a Favourite! was reſolv'd ſhe would nip the growing Bloſſom. *Cæſar* had beſtow'd an Employment in the Army upon *Leonidas*'s Brother, the Empreſs ſwell'd to think how a Creature of her raiſing, durſt accept any Advantages for his Kindred that did not come immediately through her Interceſſion. With all the Inſolence of Power! with all the Arrogance of narrow Minds, when by chance they happen to be Benefactors, ſhe reproach'd and threaten'd the humble *Leonidas*, that the next time he durſt preſume to be beging Favours of *Cæſar*, ſhe wou'd have him kick'd out of Court. But when ſhe was

inform'd

inform'd, that *Herminius* had a Friendſhip with *Leonidas*, and that *Conſtantine* incou-rag'd, the Union ſhe laugh'd in Spleen and Contempt; for *Irene* (who thought her ſelf as ſuperior in Power as in Capacity, and who deſpis'd the Goodneſs of her Son) gave him to know, in Words well ſuited to her haughty Airs, 'That ſhe had beſtow'd *Le-*
'*onidas* upon him for a menial Servant, not
'a Counſellor; he had not Brains enough to
'direct his own Affairs, much more to ad-
'viſe an Emperor; *but like, wou'd to like*;
'twas as poſſible to waſh an *Ethiope*, as
'to inſpire him with ſuch Sentiments, as
'was requir'd from him! He wou'd ſooner
'lean to that Traitor *Herminius*'s Advice,
'whom the Nation hated, and who, 'twas
'perceiv'd, liv'd in very good Correſpon-
'dence with *Leonidas*, which had made the
'latter ſo diſagreeable to the People, and
'dangerous to the Empire, that ſhe thought
'it high time for his Imperial Majeſty to
'diſcharge him his Service; 'twas of ſuch
'Importance it ſhould be done forthwith,
'and therefore ſhe wou'd not forbear to in-
'ſiſt upon it, and did inſiſt upon it.' The Emperor having not thought fit to make her any other Anſwer than by a Look, *Irene* went forth, and tho' it was late at Night, and the Court at a Palace of Pleaſure on the *Aſian* ſide, a League diſtant from *Conſtanti-nople*, ſhe ſent a Gentleman to *Leonidas*, to bid him inſtantly be gone! his Lodgings were given to another, there was no ſleep-

ing

ing for him any longer there! and withal, that he was discharg'd the Imperial Service, and shou'd not set foot more at Court till he was sent for! The good-natur'd Youth, who lov'd his Lord more for himself than his Royal Dignity, (and who had never behav'd himself but with Respect and Gratitude to the Empress that had rais'd him) knew himself innocent of any Fault which might deserve so great a Hardship; his only Crime was his Vertue, and *Cæsar*'s Love and Favour! But unwilling to dispute the Commands of a Lady his Benefactress, he put himself upon the Road, late as it was; not murmuring at being turn'd out without a Moment's Notice, in the Midst of a wintry, unhospitable Sky! no Chamber or Bed to repose in, till he should go in search of one at *Constantinople*! He was all Obedience, ascribing to his Destiny, that as yet had never been very favourable, this Turn so wounding and unexpected!

One Day, two, three Days past, and *Cæsar* no longer beheld *Leonidas*, who with an Officiousness, departing from Love more than Duty, used to attend his Imperial Person! he seemed to want his ready Service and Confidence, he asked for *Leonidas*? 'What was become of him? Was he ill? 'Did any Body know of *Leonidas*? All who 'were in waiting, dreaded the Anger of the 'Mother-Favourite, and durst not reply: 'Will none answer me, enquired the gracious *Constantine*? What have you done with

'with *Leonidas*? I have dismissed him,' answered the Imperious *Irene*; 'I hope your 'Majesty will think it sufficient, when 'I tell you, he is thought dangerous, and 'that, my Lords, your trusty Counsellors, 'and my self, esteem it not prudent, that 'he shou'd remain longer about your sa-'cred Person; a Spy to that Party who 'seeks to dethrone you; and the Confident 'and Introducer of *Herminius*'s fatal Elo-'quence, who fills your Ears with Distrust 'of your best and most powerful People; 'such, who in Contempt, they call *Idola-'ters*! But be assur'd, *Cæsar*, that as it is 'them that occasion'd the Crown having 'been set upon your Head, it is they only, 'that can and will maintain it *There*! 'There has scarce ever any Prince been ru-'in'd but himself has been the Cause! 'What have you, Sir, to do to hag your 'self with Politicks? Since *Leonidas* has 'turn'd Cabinet-Counsellor, and *Herminius* 'had your Ear, you no longer confess your 'former Serenity! your Brow! your Looks 'are clouded! in short, your Understand-'ing's puzel'd! the warring Factions are 'too much for your Imperial Majesty to 'bear! Why shou'd you ruffle your self 'thus unprofitably? Do you dispute my 'Integrity, or that of *Stauracius*'s, who 'has brought you home so many wonderful 'Victories, lavish'd his Blood for your Glo-'ry, and hourly endanger'd his Life? Or 'is the faithful *Æmilius* distrusted, he whose

'unweary'd

'unweary'd Diligence, and waking Cares,
'continually seeks how to improve your
'Treasure, and manage it to an unprece-
'dented Advantage? Or those others of
'your Counsellors, who have Capacity and
'Power to secure you at Home, whilst the
'fortunate *Stauracius* conquers abroad? Was
'ever any Fate so perverse as yours? May
'you not be the most glorious, most happy
'Monarch of your Age, by only sitting still,
'and you will needs be journeying to dis-
'compose and make you miserable? What
'Enjoyment do you want? Cannot you
'pray and play, and do any Thing but
'puzzle your self with State-Affairs?
'which, credit me, your Genius was never
'born for: Have you a Mind to dip in
'Discontents from which you are not made
'to extricate? either descend all at once,
'and save *Herminius* and the Orthodox Par-
'ty, their Intrigue for pulling you down;
'or keep your Seat, and permit the Go-
'vernment to them who know how to
'maintain you there.'

Here *Irene* departed; but, as soon as she cou'd instruct them, was succeded by those of the *Junto*, who kept as little Respect to the Imperial Throne as did her Majesty; they observ'd indeed a Method among themselves; but whenever they shew'd any Reverence to *Cæsar*, 'twas an affected one, an assum'd Air of *Devoir*, which they did not believe themselves oblig'd so far to cover, as even to have it appear, natural!

When

When by Blandiſhments they wou'd enforce any Requeſt to *Cæſar*, then was *Stauracius* appointed, who had been a Favourite of the Heart, one whom *Conſtantine* had lov'd, and conſequently believ'd! Were Perſons to be laught into Diſgrace, or out of Employment? Was Wit or Ridicule, neceſſary upon any Exigency? *Cataline*, with his facetious Strain and artificial Management, was commiſſion'd! When they had Occaſion to terrify and ſ repreſent Things dreadful! dangerous! upon which new Meaſures were indiſpenſable! Then came the fearful *Æmilius* with his affected thoughtful, haggard Brow! If an Action was to be precipitated, and *Cæſar* huff'd into Compliance! hot *Cethegus* was diſpatch'd! But for the Crown of all, as in a Conſult where ſolemn Wiſdom was requir'd, the laſt Reſource, a Sentence from which there was no Appeal, unerring *Cicero* was the Oracle! the Fate the Deſtiny of the whole, to whom the *Functo-Gods* themſelves were oblig'd to yield! Oh! Madam, could this profound Sage have been conſulted in *Thais*'s looſe Alcove, what Reverence had then been his Claim? What Obedience due to his inevitable Sentence?

Leonidas's Diſmiſſion (in which they imagin'd *Herminius*'s Exile from the Imperial Ear was involv'd) appeared of ſuch Moment, that they inforced *Irene*'s Opinion with *Theirs*'s. *Stauracius* intreated, *Cataline* flattered *Cæſar*, and ridicul'd the plain *Laconick*

conick in *Leonidas*! *Æmilius* denounced his Fears upon the fatal Conſequence! *Cethegus* ſaid there was no other Way, he muſt and ſhould be diſgrac'd, or they were all undone! Temperate *Cicero* could not find any Thing in that Youth, of conſequence to his ſacred Majeſty's Service, which might not be, even, better ſupply'd by another, in whom there were no dangerous Inſinuations: So that upon the whole, it was abſolutely of uſe (in his Opinion) that *Leonidas* ſhould be diſcharged the Royal Service, if it were only to prevent Heart-burnings and Diſorder; and he was forbid upon Pain of the Imperial Diſpleaſure, [*i. e.* the *Junctо's*] to approach *Cæſar*'s Preſence uncall'd.

Conſtantine heard their Advice with his uſual Benignity: He told them he would conſider their Requeſt; which accordingly he did: In his own Imperial Breaſt he put the Matter to Ballance, and found that *Leonidas* was no otherwiſe dangerous, but as he was vertuous: *Herminius* had *Cæſar*'s unſhaken Opinion to uphold him with Eſteem! but *Auguſtus* was aw'd with the Threats of thoſe he believed his Friends, and driven to ſuſpect the Orthodox, by the Inſinuations of a Miniſtry, that, though a little too warm, he thought well-intentioned to his Service; having no Treachery, no Self-ends in his own Breaſt, he could not ſuſpect them in others: At length he reſolved, were it true that *Herminius* and *Leonidas* were ingaged in the Intereſt of the Orthodox, and that thoſe

Intereſts

Intereſts were prejudicial to the Empire and to himſelf, he ſhould quickly diſcover their Deſigns, and be able to guard againſt making any Conceſſions in their Favour; that then it would be time enough to deny them his Eſteem, and not to treat as a Criminal, before he appeared ſuch, a Servant whom he loved, and had always diſtinguiſhed.

Thus without further Explanation, was *Leonidas* recall'd, and with ſo much Secreſie, that his Preſence prevented the Report! *Irene*, bold as ſhe was, was ready to ſwoon, when coming to *Cæſar*'s Riſing, ſhe met *Leonidas* (already in waiting) in an outward Chamber; but recovering her Spirits, ſhe asked him with her native Haughtineſs and Contempt, 'What he did there? And be-
'ing humbly anſwered, that 'twas the Em-
'peror's Pleaſure he ſhould attend; ſhe fell
'to reproaching him with Ingratitude to
'her, his *Maker*! with Endeavouring to
'drive her and her Friends, from *Auguſtus*'s
'good Opinion and Confidence; for which
'*Cæſar*'s Favour ſhould not long be a Re-
'fuge againſt the Reſentment of one who
'Thought her ſelf oblig'd never to forgive:
'Tis true, ſhe had met the uſual Fate, the
'conſtant Return with which ſuch mercena-
'ry Upſtarts were wont to repay the gra-
'cious Hand that rais'd them! Snakes! who
'when fed and warm'd, not only forgot
'their former Indigence, but ſtung their
'Benefactors! but there was Means to be
'found to cruſh ingrateful Vipers, and to

'return

' return them back to the Dunghill, from ' which they had unwarily been taken. '

Leonidas felt a generous Indignation at being reproach'd with Crimes ſo diſtant from his Thoughts; he deteſted that unworthy Sin of Ingratitude in all its Forms! he had even ſuffer'd *Irene*'s Indignation without complaining or murmuring; nor had ſought to *Cæſar* for Redreſs in his Diſgrace, nor even to vindicate himſelf from thoſe Aſperſions that muſt be indiſpenſably caſt upon him: He knew that the Empreſs, in forbidding him the Court, had forged Things to his Diſadvantage to make it be approv'd by the Emperor, yet had the Youth implicitely obey'd; therefore a conſcious Reſentment invaded him at being ſo accus'd; Innocence made him bold, though with all that Reſpect that was due to the mighty Diſtance in Quality betwen them. ' He told her Impe- ' rial Majeſty, that he was guiltleſs of her ' Reproaches, had ſerved the Emperor with ' exact Fidelity, which, he ſuppoſed, was ' all that ſhe had required from him, in ad- ' vancing him about his Perſon; that he ' only fill'd the Place of another, and in a ' Poſt of ſo ſmall *Eclat* (had nor *Cæſar* ' graciouſly diſtinguiſhed him) that Perſons ' of Quality rarely ambition'd it; tho' ve- ' ry true, it was a great Deal to him, whoſe ' Fortune ſtood in need of ſmall Things; ' but as her Imperial Majeſty had oblig'd ' him by introducing, ſhe had injured by ' diſcarding him, in a manner ſo ignomini-

' ous,

‘ ous, that had not the Emperor had more
‘ than ordinary Goodneſs, and an aſſured
‘ Opinion of his Innocence, it wou'd have
‘ for ever depreſs'd his Fortune: But as he
‘ was conſcious of having never in Thought!
‘ in Word! or Glance! done any Thing
‘ againſt her Imperial Majeſty's Intereſts
‘ nor contray to the Deſire ſhe doubtleſs
‘ had of preſerving her Aſcendant over
‘ her Son; ſo now he hop'd, ſhe would not
‘ call his Obedience to *Cæſar*, Ingratitude to
‘ his Benefactor! Hard! very hard was his
‘ Deſtiny! to be accuſed for the laſt Sin he
‘ could be guilty of! He confeſs'd, the
‘ Weight lay heavy upon him, in regard to
‘ thoſe, who believed that Injuries could
‘ never cancel a prior Obligation; himſelf
‘ had taken the Thing the ſame way, fixing
‘ only upon the Merit of his Introduction;
‘ he had a grateful Senſe of Duty for his
‘ Patroneſs, without the leaſt Reſentment
‘ for his Deſtroyer! though, unfortunate as
‘ he was, he well perceived, nothing but
‘ his Deſtruction could be acceptable to her
‘ Majeſty: He muſt either renounce the Em-
‘ peror's Service, (tho' in it he would ever
‘ behave himſelf void of juſt Offence) give
‘ up the Means that preſerved his Life! or
‘ be the Theme for reproach, to one who
‘ every Day ſought to cruſh his Fortune,
‘ and who, for having once obliged, believ-
‘ ed ſhe had a Right always to injure; as if
‘ ſaving a Perſon's Life, gave the Benefa-
‘ ctor a perpetual Claim to Murder what

‘ he

'he had preſerv'd; or by murdering, he 'could not be called unjuſt, becauſe he took 'but what he once preſerved.

'*Leonidas* begg'd leave, in ſo nice a Point, 'to diſtinguiſh between the Commands of a 'Maſter whoſe immediate Servant he was, 'and who ordered him ſtill to remain in his 'Service; and thoſe of her imperial Ma-'jeſty, who had bid him be gone and ſerve 'no more; and who did all that was in 'her Power, to ruin him, without any other 'Provocation than his having had the Glo-'ry to be acceptable to *Cæſar*.'

The Empreſs was ſo little us'd to have her Laws diſputed, eſpecially by one whom ſhe look'd upon as her Creature, that ſhe flounced out of the Lodgings, without paying her Duty to *Cæſar*! Airs ſhe has ſince often given her ſelf, and retir'd to one of her rural Retreats, to brood for ſome Days over her Diſcontents, and ſeek the Means how ſhe might be revenged upon *Leonidas*.

The Year after Lord *Horatio* had been recalled from *Iberia*, *Caius Æmilius* demanded a particular Audience of the Empreſs; he brought in his Hand that renowned General, *Rutilius*, whom he preſented to *Irene*. Still (during the *Queſtor*'s Speech) where a *Plaudite* was expected, *Rutilius* bow'd low, as if to remark to the Empreſs, where lay the Streſs of his important Services. Whilſt this admirable Farce was acting, her imperial Majeſty, with an erect Air of Grandour,

dour, as if from a lofty Theatre, graciously for this Time condescending to hear what was spoke without speaking her self, now and then smiled him an Assent; and where the greatest Glare appeared, with an Inclination of her Head, was pleased to nod him her Approbation.

'Madam, began the Minister, I bring in 'the Person of Lord *Rutilius*, the most obe-'dient of your Servants; Conscious of well 'performing his Duty, he throws himself 'at your sacred Feet, in Expectation of 'your further Commands.

'I come, Madam, to report to your Ma-'jesty, Particulars which we have industri-'ously concealed from the World; Parti-'culars of the last Campaign. Care has 'been taken, Madam, to prevent all *Eclari-'cissement*; for those Persons who could 'have informed the World, are most of 'them dead, and the Rest secured in the 'Prisons of our Enemies.

'What your Majesty heard of Lord *Ho-'ratio* last Year, is little to what has been 'performed in this. He took Towns, and 'over-ran Kingdoms; drove *Zulema* the '*Moorish* King, into Despair! put the Ca-'pital of *Iberia* into the Possession of *Cæsar*'s 'Forces, and left us scarce a Possibility (had 'we not been Masters of the greatest *Fines*) 'to depart from those Advantages he had 'gain'd! Our Business was not to give 'away, but lose; we must yet pretend to 'keep, what we were willing should be 'taken.

'taken. *Rutilius*, (who under the late Em-
'peror obtain'd so much Renown) found
'it a harder Task to fly than fight! but
'nothing, Madam, seem'd impossible to a
'General, who aim'd at the entire Glory
'of pleasing only your most sacred Majesty.
'Lord *Horatio* left this General, Madam,
'in the Possession of the Capital; and in
'that, we may safely say of all *Iberia*. What
'was to be done amidst that Throng of
'Success? It had still been ours, had not
'his memorable Arts diverted King *Rode-*
'*rigo* from coming to assure the Possession!
'Forty Days, Madam, it was in your paci-
'fick General's Hands! he had all that Time
'to consider how he might lose it with the
'better Grace! he began, by neglecting to
'lay in the Magazines that were indis-
'pensable towards its Preservation. At the
'same time regardless of the important City
'of *Toletum*, he left it to the Care of that
'holy Priest the Lord Arch-Bishop, who,
'besides his Prayers and exemplary Life,
'which was certainly able to defend it, had
'on all Occasions approved himself such a
'stedfast Friend to the House of *Roderigo*,
'such an inveterate Enemy to that of *Zule-*
'*ma*; and therefore stood in need of
'none of your Majesty's Forces to keep
'him and his Capital in the Interest of
'*Cæsar*.

'I formerly made your imperial Majesty
'sensible how tedious and difficult was the
'Rout which we persuaded King *Roderigo*

'to

'to take round by *Cæsar Augusta*. He was 'advanced twelve Leagues up the River; 'your considerate General drew off the 'Forces from the Capital, as in Duty 'bound, to meet and conduct the trium-'phant Monarch! Cou'd any Thing be 'more plausible? Cou'd any Thing carry 'with it a better Face? The whole Coun-'try, as well as the Capital, was left de-'fenceless! expressly left to fall into King '*Zulema*'s Power! who retook it with only 'five hundred Horse; and as if that was 'not a sufficient Blow, we left the impor-'tant Pass of *Complutum* regardless! A Pass, 'Madam, that secured to us all that Part of 'the Kingdom of the *Carpetani*! as we had 'well foreseen, the *Moorish* King did, be-'cause he could not but, seize on it, to-'gether with all our *Pontons*.

'Is not this coming directly into your 'imperial Majesty's Sentiments? the Capi-'tal lost! the important Pass of that King-'dom lost! all Men stood in a Gaze! they 'saw *Zulema*'s Success with wonder, but 'they knew not the Springs from whence 'he derived his Success! or how it was pos-'sible, in so short a time, he should retrieve 'his Affairs, from that desperate State Lord '*Horatio*'s Victories had precipitated them 'into. Mean Time your General has so 'much Address, King *Roderigo* does not at 'all suspect but that he was doing his Duty: 'Was he not marching to conduct his *Ibe-*'*rian* Majesty to the Capital? How could

'he

'he then be presumed to be accountable
'for the Loss of it? 'Tis impossible a
'Person should be at the same Time in two
'different Places.

'He further took care, Madam, to omit
'that Indispensable of War, good Intelli-
'gence. Your sacred Majesty knows Lord
'*Rutilius*'s Genius too well; are too well
'acquainted with his native Diligence and
'Address, to suspect that he could be remiss
'without a Cause, the greatest Cause, obey-
'ing your most inviolable Commands! In
'a Word, Madam, the Enemy was within
'a League of your Majesty's Army on the
'other side the River, before the Legions
'were informed that there was a *Persian*
'returned into *Iberia*.

'What was next to be done? Your deci-
'sive General declared, That there was a
'Necessity for us to abandon the Kingdom
'of the *Carpetani* to the Enemy: The Ar-
'my implicitly obeyed him; tho' we might
'have subsisted, had we retreated to *Concha*,
'which was still ours, and advantagiously
'situated upon the Ridge of a Hill between
'two Rivers, garrison'd with three thou-
'sand Men. *Rutilius* knew better, Madam,
'how to serve, than by making so false a
'Step which might still have preserved us the
'*Carpetani*! In a Word, he retreated into
'the adjacent Kingdom, and to compleat
'the Ruin, permitted the Master-stroke;
'That Garrison to fall into the Hands of
'*Zulema*.

'Here, Madam, all our Desires had been
'fulfill'd, we should have no further Use
'of *Finesse*, but for that unthinking Fool
'Lord *Triphonius*; who, as he had not
'Sense enough to penetrate your General's
'Design, had too little Artifice to be let
'into it. He prevented the Blow! a Blow
'which had not needed a Second! In short,
'Madam, he secur'd our Retreat against the
'Design of *Rutilius*, who did not intend we
'should have made any. The Opportunity
'was fair, without his Assistance your Ar-
'my had been cut off at once. But to re-
'trieve this false Step (your General know-
'ing he was offering a meritorious Sacrifice, not
'only to your imperial Majesty, but to the
'God-like *Stauracius*) he threw his Troops
'into unwalled Towns! where it was in-
'dispensable, that they must become a Prey
'to the *Moorish* King; which accordingly,
'one after another, they did. In that Win-
'ter's Campaign, *Rutilius* squandered seven
'thousand Men; an inconsiderable Num-
'ber in the Estimation of him, who, were
'it in his Power, would offer Hecatombs,
'to gain a Smile from your auspicious
'Majesty.

'After so considerable a Loss, it became
'impossible to prevent, at least the *Feint* of
'sending Succours to your exhausted Legions
'in *Iberia*. Lord *Lælius* was ordered to march
'from *Lusitania* with a Reinforcement.
'Your Majesty can't be forgetful of the
'Reputation he had acquired under the late

'in-

'invincible Emperor *Leo*. We were alarm'd
'at his Fidelity to *Cæsar*, and his Capacity
'in War! we therefore endeavoured, as
'the first of these Talents was useless to
'your Majesty, to make the other so to
'King *Roderigo*. He had been promised,
'that at his Arrival, he should find Maga-
'zines ready; tho' at that Time that we
'made him that Promise, we knew the
'Contractors could not procure them till
'thirty Days after. I do not doubt but he
'suspected our Design, and therefore in-
'sisted upon Orders for retreating. We
'sent them to him indeed, when we hop'd
'it was too late. But his wise Foresight
'prevented us, by retreating of himself
'the Day before the Orders came: Else
'he and all his Army had been cut
'off.

'But, Madam, notwithstanding the In-
'dustry of your faithful General, there were
'some of those old Troops remaining, who,
'under Lord *Horatio*, had been inur'd to
'Difficulties and Conquest; we could not
'be safe whilst they were living Witnesses of
'his Glory, and our Infamy. A Battle
'would probably carry them off! 'Twas
'what, that prudent General always advis'd
'against: Ground enough for us to pursue
'contrary Measures: His Business was to
'preserve *Iberia*, ours to lose it: What
'Methods more certain than the Reverse
'of his? Here, Madam, the devoted *Rutilius* exerted himself with more than com-

'mon Ardor. He well knew he was to 'lead Men that uſed to overcome againſt 'Odds! They who had found all Things 'poſſible, believed there was nothing im- 'poſſible! To allay their Heat and give 'them a ſlender Mortification, he ſat down 'before a Town which had nothing to de- 'fend it but an old Caſtle, to which we 'applyed ſome uſeleſs battering Rams. 'Here he lay a Week, without deſigning 'to make any Progreſs in the Siege, and 'then drew off, after having loſt more 'Men before it than Lord *Horatio* did, 'at the taking the Maritime Metropo- 'lis.

'Nothing but a Battle could yet deter- 'mine the Fate of *Iberia*; the Soldiers were 'ſtill ardent for Fight. Lord *Rutilius*, Ma- 'dam, thought he might venture upon the 'Report of the *Perſian*'s ſuperior Strength; 'a true Account of their Army having been 'brought him twelve Days before, by 'two Deſerters of no leſs Degree than 'Centurions.

'Here, Madam, your immortal General 'was all himſelf! whatever Penetration! 'Conduct! Reflection! Judgment! could 'produce, were eminent in Him! He had 'a Task entirely new, all was to be de- 'bated with his own judicious Breaſt! there 'was none to truſt in that important Af- 'fair. He was to fight but not to over- 'come! ſhou'd he at firſt have fled, his 'Men would never have follow'd him, and

'thoſe

'thoſe who had ſurvived, probably might
'have accuſed him to the Senate. The
'*Coup de Grace* was in being beaten, as
'other Generals are, againſt their Inten-
'tions. The *Perſians* were then three
'Leagues diſtant, the Diſadvantage is ob-
'vious of attacking with an inferior Num-
'ber, an Enemy advantagiouſly poſted. The
'Plain was about a League over, ſurround-
'ed on every Side by Hills; He took care
'to fatigue his Army the Morning they
'were to fight, with a March of three
'Leagues. The Enemy were drawn up in
'two Lines, beſides a Body of Reſerve:
'We had but one compleat Line, and about
'half another, with no Body of Reſerve.
'Our Foot was expoſed in the Plain, the
'Horſe poſted on the Sides of the Hill;
'your Majeſty, tho' a Woman unskill'd in
'War, cannot but form an Idea of the pre-
'poſterous Diſpoſition, where the Infantry
'were expoſed to the utmoſt Diſadvantage,
'and the Cavalry removed from aſſiſting
'them.

'The *Luſitanian* General, as it had been
'ſuſpected by *Rutilius*, fled with three thou-
'ſand Horſe before a Blow was ſtruck;
'what ſhall I ſay, Madam, their Deſtiny
'was inevitable; tho' your Soldiers, worthy
'of a better Fate, did all, and more than
'Men could be ſuppoſed to do, yet, intrepid
'as they were, they muſt be vanquiſhed.
'The Conteſt was bloody! the Event mor-
'tal! How many brave Men loſt their

'Lives? How many of thoſe, who with
'*Horatio* were Conquerors, now beeame
'conquered? The Fight laſted but an
'Hour, yet was it not the leſs fatal. Be-
'hold, the Marks of it remaining in your
'wounded General. 'Tis perhaps, Madam,
'the only Battle where all that fought,
'except himſelf, were either kill'd or taken
'Priſoners.

'Here, Madam, ended *Cæſar*'s Empire in
'*Iberia*! here ended *Roderigo*'s Reign! This
'Campaign, which had laſted but three
'Weeks, was deciſive! what remains is
'but the Shadow of Royalty, of which that
'titular Monarch muſt not yet be diſpoſſeſs-
'ed: 'Twill ſerve for a Pretence to the Se-
'nate for perpetual Impoſts: Which, like
'thoſe which have already been given,
'muſt ſtill remain (as I ever ſhall) un-
'der your imperial Majeſty's Diſpenſa-
'tion.

'We have found our ſelves obliged, Ma-
'dam, to give ſome Account to the Pub-
'lick; thoſe who have loſt their Parents!
'Children! Husbands and Friends! will
'be inquiſitive; there's ſomething due to
'their Tears; if they hear a plauſible Rea-
'ſon, 'tis a Relief to the Bitterneſs of their
'Woe! our firſt Pretence for Fighting was
'Want of Proviſion, tho' it was eaſy for
'us, Madam, to have retired to where
'we had winter'd; the Kingdom of the
'*Edetani* was ſtill in a Condition to ſup-
'port us; accordingly we had promiſed

'King

'King *Roderigo*, to return that way to meet 'his Majesty in *Celtiberia*.

'Our second Pretence is, That that King 'had taken six thousand Men from us; they 'do not see that would have been a good 'Reason against fighting: The credulous 'World can believe more than we have 'Occasion to impose. The Truth is, he had 'taken but one thousand, and lest we should 'have been too strong, the Rest were left in 'Garrisons upon the Sea-Coast.

'The third Reason persuades, That our 'Communication with the Kingdom of the '*Edetani*, where we had winter'd would 'have been cut off, unless we could pass 'those Plains, which the Enemy were pos-'sess'd of.

'But, Madam, we were nearer to the King-'dom of the *Edetani*, and the Country be-'tween *Setabis* and *Saguntum* (not more 'fam'd for *Hannibal*, than now for *Horatio*) 'when we were under the Walls of that old 'Town we vainly had besieg'd; I must thus 'demonstrate it to your sacred Majesty; the 'Town being but three Leagues distant, the 'Field of Battle five, 'tis easy to query 'which was nearest.

'The Parallel would not be difficult to 'make between the two Generals: Lord '*Horatio* could not gain with a greater Ra-'pidity and Vigour, than the other has 'lost: *Horatio* struggled through a thousand 'Difficulties to conquer! *Rutilius* has not 'waded thro' fewer to be overcome! *Horatio*

'could not subdue more in one Campaign, 'than *Rutilius* permitted to be subdu'd in 'another! The former was Matter of Ruin 'to your Majesty's Interest, the latter has 'put your Security beyond Dispute. I do 'not doubt, but by your punishing of One, 'and your well-rewarding the Other, none 'will hereafter dare to pursue any Com-'mands, but those of your most sacred Ma-'jesty and the invincible *Stauracius.*'

The *Junto* went on in securing, to themselves and their Dependents, all Offices of Profit and Trust: Now was the Navy, Legions, Senate, Treasury, the Citadels possess'd by their Creatures. The Orthodox were not only discouraged, and Idolaters advanc'd; but care was taken to chuse Magistrates for the City, and People from such who were devoted to the Ministry. *Cæsar* was no longer mentioned, or but barely mentioned, as Matter of Form only: He was seen as rarely as the eastern Princes of old; encompass'd with none but Spies! Creatures of the Empresses, that carried his every Sigh, his least Whisper with *Leonidas*, to the Apartment of *Irene*. Never any Court had so dull an Air, those noble Appearances, *Naumachia*'s, the Circus, Assemblies! Glories of former Reigns, were dwindled into distrustful Forms, and outward Salutations: They even endeavoured to persuade the Emperor, that he loved not Conversation, that Company did not agree with his Health and Constitution, and often con-

dol'd

dol'd with his Imperial Majesty, the Fatigue they were obliged to give him in signing of Dispatches: All other Marks of Authority were usurped by the *Functo*. Could it have been effected, they would have found an Expedient to unburthen him of *That*. *Æmilius*, scarce vouchsafing to tell him any further, than that such and such Papers required his Hand; and when *Cæsar* would sometimes attempt to have Reasons given, he would huddle up his Bundle, pretend being short'ned in Time, or grow displeas'd, as if *Cæsar* distrusted his Capacity or Fidelity, and be for laying down the Imperial Load, resigning to those whom his Majesty had a greater Confidence in.

Constantine, who cost the Empire much less in his personal Expence, than any of the *Cæsar*'s had done, having no Privy-purse but what was of the *Cabal*, would sometimes send a Command to Lord *Æmilius* for Money; the saucy *State-Ædile* would not vouchsafe to rise from his Dice or Chess-board, but send by a common Hand, perhaps the twentieth Part of what had been demanded, saying, That was all could be procured; and when next he went to *Constantine*, would be sure to recommend good Husbandry, and to tell him the Emptiness of the Treasury, the exorbitant Expence of the War, whilst himself and his Family squandered in Gaming, and hoarded in their Coffer, more than any of the Race of Favourites had ever done.

Mean time, the titular Emperor ſees non approach his Perſon, but ſuch as are Slaves to the Miniſtry; his Servants, Officers, Friends, (but alas, thoſe were diſincouraged from approaching him) officiated, as they were placed by others, without either Love or Reverence to his Perſon; their Duty was transferred to them that had the Power, thoſe who could advance and maintain them in their Poſts, *Cæſar* had not any to give: His Guards, his Rods and Axes were Pageantry, the Out-ſide of Empire, an Imperial Slave, a Royal Captive in the Midſt of a numerous Train; he ſaw none that he durſt truſt, unleſs *Leonidas*, who could only ſee, but not break the Captivity of his Maſter.

Now might be ſaid of the *Greek* Empire, what had been formerly of the *Carthaginian* State, when *Hannibal* had made them ſo often victorious: *Never were the Affairs of the Common-wealth more flouriſhing, and never more deſperate; never had it greater Reputation abroad, or greater Miſery at home. Stauracius* had yet one Step to take, before he would condeſcend to give Peace to the Empire: As he was already by Favour rais'd to a Height above all Favourites, he would ſecure to himſelf a Fortune laſting, as great. The Empreſs, his Wife, inceſſantly influenc'd his Ambition. *Herminius* and his Party gave them continual Apprehenſions, thoſe nobler Patricians that in former Reigns had ſerved their Country in Poſts that were now filled by People of Yeſterday,

day, continually alarm'd them with their Diſcontents; ſuch, born great, with the nobleſt Blood of *Rome* in their Veins, were totally unimployed and diſcountenanced. A few had uſurped the Royalties of many; Thoſe who (before their ſucceſsful Miniſtry) durſt have ſcarce crouded into Sight, now blazed with an awkward Glare, full in the Face of the old *Roman* Nobility. The *Valerii*, the *Agrippi*, the *Curtii*, and the *Fabii*, &c. theſe were the dreaded Champions of the Empire's Liberty; theſe were they who would not come into any Meaſures deſtructive to the Conſtitution. *Stauracius* was therefore reſolved to raiſe himſelf above needing what he could not gain; a Propoſition was made to the *Junto* to create him *Perpetual! Father of the Empire*, and *Commander of the Legions for Life!* A Title which equal'd that of *Dictator*, ſo long ſince laid aſide. In return, he was to maintain them in the Places they held; and after the Death of *Cæſar*, (if *Stauracius* chanc'd to ſurvive him) to endeavour, by Favour of the Soldier, at reſtoring the Conſular State, or to aboliſh Hereditary Right, that ſo the Empire might never hereafter be Succeſſive, but become entirely Elective: The Miniſtry and Senate ſhould henceforward chuſe their *Cæſars* themſelves: *Stauracius* ſtood the faireſt, and in proſpect of being the firſt; till then he was to be made Head. They had not yet enter'd upon ſo deteſtable a Propoſition, as laying the Emperor aſide; tho' alas! what

a Shadow muſt he have been, when the Subſtance, the Army, was irrevokably under the Command of another. As to Religion, they unanimouſly voted the Extirpation of the *Orthodox*, and the Propagation of *Hereſy*: This had long been in their View; for ſome Years backward, as any Dignity of the Church fell, the Promotion was ſure to be made in Favour of an Idol-Worſhipper. My Lord of *Antioch* had likewiſe invented new Terms of Allegiance to *Cæſar*, ſuch as, he believed, could only be taken by *Schiſmaticks*, by which he hoped the *Orthodox* would have been unqualifyed for any Offices of Truſt and Profit; not foreſeeing how potently the Church would contend, the Brethren ſtriving with one another which ſhould give *Conſtantine* ſtrongeſt Proofs of their Duty! firm Adherence! and unchangeable Loyalty. The Epiſcopal Sees had been gradually filled with ſuch who were to preach up the Power of the Miniſtry, the precarious Title of *Cæſar*'s Right of Obedience from his People, or rather, that *Cæſar* was made by Scripture to be ſubſervient to them; Emperors being created for common Good, and whenever they forfeited their Truſt, it had been found expedient, *That one Man ſhould die for the Sins of the People.*

Mean Time the Wiſdom of the *Functo* deliver'd themſelves by their Oracle, Lord *Cicero*: Before they would bring the Senate and Army to make Lord *Stauracius* Perpetual, they required that himſelf and the Empreſs ſhould

give

give them Proof that they were abſolutely in their Intereſt; leſt when an irrevokable Truſt was once confer'd, they ſhould join with the Emperor, and by ſuch means, becoming ſtronger than the *Junćto*, diſſolve them at Pleaſure, and give their Authority and Profits to others.

The Expedient found, was, that *Irene* ſhould behave her ſelf with Diſreſpećt and Inſolence, more than ordinary, to the Emperor; and that Lord *Stauracius* ſhould take the firſt Opportunity to diſpute *Conſtantine*'s Commands; ſo to make an irreconcileable Breach, and to let *Cæſar* underſtand, that he was now to be commanded by him.

Your Highneſs may believe, it did not coſt the haughty *Irene* much to ać the Part that was given her! She readily forgot Blood! Gratitude! Kindneſs! Reverence! and the Duty and Acknowledgment that a Favourite-Subjećt ſhould pay a Monarch! there was nothing diſreſpećtful or abrupt that ſhe did not quickly become guilty of, leaving the very Place with Contempt, the Minute before *Cæſar* was to enter it: Rarely appearing in the Preſence, but when ſhe was ſent for, and then with an Air ſo extreamly averſe or thoughtleſs, as if ſhe were alone, ſo that it could be no longer doubted, but her Emperor was not only become her Averſion, but her Scorn. Upon any Indiſpoſition, (as *Conſtantine* had but a weak Conſtitution) inſtead of aſſiſting him with ready Love, and dutious Service; ſhe would, in his very hearing,

reproach

reproach ——— and fogh ——— at his Infirmities, ——— be ſick, ——— and could not eat in three Days after ſuch odious Sights —— Oh! unparallell'd Angel-Goodneſs in *Cæſar*, not to ſend her to another World, inſtead of letting her live to make him her Mockery in this.

Irene thus admirably acting the Part that was enjoyned her, gave the *Functo* no Cauſe to doubt of her being ſincerely in their Intereſt: But it was now Time for *Stauracius* to exert himſelf: One of the *Tribuni Militum* was lately dead; *Cæſar* thought fit to transfer *Leonidas*'s Brother to that Poſt, (who was already *Tribune* in another Legion, tho' not ſo ancient as were the *Armenian* Legions) a Perſon without Exception, and who had long ſerved the Empire in the *Perſian* War. At another Time perhaps *Stauracius* would not have ſo highly reſented it; he had no mighty Craſh of Paſſion in his Compoſition, he did not care to be warm'd, it muſt be a very great Occaſion that rais'd his Phlegm, tho' he could perſonate ſometimes: Accordingly he went to Court, and the Emperor having told him, that he had made *Leonidas*'s Brother *Tribune*, in one of the *Armenian* Legions; *Stauracius* fell into all the Indecency both of Manners and Expreſſion that was required! 'He re-
'proach'd *Cæſar* with the bad Return he
'made to all his important, faithful Services;
'the Blood he had Spilt; the Triumphs he
'had procured him: Therefore to have the

'Officers

'Officers in his own Army made without 'his Knowledge, and one prefer'd whose 'Right it was not, was such an Indignity 'he could never forgive! And very well 'knowing the Use they had made the Em-'peror believe he had of his unequal'd Ser-'vice, he told *Cæsar* he would serve no more, 'nor never see his Face again! so abruptly 'leaving the Presence, he departed the 'Court with the same Air and Fury.'

Now indeed helpless *Cæsar* was the worst of Slaves! a Prodigy! an obeying Monarch! the Ingratitude of that Monster *Stauracius* out-did all Example; He, that had been rais'd by *Constantine*'s unweary'd Bounty! rewarded with all the Honours of an Empire! overwhelmed with wealth! cover'd with Favour and Indulgence! next to *Cæsar* in the Imperial Throne! more glorious! more happy! more rich and powerful than himself! To repay him so ungratefully for all his Bounties! his Love, his Tenderness! this was an Arrow in the Heart of the afflicted Monarch! the mighty Anguish wrung Tears of Woe from his Eyes! Who should he unburthen himself to? none! none! but his faithful *Leonidas*, the only Creature of his Trust; all besides had been frown'd away from Court, or were at the Devotion of the new Criminal, and therefore not fit to be advis'd with.

Poor *Leonidas* no sooner heard what had occasioned the Dispute, but he humbly threw himself at *Cæsar*'s Feet, to beg he would

would pleaſe to accept the Sacrifice he willingly made him, of what he had been graciouſly pleas'd to beſtow upon his Brother: Nay, conjur'd the Emperor not to embroil himſelf with ſo great a Man as *Stauracius*, but by all means to be reconciled to him with the ſooneſt. *Conſtantine* took the Advice, and ſent for the haughty Offender, whom he could not forbear to reproach, yet with ſuch Tenderneſs, as would have melted any other but a Barbarian's Heart: In concluſion, *Cæſar* told him he yielded the Point, he would no longer inſiſt upon the Diſpoſal of the Legion, tho' 'twas given away; but in favour of him, whom he was always us'd to oblige, he had recalled the Grant, and now he might do what he would with it. This unexpected Goodneſs defeated Lord *Stauracius*'s Deſigns; but he had done enough to ſatisfy the *Junto*, no longer diſtruſtful either of the Empreſs's or his Lordſhip's Sincerity. They went on forming Cabals, tampering with Senators, buying and bribing Voices, in order to raiſe him to that unexampled Dignity. And that they might further mortify *Cæſar*, and ſatisfy *Irene*'s particular Spleen, it was reſolved, that a Petition ſhould be made to the Emperor, that *Leonidas* might be diſcharged the Imperial Service: To that Height of Inſolence and Barbarity were they arrived, as not to leave him one inferior Servant to attend him in his very Bed-chamber that was

not

not intirely in their Intereſt, and conſequently ingaged againſt their Maſter's.

Herminius, watchful as the Guardian Genius of the Empire, had Spies in the very Cloſets of the Miniſters: Seeing the Exigency, he ſent to give *Leonidas* Notice of their Deſign, and conjur'd him to procure an Opportunity with the ſooneſt, for him to ſpeak to *Cæſar* alone, without the Notice of the *Junto*. This was difficult to accompliſh, the unhappy Monarch (amidſt the Hearts and Hands of Millions of Millions of Loyal Subjects, that would have proſtrated their Families and Fortunes, nay, have dy'd for him) was kept a Captive to a handful of Conſpirators, beſieg'd in his own Imperial Palace! environ'd with Spies, and brow-beaten by Favourites! 'till it became impoſſible for him to have that Freedom of Converſation which his meaneſt Subjects enjoy'd. In the moſt glorious Reign that the Empire had for many Ages poſſeſſed; He! who was the Source of that Brightneſs, languiſhed in Darkneſs! ſhut out from the Light of Society! Friendſhip! Duty! and all thoſe Marks of Affection and Reverence, which his doating People, had they been permitted, would have crouded to beſtow! amidſt the Shouts and Joy with which his indulgent Sway did cheer their Heart, his alone was heavy! deſolate! and diſcontented! tho' more beloved than all the *Cæſars* put together; treated with Contempt and Averſion, and which was the moſt mournful Circumſtance,

'Here, Madam, all our Desires had been
'fulfill'd, we should have no further Use
'of *Finesse*, but for that unthinking Fool
'Lord *Triphonius*; who, as he had not
'Sense enough to penetrate your General's
'Design, had too little Artifice to be let
'into it. He prevented the Blow! a Blow
'which had not needed a Second! In short,
'Madam, he secur'd our Retreat against the
'Design of *Rutilius*, who did not intend we
'should have made any. The Opportunity
'was fair, without his Assistance your Ar-
'my had been cut off at once. But to re-
'trieve this false Step (your General know-
'ing he was offering a meritorious Sacrifice, not
'only to your imperial Majesty, but to the
'God-like *Stauracius*) he threw his Troops
'into unwalled Towns! where it was in-
'dispensable, that they must become a Prey
'to the *Moorish* King; which accordingly,
'one after another, they did. In that Win-
'ter's Campaign, *Rutilius* squandered seven
'thousand Men; an inconsiderable Num-
'ber in the Estimation of him, who, were
'it in his Power, would offer Hecatombs,
'to gain a Smile from your auspicious
'Majesty.

'After so considerable a Loss, it became
'impossible to prevent, at least the *Feint* of
'sending Succours to your exhausted Legions
'in *Iberia*. Lord *Lælius* was ordered to march
'from *Lusitania* with a Reinforcement.
'Your Majesty can't be forgetful of the
'Reputation he had acquired under the late

'in-

'invincible Emperor *Leo*. We were alarm'd
'at his Fidelity to *Cæsar*, and his Capacity
'in War! we therefore endeavoured, as
'the first of these Talents was useless to
'your Majesty, to make the other so to
'King *Roderigo*. He had been promised,
'that at his Arrival, he should find Maga-
'zines ready; tho' at that Time that we
'made him that Promise, we knew the
'Contractors could not procure them till
'thirty Days after. I do not doubt but he
'suspected our Design, and therefore in-
'sisted upon Orders for retreating. We
'sent them to him indeed, when we hop'd
'it was too late. But his wise Foresight
'prevented us, by retreating of himself
'the Day before the Orders came: Else
'he and all his Army had been cut
'off.

'But, Madam, notwithstanding the In-
'dustry of your faithful General, there were
'some of those old Troops remaining, who,
'under Lord *Horatio*, had been inur'd to
'Difficulties and Conquest; we could not
'be safe whilst they were living Witnesses of
'his Glory, and our Infamy. A Battle
'would probably carry them off! 'Twas
'what, that prudent General always advis'd
'against: Ground enough for us to pursue
'contrary Measures: His Business was to
'preserve *Iberia*, ours to lose it: What
'Methods more certain than the Reverse
'of his? Here, Madam, the devoted *Rui-*
'*lius* exerted himself with more than com-

'mon Ardor. He well knew he was to 'lead Men that uſed to overcome againſt 'Odds! They who had found all Things 'poſſible, believed there was nothing im- 'poſſible! To allay their Heat and give 'them a ſlender Mortification, he ſat down 'before a Town which had nothing to de- 'fend it but an old Caſtle, to which we 'applyed ſome uſeleſs battering Rams. 'Here he lay a Week, without deſigning 'to make any Progreſs in the Siege, and 'then drew off, after having loſt more 'Men before it than Lord *Horatio* did, 'at the taking the Maritime Metropo- 'lis.

'Nothing but a Battle could yet deter- 'mine the Fate of *Iberia*; the Soldiers were 'ſtill ardent for Fight. Lord *Rutilius*, Ma- 'dam, thought he might venture upon the 'Report of the *Perſian*'s ſuperior Strength; 'a true Account of their Army having been 'brought him twelve Days before, by 'two Deſerters of no leſs Degree than 'Centurions.

'Here, Madam, your immortal General 'was all himſelf! whatever Penetration! 'Conduct! Reflection! Judgment! could 'produce, were eminent in Him! He had 'a Task entirely new, all was to be de- 'bated with his own judicious Breaſt! there 'was none to truſt in that important Af- 'fair. He was to fight but not to over- 'come! ſhou'd he at firſt have fled, his 'Men would never have follow'd him, and

'thoſe

'those who had survived, probably might 'have accused him to the Senate. The '*Coup de Grace* was in being beaten, as 'other Generals are, against their Inten- 'tions. The *Persians* were then three 'Leagues distant, the Disadvantage is ob- 'vious of attacking with an inferior Num- 'ber, an Enemy advantagiously posted. The 'Plain was about a League over, surround- 'ed on every Side by Hills; He took care 'to fatigue his Army the Morning they 'were to fight, with a March of three 'Leagues. The Enemy were drawn up in 'two Lines, besides a Body of Reserve: 'We had but one compleat Line, and about 'half another, with no Body of Reserve. 'Our Foot was exposed in the Plain, the 'Horse posted on the Sides of the Hill; 'your Majesty, tho' a Woman unskill'd in 'War, cannot but form an Idea of the pre- 'posterous Disposition, where the Infantry 'were exposed to the utmost Disadvantage, 'and the Cavalry removed from assisting 'them.

'The *Lusitanian* General, as it had been 'suspected by *Rutilius*, fled with three thou- 'sand Horse before a Blow was struck; 'what shall I say, Madam, their Destiny 'was inevitable; tho' your Soldiers, worthy 'of a better Fate, did all, and more than 'Men could be supposed to do, yet, intrepid 'as they were, they must be vanquished. 'The Contest was bloody! the Event mor- 'tal! How many brave Men lost their

'Lives? How many of thoſe, who with
'*Horatio* were Conquerors, now became
'conquered? The Fight laſted but an
'Hour, yet was it not the leſs fatal. Be-
'hold, the Marks of it remaining in your
'wounded General. 'Tis perhaps, Madam,
'the only Battle where all that fought,
'except himſelf, were either kill'd or taken
'Priſoners.

'Here, Madam, ended *Cæſar*'s Empire in
'*Iberia*! here ended *Roderigo*'s Reign! This
'Campaign, which had laſted but three
'Weeks, was deciſive! what remains is
'but the Shadow of Royalty, of which that
'titular Monarch muſt not yet be diſpoſſeſs-
'ed: 'Twill ſerve for a Pretence to the Se-
'nate for perpetual Impoſts: Which, like
'thoſe which have already been given,
'muſt ſtill remain (as I ever ſhall) un-
'der your imperial Majeſty's Diſpenſa-
'tion.

'We have found our ſelves obliged, Ma-
'dam, to give ſome Account to the Pub-
'lick; thoſe who have loſt their Parents!
'Children! Husbands and Friends! will
'be inquiſitive; there's ſomething due to
'their Tears; if they hear a plauſible Rea-
'ſon, 'tis a Relief to the Bitterneſs of their
'Woe! our firſt Pretence for Fighting was
'Want of Proviſion, tho' it was eaſy for
'us, Madam, to have retired to where
'we had winter'd; the Kingdom of the
'*Edetani* was ſtill in a Condition to ſup-
'port us; accordingly we had promiſed

'King

'King *Roderigo*, to return that way to meet 'his Majesty in *Celtiberia*.

'Our second Pretence is, That that King 'had taken six thousand Men from us; they 'do not see that would have been a good 'Reason against fighting: The credulous 'World can believe more than we have 'Occasion to impose. The Truth is, he had 'taken but one thousand, and lest we should 'have been too strong, the Rest were left in 'Garrisons upon the Sea-Coast.

'The third Reason persuades, That our 'Communication with the Kingdom of the '*Edetani*, where we had winter'd would 'have been cut off, unless we could pass 'those Plains, which the Enemy were pos-'sess'd of.

'But, Madam, we were nearer to the King-'dom of the *Edetani*, and the Country be-'tween *Setabis* and *Saguntum* (not more 'fam'd for *Hannibal*, than now for *Horatio*) 'when we were under the Walls of that old 'Town we vainly had besieg'd; I must thus 'demonstrate it to your sacred Majesty; the 'Town being but three Leagues distant, the 'Field of Battle five, 'tis easy to query 'which was nearest.

'The Parallel would not be difficult to 'make between the two Generals: Lord '*Horatio* could not gain with a greater Ra-'pidity and Vigour, than the other has 'lost: *Horatio* struggled through a thousand 'Difficulties to conquer! *Rutilius* has *not* 'waded thro' fewer to be overcome! *Horatio*

'could not subdue more in one Campaign, 'than *Rutilius* permitted to be subdu'd in 'another! The former was Matter of Ruin 'to your Majesty's Interest, the latter has 'put your Security beyond Dispute. I do 'not doubt, but by your punishing of One, 'and your well-rewarding the Other, none 'will hereafter dare to pursue any Com-'mands, but those of your most sacred Ma-'jesty and the invincible *Stauracius.*'

The *Junto* went on in securing, to themselves and their Dependents, all Offices of Profit and Trust: Now was the Navy, Legions, Senate, Treasury, the Citadels possess'd by their Creatures. The Orthodox were not only discouraged, and Idolaters advanc'd; but care was taken to chuse Magistrates for the City, and People from such who were devoted to the Ministry. *Cæsar* was no longer mentioned, or but barely mentioned, as Matter of Form only: He was seen as rarely as the eastern Princes of old; encompass'd with none but Spies! Creatures of the Empresses, that carried his every Sigh, his least Whisper with *Leonidas*, to the Apartment of *Irene*. Never any Court had so dull an Air, those noble Appearances, *Naumachia*'s, the Circus, Assemblies! Glories of former Reigns, were dwindled into distrustful Forms, and outward Salutations: They even endeavoured to persuade the Emperor, that he loved not Conversation, that Company did not agree with his Health and Constitution, and often con-

dol'd

dol'd with his Imperial Majesty, the Fatigue they were obliged to give him in signing of Dispatches: All other Marks of Authority were usurped by the *Functo*. Could it have been effected, they would have found an Expedient to unburthen him of *That*. *Æmilius*, scarce vouchsafing to tell him any further, than that such and such Papers required his Hand; and when *Cæsar* would sometimes attempt to have Reasons given, he would huddle up his Bundle, pretend being short'ned in Time, or grow displeas'd, as if *Cæsar* distrusted his Capacity or Fidelity, and be for laying down the Imperial Load, resigning to those whom his Majesty had a greater Confidence in.

Constantine, who cost the Empire much less in his personal Expence, than any of the *Cæsar*'s had done, having no Privy-purse but what was of the *Cabal*, would sometimes send a Command to Lord *Æmilius* for Money; the saucy *State-Ædile* would not vouchsafe to rise from his Dice or Chess-board, but send by a common Hand, perhaps the twentieth Part of what had been demanded, saying, That was all could be procured; and when next he went to *Constantine*, would be sure to recommend good Husbandry, and to tell him the Emptiness of the Treasury, the exorbitant Expence of the War, whilst himself and his Family squandered in Gaming, and hoarded in their Coffer, more than any of the Race of Favourites had ever done.

Mean time, the titular Emperor ſees non approach his Perſon, but ſuch as are Slaves to the Miniſtry; his Servants, Officers, Friends, (but alas, thoſe were diſincouraged from approaching him) officiated, as they were placed by others, without either Love or Reverence to his Perſon; their Duty was transferred to them that had the Power, thoſe who could advance and maintain them in their Poſts, *Cæſar* had not any to give: His Guards, his Rods and Axes were Pageantry, the Out-ſide of Empire, an Imperial Slave, a Royal Captive in the Midſt of a numerous Train; he ſaw none that he durſt truſt, unleſs *Leonidas*, who could only ſee, but not break the Captivity of his Maſter.

Now might be ſaid of the *Greek* Empire, what had been formerly of the *Carthaginian* State, when *Hannibal* had made them ſo often victorious: *Never were the Affairs of the Common-wealth more flouriſhing, and never more deſperate; never had it greater Reputation abroad, or greater Miſery at home. Staracius* had yet one Step to take, before he would condeſcend to give Peace to the Empire: As he was already by Favour rais'd to a Height above all Favourites, he would ſecure to himſelf a Fortune laſting, as great. The Empreſs, his Wife, inceſſantly influenc'd his Ambition. *Herminius* and his Party gave them continual Apprehenſions, thoſe nobler Patricians that in former Reigns had ſerved their Country in Poſts that were now filled by People of Yeſterday,

day, continually alarm'd them with their Diſcontents; ſuch, born great, with the nobleſt Blood of *Rome* in their Veins, were totally unimployed and diſcountenanced. A few had uſurped the Royalties of many; Thoſe who (before their ſucceſsful Miniſtry) durſt have ſcarce crouded into Sight, now blazed with an awkward Glare, full in the Face of the old *Roman* Nobility. The *Valerii*, the *Agrippi*, the *Curtii*, and the *Fabii*, &c. theſe were the dreaded Champions of the Empire's Liberty; theſe were they who would not come into any Meaſures deſtructive to the Conſtitution. *Stauracius* was therefore reſolved to raiſe himſelf above needing what he could not gain; a Propoſition was made to the *Junčto* to create him *Perpetual! Father of the Empire*, and *Commander of the Legions for Life!* A Title which equal'd that of *Dictator*, ſo long ſince laid aſide. In return, he was to maintain them in the Places they held; and after the Death of *Cæſar*, (if *Stauracius* chanc'd to ſurvive him) to endeavour, by Favour of the Soldier, at reſtoring the Conſular State, or to aboliſh Hereditary Right, that ſo the Empire might never hereafter be Succeſſive, but become entirely Elective: The Miniſtry and Senate ſhould henceforward chuſe their *Cæſars* themſelves: *Stauracius* ſtood the faireſt, and in proſpect of being the firſt; till then he was to be made Head. They had not yet enter'd upon ſo deteſtable a Propoſition, as laying the Emperor aſide; tho' alas! what

a Shadow muſt he have been, when the Subſtance, the Army, was irrevokably under the Command of another. As to Religion, they unanimouſly voted the Extirpation of the *Orthodox*, and the Propagation of *Hereſy*: This had long been in their View; for ſome Years backward, as any Dignity of the Church fell, the Promotion was ſure to be made in Favour of an Idol-Worſhipper. My Lord of *Antioch* had likewiſe invented new Terms of Allegiance to *Cæſar*, ſuch as, he believed, could only be taken by *Schiſmaticks*, by which he hoped the *Orthodox* would have been unqualifyed for any Offices of Truſt and Profit; not foreſeeing how potently the Church would contend, the Brethren ſtriving with one another which ſhould give *Conſtantine* ſtrongeſt Proofs of their Duty! firm Adherence! and unchangeable Loyalty. The Epiſcopal Sees had been gradually filled with ſuch who were to preach up the Power of the Miniſtry, the precarious Title of *Cæſar*'s Right of Obedience from his People, or rather, that *Cæſar* was made by Scripture to be ſubſervient to them; Emperors being created for common Good, and whenever they forfeited their Truſt, it had been found expedient, *That one Man ſhould die for the Sins of the People.*

Mean Time the Wiſdom of the *Functo* deliver'd themſelves by their Oracle, Lord *Cicero*: Before they would bring the Senate and Army to make Lord *Stauracius* Perpetual, they required that himſelf and the Empreſs ſhould

give

give them Proof that they were abſolutely in their Intereſt; leſt when an irrevokable Truſt was once confer'd, they ſhould join with the Emperor, and by ſuch means, becoming ſtronger than the *Junćto*, diſſolve them at Pleaſure, and give their Authority and Profits to others.

The Expedient found, was, that *Irene* ſhould behave her ſelf with Diſreſpect and Inſolence, more than ordinary, to the Emperor; and that Lord *Stauracius* ſhould take the firſt Opportunity to diſpute *Conſtantine's* Commands; ſo to make an irreconcileable Breach, and to let *Cæſar* underſtand, that he was now to be commanded by him.

Your Highneſs may believe, it did not coſt the haughty *Irene* much to act the Part that was given her! She readily forgot Blood! Gratitude! Kindneſs! Reverence! and the Duty and Acknowledgment that a Favourite-Subject ſhould pay a Monarch! there was nothing diſreſpectful or abrupt that ſhe did not quickly become guilty of, leaving the very Place with Contempt, the Minute before *Cæſar* was to enter it: Rarely appearing in the Preſence, but when ſhe was ſent for, and then with an Air ſo extreamly averſe or thoughtleſs, as if ſhe were alone, ſo that it could be no longer doubted, but her Emperor was not only become her Averſion, but her Scorn. Upon any Indiſpoſition, (as *Conſtantine* had but a weak Conſtitution) inſtead of aſſiſting him with ready Love, and *dutious* Service; ſhe would, in his very *hearing*,

reproach

reproach ——— and fogh ——— at his Infirmities, ——— be ſick, ——— and could not eat in three Days after ſuch odious Sights —— Oh! unparallell'd Angel-Goodneſs in *Cæſar*, not to ſend her to another World, inſtead of letting her live to make him her Mockery in this.

Irene thus admirably acting the Part that was enjoyned her, gave the *Functo* no Cauſe to doubt of her being ſincerely in their Intereſt: But it was now Time for *Stauracius* to exert himſelf: One of the *Tribuni Militum* was lately dead; *Cæſar* thought fit to transfer *Leonidas*'s Brother to that Poſt, (who was already *Tribune* in another Legion, tho' not ſo ancient as were the *Armenian* Legions) a Perſon without Exception, and who had long ſerved the Empire in the *Perſian* War. At another Time perhaps *Stauracius* would not have ſo highly reſented it; he had no mighty Craſh of Paſſion in his Compoſition, he did not care to be warm'd, it muſt be a very great Occaſion that rais'd his Phlegm, tho' he could perſonate ſometimes: Accordingly he went to Court, and the Emperor having told him, that he had made *Leonidas*'s Brother *Tribune*, in one of the *Armenian* Legions; *Stauracius* fell into all the Indecency both of Manners and Expreſſion that was required! 'He re-
'proach'd *Cæſar* with the bad Return he
'made to all his important, faithful Services;
'the Blood he had Spilt; the Triumphs he
had procured him: Therefore to have the

'Officers

'Officers in his own Army made without 'his Knowledge, and one prefer'd whose 'Right it was not, was such an Indignity 'he could never forgive! And very well 'knowing the Use they had made the Em-'peror believe he had of his unequal'd Ser-'vice, he told *Cæsar* he would serve no more, 'nor never see his Face again! so abruptly 'leaving the Presence, he departed the 'Court with the same Air and Fury.'

Now indeed helpless *Cæsar* was the worst of Slaves! a Prodigy! an obeying Monarch! the Ingratitude of that Monster *Stauracius* out-did all Example; He, that had been rais'd by *Constantine*'s unweary'd Bounty! rewarded with all the Honours of an Empire! overwhelmed with wealth! cover'd with Favour and Indulgence! next to *Cæsar* in the Imperial Throne! more glorious! more happy! more rich and powerful than himself! To repay him so ungratefully for all his Bounties! his Love, his Tenderness! this was an Arrow in the Heart of the afflicted Monarch! the mighty Anguish wrung Tears of Woe from his Eyes! Who should he unburthen himself to? none! none! but his faithful *Leonidas*, the only Creature of his Trust; all besides had been frown'd away from Court, or were at the Devotion of the new Criminal, and therefore not fit to be advis'd with.

Poor *Leonidas* no sooner heard what had occasioned the Dispute, but he humbly threw himself at *Cæsar*'s Feet, to beg he would

would pleaſe to accept the Sacrifice he willingly made him, of what he had been graciouſly pleas'd to beſtow upon his Brother: Nay, conjur'd the Emperor not to embroil himſelf with ſo great a Man as *Stauracius*, but by all means to be reconciled to him with the ſooneſt. *Conſtantine* took the Advice, and ſent for the haughty Offender, whom he could not forbear to reproach, yet with ſuch Tenderneſs, as would have melted any other but a Barbarian's Heart: In concluſion, *Cæſar* told him he yielded the Point, he would no longer inſiſt upon the Diſpoſal of the Legion, tho' 'twas given away; but in favour of him, whom he was always us'd to oblige, he had recalled the Grant, and now he might do what he would with it. This unexpected Goodneſs defeated Lord *Stauracius*'s Deſigns; but he had done enough to ſatisfy the *Junto*, no longer diſtruſtful either of the Empreſs's or his Lordſhip's Sincerity. They went on forming Cabals, tampering with Senators, buying and bribing Voices, in order to raiſe him to that unexampled Dignity. And that they might further mortify *Cæſar*, and ſatisfy *Irene*'s particular Spleen, it was reſolved, that a Petition ſhould be made to the Emperor, that *Leonidas* might be diſcharged the Imperial Service: To that Height of Inſolence and Barbarity were they arrived, as not to leave him one inferior Servant to attend him in his very Bed-chamber that was

not

not intirely in their Intereſt, and conſequently ingaged againſt their Maſter's.

Herminius, watchful as the Guardian Genius of the Empire, had Spies in the very Cloſets of the Miniſters: Seeing the Exigency, he ſent to give *Leonidas* Notice of their Deſign, and conjur'd him to procure an Opportunity with the ſooneſt, for him to ſpeak to *Cæſar* alone, without the Notice of the *Junto*. This was difficult to accompliſh, the unhappy Monarch (amidſt the Hearts and Hands of Millions of Millions of Loyal Subjects, that would have proſtrated their Families and Fortunes, nay, have dy'd for him) was kept a Captive to a handful of Conſpirators, beſieg'd in his own Imperial Palace! environ'd with Spies, and brow-beaten by Favourites! 'till it became impoſſible for him to have that Freedom of Converſation which his meaneſt Subjects enjoy'd. In the moſt glorious Reign that the Empire had for many Ages poſſeſſed; He! who was the Source of that Brightneſs, languiſhed in Darkneſs! ſhut out from the Light of Society! Friendſhip! Duty! and all thoſe Marks of Affection and Reverence, which his doating People, had they been permitted, would have crouded to beſtow! amidſt the Shouts and Joy with which his indulgent Sway did cheer their Heart, his alone was heavy! deſolate! and diſcontented! tho' more beloved than all the *Cæſars* put together; treated with Contempt and Averſion, and which was the moſt mournful Circumſtance,

cumſtance, brought to this Condition, by having loved, and truſted too far; by having armed theſe very Men againſt him! by having given them Power to be Ingrates, who in themſelves had been Nothing! without Weight! Dignity! Intereſt! or any Merit to recommend, or make them formidable.

Blind and Partial Diſpenſation; ſhould not the *Genii* of Kings, have a double Portion of Intelligence and Capacity to elect the Grateful and reject the Unworthy? Had *Conſtantine*'s been bleſs'd with that Illumination, where would ever have been the Authority! Riches! Dignity of *Irene! Stauracius! Æmilius*! &c.

Herminius appeared to the Emperor in this dangerous Conjuncture, to ſupply the Remiſſneſs of his Angel; he diſcovered at large the Deſigns of his Favourites, told him 'It was only from himſelf, that thoſe 'Men durſt take Leave to deſtroy himſelf, 'and that but till *Cæſar* was pleaſed to ex- 'ert the Authority of *Cæſar*. Nations would 'aſſiſt him in diſperſing that hated *Cabal*: 'All Orders of Men groaned under their 'Tyranny: The Church ſhrouded up her 'mournful Beauties, under the dark Cur- 'tain of Perſecution. Her Purity was de- 'filed! her Faith exploded and ridicul'd, 'as ſimple and old! Hereticks and Athe- 'iſts brought in to wear her Honours, 'whilſt the lawful Poſſeſſors were diſcoun- 'tenanced and perſecuted! her Doctrine

'wreſted

'wrested to speak the Language of Ruin to 'the Hierarchy and Sovereignty, an odious 'Explanation, by way of Limitation, being 'lately brought in, to introduce Rebellion 'and Prophaneness.

'That, as to *Æmilius*, he had the su- 'perior Hatred, stood in the foremost Rank 'of Aversion with the People; (tho' 'twas 'confessed, *Cethegus* and *Cataline* came fast 'behind him); his publick Depeculations 'were unprecedented! the tremendous 'Abuse of the Navy was such (wherein 'Lord *Curio* was deeply involved) that the 'Cœlestial Throne was continually invaded 'by the Groans and Cries of the despair- 'ing Mariner; their howling Wives! and 'starving Infants! such unheard of Villany 'and Cruelty had been practised upon those 'miserable Wretches, that no Slaves were 'ever so reduced! no Condition of Humani- 'ty so deplorable! Besides the Injustice 'wrought towards *Cæsar*, and the Empire 'in Property, there was a black and horri- 'ble Accusation standing ready, to con- 'found and over whelm these rapacious Pa- 'tricians. Nor was their Pride less noto- 'rious than their Injustice! the trusting 'Merchant was obliged to attend each suc- 'cessive Morn, for successive Years, the 'Uprising of the haughty *Æmilius*: Like 'Statues in dumb Rank, upon Pain of the 'greatest Misfortune, his Lordship's Dis- 'pleasure, they durst not speak, durst not 'prefer their Suit, till his gracious Nod

'was

'was pleaſed to diſtinguiſh them; to their 'irreparable Loſs of Time, Ruin of their 'Credit, joined to no leſs a Grievance, 'the prodigious Diſcount upon Pay-'ments.

'As to *Stauracius*, never was any Gene-'ral ſo little beloved by his own Legions; 'indeed ſince *Craſſus*, none had been ſo 'greedy of Property; nor would he be any 'longer formidable, when once *Æmilius* 'was diſplac'd, who had hinder'd him to 'conclude a Peace, that ineſtimable Good. 'The lawleſs Power of the Conſpirators 'once reduc'd, it was not to be doubted 'but he would content himſelf with being 'the ſecond Perſon of the Empire, without 'any longer aiming to become the firſt; be 'new born to a grateful Senſe of thoſe un-'bounded Honours with which his Services 'had been repay'd.

'True, it would be difficult for thoſe 'who enter'd upon Affairs, to draw them 'from that Abyſs and Perplexity wherein 'they were plung'd; yet that was all they 'had for it; now was the Time, or irre-'trievable Deſtruction would overtake the 'Empire; yet a little longer and their Grie-'vances would be paſt Redreſs; the ſpeedieſt 'and boldeſt Attempt (when under the 'Regimen of able Phyſicians) was often-'times the beſt; thoſe who could apply 'proper and fortunate Remedies, might 'expect, from Application and Time a for-'tunate Event. Such as the renowned *Ho-*

'*ratio*,

'ratio, *Nicephorus*, who had been fortunately
'conceal'd in a College at *Athens*, from
'*Irene*'s Perſecution, and was now within
'his own Palace, ready to aſſiſt, as became
'the Champion of the Church, and the
'Uncle of *Cæſar*. The generous and po-
'pular Prince of *Campania*: The royal
'Blood of *Ancus Tullius*, was eager to be
'ſpilt in ſo juſt a Cauſe: *Poplicola*, and the
'far fam'd Orator his Brother: *Cato*, that
'old and renown'd Buckler of the Empire,
'who in former Reigns had ſo ſucceſsfully
'oppoſed the growing Greatneſs of the
'*Perſian*: *Agrippa*, who had never unbent
'his Brow upon the Faction, but with firm
'Adherence to Religion, and ſtedfaſt Loyal-
'ty to *Cæſar*, had made a Stand to their
'perpetual Incroachments, and with his
'Strength of Eloquence and Reaſon, had ſo
'often ſtrip'd them naked to the World.
'That divine Orator and civilian *Pomponius*,
'who with ſuch Force of Argument and
'prodigious Judgment, had defended the
'holy Patriarch. *Julius*, who had already
'join'd the Wiſdom! Counſel! Experi-
'ence! Capacity of Age; to the Fire, Vi-
'vacity, and Execution of the Young. Seve-
'ral more, who, to the Glory of Religion,
'were irreproachable, and adorn'd with
'ſuch concurrent Vertues, that no Age or
'Reign could boaſt of ſo many great and
'diſ-intereſted Patriots: Theſe were ready,
'with their Lives and Property, to aſſiſt his
'Majeſty, in diſſolving that new and hated

'*Hy-*

'*Hypotheſis*, Duty and Affection to the Mi-
'niſtry, Contempt or Forgetfulneſs of *Cæſar*,
'who ſeem'd contented to be treated as one
'depoſed, or under extream Minority, or as
'if the State labour'd under an *Interregnum*,
'where in doing nothing, Heaven would
'yet think him anſwerable for all that he
'permitted to be done; the Hardſhips in-
'flicted upon his ſuffering People, and the
'Out-rage offer'd to Religion.

'Nor could his imperial Majeſty long
'flatter himſelf with Safety to his Perſon,
'from a Set of Men who contriv'd how to
'take him Priſoner in his Bed-chamber;
'leaving none There to attend him, but
'what were Slaves to their arbitrary Will.
'*Leonidas* was to be dragg'd from his Ser-
'vice, *Stauracius* declar'd Perpetual, and
'then it would be too late to ward the Dan-
'ger when the finiſhing Stroak was given."

But as the Crown of all, the artful *Her-minius* contriv'd to diſpoſſeſs *Cæſar* of that fatal Ring: Then might have been ſeen the Force of Magick: *Conſtantine* rouſing himſelf from that Lethargy, which having run its Courſe, can ſtupify no more. *Her-minius* beheld the lazy Vapour of Indolence breaking from around the eaſie Emperor; ſlowly it aroſe, and ſtill aſcending, left him at length ——— ſtrengthen'd ——— confirm'd ——— bright ——— and all himſelf ——— *Herminius* raviſhed to behold his ſovereign Lord returning to his native Vertue, fell at his Feet in Rap-

tures

tures that beſpoke his Loyalty and Tranſports. *Cæſar* ſtriving with the laſt dying Efforts of that ſoporiferous Prepoſſeſſion, 'Bid *Herminius* ſpeak again, he had but 'half heard before. Could *Stauracius* be ſo 'brutal? him! whom he had adorn'd with 'Honours till there was none but that of '*Cæſar* left to beſtow! In Return, could he 'not permit his Maker, to receive the Ser-'vices of one faithful Domeſtick? How 'ugly did the Beauties of that Man appear, 'when deform'd by Ambition! Ingrati-'tude! and Treaſon? *Horatio*'s Letters, 'which *Herminius* preſented, warm'd him 'with new Senſe of Danger and Glory; 'he admitted and hated the miſerable Infa-'tuation he had labour'd under, told his 'honeſt Counſellor the Particulars of that 'Diſtruſt they had given him concerning 'the Principles held by the Orthodox, his 'moſt faithful Relations and Friends: A 'new Soul! new Life! inſpir'd his Frame! 'He call'd upon his noble Uncle and his 'ſuffering Children! He could not enough 'wonder how he had ſo long been blinded, 'ſo long overwhelmed with a fatal Lethar-'gy! been ſo very ſtupid as to center in one 'Houſe, all Honours! all Regards! all Af-'fection! and by them ſo far over-ruled, 'as to turn out all his faithful Kindred and 'dutious Servants, to make Room for a 'Number of petty Tyrants, more abſolute 'and imperious than ever the *Spartan Ephori* 'had been over the *Lacedemonian* Kings.

In

'In Concluſion, *Conſtantine* bid *Herminius* ſummon all thoſe great and truſty Friends that were then in *Conſtantinople*, to be at his Riſing the next Morning. Your Highneſs need not ask, if theſe noble *Patriots*, with ready Zeal and intrepid Courage, obeyed the Summons. The Conſpirators were juſtly alarm'd at their Appearance: Some inſtantly ran to acquaint *Æmilius* of this great and dangerous *Congreſs*, 'twas time to fly; tho' his Lordſhip had even held the Dice, he would have paſs'd his Hand in ſuch an Exigency: Rendering himſelf with extream Precipitation on the Emperor's Side, he was confounded, when *Leonidas*, with a becoming Boldneſs, refuſed him the Door; his Fears immediately carry'd him to refuge in Lord *Cicero's* Opinion. *Cethegus* and the Reſt were ſummon'd; thoſe who could be found, met upon the Debate. 'His unerring Lordſhip did not foreſee what Occaſion they had to be ſo exceſſively alarm'd: 'Tho' *Herminius* was bold and brave, yet 'he thought, he knew the Buſineſs of the 'State too well at this Juncture, to dare adviſe the Change of Hands; to go upon 'new Meaſures with an empty Treaſury! 'an unpaid Navy! anticipated Impoſts! an 'Empire plung'd ſo deep in Debt, and ingag'd in an uncertain foreign War! It 'would be not only cooling the People's 'Zeal, from whence Supplies muſt come, 'but caſting Waters on *Stauracius's* Ardor, making him cold in the Cauſe of

'Con-

'Conqueſt, and perhaps diſobliging him
'to a Degree that he might be brought to
'quit his Charge.

'*Cethegus* was of Opinion, that they were
'yet ſafe, the Emperor had been too deeply
'prepoſſeſs'd againſt the Orthodox, brought
'by the *Functo*'s Inſinuations, and crafty
'Falſities, to diſtruſt and fear all who were
'not its Creatures. Nor durſt even thoſe
'who would be call'd *Patriots*, embroil Af-
'fairs. The Species of the Nation was in
'the Hands of their Friends; without Mo-
'ney, how could they maintain a War?
'What was the Name without the Power?
'The Thunderer without his Thunder?
'Therefore he reſolved, that they durſt not
'could not change, or even ſubſiſt Inde-
'pendent of the preſent Miniſtry.

'On the contrary *Æmilius*'s native De-
'ſpondency preſum'd to offer, that them-
'ſelves had rather a real than an imagina-
'ry Strength. The People were for *Cæſar*
'whom they doated on, as well as on the
'orthodox Religion. The Time (drawing
'nigh for the Election of new Magiſtrates)
'he feared would quickly convince them, that
'the Eyes of the World were too ſoon open
'upon the *Functo*'s Deſign. *Herminius*, long
'ſince devoted to the Good of the Empire!
'had Courage to attempt any Meaſures,
'that might have a Proſpect of reclaiming
'them from that manifeſt Walk they were
'in to Ruin! He had a Genius! Patience!
'Induſtry! able to ſurmount the greateſt

'Difficulties; and was bold enough (he 'durſt affirm) to attempt them. *Irene* was 'hated, which occaſioned *Cæſar*'s being 'more beloved. On Lord *Stauracius*, al-'way faithleſs and ingrateful! there was 'no Dependance to be had; ſo well he 'knew the native Falſity in him, that to 'ſecure himſelf, that General would not 'heſitate at betraying what was deareſt to 'him! he did not doubt but upon a good 'Account he would vote even for taking 'the Heads of the *Junčto* without Reſerve, 'even of *Æmilius*'s; tho' for his Lord-'ſhip's Sake, *Æmilius* had ſacrificed the 'Empire, and confirm'd himſelf a Villain! 'nor ſhould he be in the leaſt ſurprized to 'find *Stauracius* making early Offers of Peace 'and Service to *Lucifer* himſelf, were he 'once in Power! in publick diſavowing 'and condemning thoſe very Actions, which 'he had in private not only approved, but 'advanced! there was nothing but ſuch a 'Defection remaining to make the *Father 'of the Empire* more contemptible than he 'was, or to the laſt Degree deſpiſed: 'That ſhould it happen otherways, and '*Stauracius* ſhould be diſobliged, and have 'ſuch unexpected Generoſity as to prop 'that Building which had never been rais'd 'but to ſuſtain his Intereſt and Glory! *Ho-'ratio*, diſintereſted and truly brave, was well 'capable, not only to command the Forces of 'the Empire, but to govern the World. He 'who ſo miraculouſly had govern'd himſelf,

'in

'in Point of that Resentment due to the 'Injuries he had received from the *Junto*.'

Accordingly it was found, that *Æmilius*'s desponding Spirit, had dictated more Truth, than either Lord *Cicero*'s solemn Wisdom, or hot *Cethegus*'s Fire and sanguine Temper; then succeeded that memorable Insurrection of the Legions, and People that has been noised thoughout the World! so different from those Principles, which (for more than twenty Years) had been infused into them. It could be interpreted to nothing but the express Finger of God, his Almighty influencing Spirit dispers'd amongst the meanest of the Croud. Then was the formidable *Junto* dissolved; not punish'd for the Past, only disarm'd of hurting for the future. But to show that they were still the same, unalterable in their Spirit of Restlessness and Ingratitude; not half so thankful for the Power they had so long enjoy'd, as inrag'd for the Deprivation; they bound themselves in a solemn awful Sacrament, to take Revenge upon the Champions of the Church and State! combining their prodigious Wealth! Subtilty! indefatigable Industry! Spirit of Slander! false Reports! and other Auxiliaries! to terrify and distract the People.

Forgive me Heaven, if I erre! When (upon a Recollection of their Behaviour, and the Impatience wherewith they expected every Courier, in hopes 'twould bring News of the *Persian*'s Succes) I believe they wish'd,

(if they did not ſend) that King Intelligence; by which his proſtrate Courage was rous'd to an Interruption of that Treaty of Peace he had ſo often ſued for: But he will find himſelf deceived, thoſe who are now at the Head of Affairs, have no Intereſts but that of the Empire; nor need the People ſcruple to lend their Aid to the Continuation of the War; their Aid! which will be now employ'd to no other Uſe but to bring the Enemy to advantagious Terms. Scandalous Upſtarts, Profligates without Principles or Reputation, have not any longer the Helm: Compare the Prince of *Campania*! *Agrippa*! *Horatio*! *Nicephorus*! and *Herminius*'s Circumſtances, with thoſe of *Stauracius*, *Cicero*'s, *Sergius*'s, *Curio*'s, or *Æmilius*'s, and then tell us which Party has ſerv'd the Empire with the cleaneſt Hands, and moſt diſintereſted? Do I judge amiſs, If I conclude that thoſe People who gave the *Perſian*, *Iberia*, under their own Miniſtry, would have been pleas'd that he ſhould have got even *Greece*, under that of their Succeſſors? Their laudable Hatred of a Foreign Enemy, was changed into an implacable one for thoſe at Home: They ſpar'd no Coſt to ſpread falſe Reports, and diſheartning Forgeries amongſt the People; and when the Time came for the Election of new Magiſtrates, how induſtrious! how expenſive and extravagant! by which means they expected their uſual Succeſs, eſpecially at *Conſtantinople*, the Nurſery of Faction. But to their Confuſion

Confuſion, the *Tribunes* of the People, were all choſe from among the Orthodox. The elder Magiſtrate was called another *Gracchus*, for his Love to the People, his great Abilities and Eloquence! Wiſe! Brave! and ever Loyal! the Champion of the City! who on all Occaſions was watchful of, and advanced her Intereſt in the Senate. Tho' bred to Buſineſs, he had improv'd himſelf in Literature: His good Senſe! Knowledge of Affairs! enduring Honeſty! Induſtry! and Vivacity of Spirit! gave the *Patricians* to ſee, that all Merit was not confin'd to their Rank. May the Imperial City never want a Perſon, as well capacitated, and as diligent, in defending her Rights and Liberties!

Herminius was now ſirnam'd *Brutus*, the new Deliverer of his Country (may the unthankful changing *Greeks* never forget the Benefit) who with an Alloy of Temper, and ſincere Intention to propagate *Cæſar*'s Glory, and the Good of the Empire, caus'd all Reſentment and perſonal Vindictiveneſs to ſubſide, even towards thoſe Perſons who had offered conditional Pardon, Honours and great Rewards [powerful Temptations] to an indigent Criminal, to throw his Treaſons upon *Herminius!* The honeſt Villain, diſdained to pay ſo notorious a Price for Life! God be glorifyed! that there is ſtill ſo much Vertue in the Race! A real Traitor to *Cæſar* and the Empire, under Sentence of Condemnation,

give up his Revenge, and very Being; had better Principles, and a more tender Conſcience, than thoſe who would ſo infamouſly have bribed him. My Lord of *Antioch*, Biſhop as he was, preached up to him in Priſon, Merit, ariſing from his Accuſation of *Herminius!* On the contrary, Terrors! in deſtroying (when he might preſerve) his own Life, *viz.* that he became a Self-murderer! and conſequently Heir to eternal Damnation! Whereas his Confeſſion would ſecure him from that tremendous Judgment, and be of eminent Service not only to himſelf, but to the Empire and Religion.

Herminius forgave the Inhumanity, and rather ſtrove to cement than widen the unhappy Diviſions of his Country: Not carrying the Beauties of Religion to an intemperate Region, leſt ſhe ſhould be ſcorched into the Deformity of Perſecution. He unveiled the amiable Virgin! expos'd her mild and native Charms! placed her in the Road of Invitation, to allure the Return of thoſe faithleſs Lovers, who led by Blandiſhment and intereſted Arts, had proſtrated their Vows and Adorations at an Apoſtate Shrine!

Stauracius was ſtill continued; *Cæſar* hop'd Time and Reaſon would awaken him from the Golden Dream of lawleſs Power; and tho' his young Neceſſities had led him into infamous and ingrateful Meaſures, yet now all Difficulties of Fortune were ſurmounted, and himſelf the richeſt Subject of the Eaſt, he need not be wicked for the Sake of Wickedneſs!

Wickedneſs! an *Ethiope* when it became his Intereſt to be other than Black, without ſpilling the Water, might permit the kind and gentle Service of thoſe, who would endeavour to make him White.

Then did the vertuous *Leonidas* taſte a reſt from Perſecution, in whom was to be ſeen the Reverſe of that Rapine, Ingratitude, Pride, and Contempt, his Predeceſſor had been guilty of: Truly generous! recommending for Merit in others, not Reward to himſelf! Happy thoſe Monarchs whoſe Favourite are ſo free from Vice as *Leonidas*.

But to cloſe this long Diſcourſe of Politicks, with ſomething of a delicious Flavour, I have left to the laſt, to bring your Highneſs acquainted with the young *Julius*: His Perſon is indeed ſuch as cannot but be infinitely agreeable to the Fair; to look on him, one would think it the End of his Creation! but to hear him ſpeak! to know, and underſtand him! we quickly learn that he is equally formed for all Things: A Star which is riſen in our dusky Horizon, to light the warring Factions into the immortal Day of Concord, and Agreement. If this Task be ever to be accompliſhed, *Julius* muſt be the Man; he only is fit to work the Miracle: Who has ſuch glorions Youth! indefatigable Induſtry! fine Senſe! finiſhed Politicks, as *Julius*? He ſets down at an early Age a Martyr to the Empire; to *That* he reſigns, in his invaluable Bloom, thoſe Hours ſo fit for another Monarch, and

which can never return again. *Herminius*, that awful Friend, whoſe Darling he is, knows ſuch a Genius is ſcarcely the Produce of ten Ages, and therefore ought to be devoted to publick Good! Now may Arts and Sciences hope for Incouragement; *Julius* can judge as well as reward; perform as well as judge; what pity Buſineſs ſhould take from us ſo excellent, ſo eminent a Genius? His Word is as ſacred as the inviolable Oath of *Styx*, from which *Jupiter* himſelf can never recede: Whoever is bleſt with *That*, may depend upon the certain Performance. In ſhort, his Qualifications, more than his Name, has caus'd the Parallel to be made between him, and that immortal Dictator, *Julius Cæſar*, of whom the Hiſtorians ſay, in Words nicely applicable to our *Julius*, That *to the Grandour of his Mien, he was endow'd with the greateſt Soul, the moſt magnanimous Spirit, and of the moſt wonderful Abilities and Accompliſhments, that* Rome, *or perhaps the World, ever ſaw; whether we conſider him in his Care and Vigilance, in his Valour and Conduct, in his Knowledge and Learning, in his* Pardoning *and* Forgetting Injuries! *all which noble Qualities made him belov'd and reverenc'd by the People, honour'd and ador'd by his Friends, eſteem'd and admir'd, even by his Enemies!*

Oh! my Lord ſaid the Princeſs, let us go to *Conſtantinople* to ſee the young *Julius*: It is worth loſing one's Heart to ſo well finiſh'd a Conqueror as you de-

describe him. In this little History, we reverence, and admire *Herminius!* but with the same Sentiments of Respect, we have something of more Tender: In a word, it may be said, you have made us love *Julius.* Is it his Youth, or the Expectations we have from him, that more intimately inclines the Heart? *Herminius* has already perform'd, is in Possession of our Esteem and Gratitude; but future Hopes carrying the Mind beyond the present Possession, let the Good be never so great, we have a Reserve for *Julius*, that only himself can inspire. *Herminius*, answer'd *Albinus*, will not be displeas'd at the Distinction; as a Proof that he is wholly free from Envy or Emulation, he durst bring that extraordinary Genius into the Light, and is pleas'd to see the World cannot but applaud his Choice: *Julius* repays him back in the tendrest *Species*; their Converse is the Wonder of a degenerate Age, who can no more comprehend than imitate the Beauty of honest Friendship.

As Lord *Albinus* had finish'd his Relation, and was receiving the Thanks of the Princess and the Rest of the Audience, a Gentleman came to tell the Envoy of *Charles* the King, that his Servants were returned from *Nova*, and had brought along with him the learned *Celsus*. *Ethelinda* had been prepossess'd to his Advantage as well as the Company, and begg'd he might be required to repair immediately to her Pavilion, which would be honoured by a Person of his Merit.

After having been presented to the Princess, and allow'd the Grace to kiss her Hand, he was, by her Permission, at leisure to receive those Honours which Lord *Horatio* bestowed upon him; and the Embraces of the Count St *Girrone*, Monsieur *l'Envoye*, and Lord *Albinus*, who did not stay for Ceremony to take him in their Arms. When those Caresses were over, *Celsus* acquainted that noble Company, he had met the young *Equestrian Camillus*, at *Nova*, who was come not long since from *Constantinople*, and designed to spend two or three Years in Travel; but hearing Lord *Horatio* was so near, he was ambitious of seeing again the Heroe that had performed so many Miracles for his Country. *Horatio* having assured the Princess, that *Camillus* was a Gentleman perfectly entertaining, with Wit, Humour, and Sense above his Age, good Reading, good Nature, and, in short, Master of every Accomplishment, she sent a Gentleman to the Envoy's Pavilion, (where he waited *Celsus*'s Return) to fetch *Camillus*. His fashionable Mien, handsome Person, gay Conversation, quickly won him the Approbation of the Princess and her Court; the Company seem'd enlivened by his and *Celsus*'s additional Discourse; *Ethelinda* permitted the Freedom that is necessary to make People easy; and being her self a perfect Mistress of good Breeding, there was no Danger that the Liberty she gave, should

make

make any other Perſon forget, near her, that which is ſo eſſential to agreeable Society.

Horatio enquir'd if they came that Morning from *Nova?* and whether they did not find themſelves fatigu'd? *Celſus* anſwered him, That having the Day before received the Honour of his Lordſhip's Commands, by Monſieur *l'Envoy*'s Servants, they had immediately procur'd a *Paſs*, which both the Governour and the Emperor *Genſericus*, had granted to the Miniſter of the King of the *Franks*; and they had accordingly, laſt Night, paſs'd thro' the numerous Troops of that Monarch, without expecting the Benefit of the Morning. *Camillus* rejoyned, that they had been ſo far inconvenienced by their Eagerneſs of ſaluting his Lordſhip, as to take up in a ſorry Village at a worſe Houſe, where they had paſs'd the Night with little Satisfaction, had not an unexpected Adventure happen'd, which had yielded Diverſion beyond the Promiſe of the Place: Having not come far, they found themſelves very much at Eaſe; but tho' they in reality had been fatigu'd before they had enter'd the Princeſs's Pavilion, they ſhould immediately have forgot every Thing but the Honour of being admitted into a Place where they had received ſo much.

I am glad, anſwer'd the Princeſs, to find *Celſus* without a Pretence of delaying the Deſign we have upon him. Lord *Horatio* has permitted us to expect a Pleaſure which he ſo well can give us, I mean the Particu-

lars

lars of the *Iberian* War; and to shew of how much Importance it is to me, I have resolved to stay to Day in this Pavilion, and not to proceed in my Journey, tho' I trespass by it upon King *Beraldus*'s Goodness, who impatiently waits my Return. But, Gentlemen, because we hope the Narration is of some Length, and that we should be loth to admit an Interruption, be pleas'd to refresh before Noon with what my Servants are bringing, and we will defer, till after Dinner, Lord *Horatio*'s Conquest of *Iberia*; but, pursu'd she, addressing to *Camillus* wirh that Smile so natural to her, and so irresistible, shall we not hear what Adventure it was that could divert Persons of so nice a Taste, as I hear your self and the discerning *Celsus* are, especially in a pitiful *Cabaret* upon the Road? it may amuse us till Dinner. I know not, Madam, *Camillus* modestly reply'd, whether I shall not injure the Relation: Or even whether the Adventure will bear Repetition: Or if your Highness is so easily diverted as I am: You, Madam, who every Day see Variety of Objects, and great Attempts, will perhaps find the Account I shall give of two vain and unfortunate Persons, very dull; but since I am so much honoured by your Highness's Commands, it is my Duty to obey.

Arriving late in that Village, which stands half way between this Place and *Nova*, we found but one House that had any Light in it. Being Strangers, they with Difficulty could

could be brought to open us the Door; but that Point once gain'd, we took care to make our Hoſt as civil as his Nature would ſuffer him. We could diſpenſe being without a Supper, ſince that wretched Hovel was not like to afford us any Thing to eat that was tolerable. We only ask'd him for a Bed, and, if it were poſſible, a Chamber to our ſelves? Our Landlord quitted his own, aſſuring us, that was all he could do, becauſe the beſt Room was taken up by an unfortunate Lady, that had been brought to Bed three Weeks ſince; and that he had been forced, two Hours before we arriv'd, to put a Gentleman into the ſame Chamber, in another Bed, who had been arreſted for Debt. I underſtood that this Houſe was a Priſon of Eaſe, as I may call it, to the great One; where wretched People (when forc'd againſt their Wills to be juſt) were brought as ſoon as they could be taken. In this miſerable Place they remained, according to the Mercy of their avaricious Keepers: If they found they had little or no Money, they ſent them off into other Priſons. Your Highneſs may believe we did not much care to be among ſuch mercileſs People; we had a Sort of Horror at it; however, ſince it was but for a Night, we order'd a good Fire, and ſecur'd our Door, recommending thoſe who came along with us, to the Care of my Landlord and his beſt Wine.

I threw

I threw my ſelf down upon the Bed in my Cloaths, expecting only to nod, (*Celſus* was already in a profound Sleep by me,) when I was rouſed by a charming Voice in the next Apartment, ſomething ſo muſical, that tho' ſhe only ſpoke, there was Harmony in the Sound. 'All's quiet again, 'Sir, ſays that lovely Neighbour. Alas! 'ſure the New-comers Misfortunes are not 'great, or they have been uſed to them, 'that they ſeem quiet ſo ſoon. They are 'doubtleſs fallen aſleep, and I may purſue 'our Diſcourſe.

'As I was ſaying; We have ſeen one 'another the Object of Admiration: Me-'thinks there is a Sort of Parity in our 'Deſtiny in more Things than our preſent 'uneaſie Circumſtances! If you are juſt 'now, Sir, reſolved (notwithſtanding the 'Obſcurity of the Place) upon Shining, 'and deſign in your Writings to aſſume 'the Name of Don *Phœbo*; it is well 'known how often I have blazed! If my 'Birth be not illuſtrious (for my Mother 'has aſſuredly told me, I ought to renounce 'the Vanity of being Daughter to the Pa-'triarch of *Nova*, ſince her Intimacy with 'him did not begin till after I was in the 'World:) If, Sir, I ſay my Birth was not 'elevated, yours was not exalted: If I 'have ſuffered by Love, you have not 'ſcap'd better by Philoſophy. As concern-'ing our mutual Misfortunes, I take the 'Glory to remain wholly on my Side;

'whereas

'whereas you apply'd your Invention to 'obtain Credit with tricking Pretences, 'and by plausible Falsities getting your 'self into Trust! I was importun'd, and 'sought to, to be trusted; People petition'd 'me, that I would please to do them the 'Honour to be in their Debt: Tho' I 'think, the End was the same, making a 'Figure which neither our Rank nor For-'tune ever design'd us for.

'Have I squander'd vast Sums? you have 'not, Sir, been more preserving: There's, 'indeed, this Difference, that I made my 'Expence in the Eye of the World; You, 'yours in a Corner, and unnaccountably: 'To this Day, 'tis a Miracle how you are 'still thus distress'd, considering the Ad-'vantages and Contributions you have had. 'For my Part, I was used to act the Prin-'cess, and was really such in my Heart! 'I could not eat without so many Dishes 'of Meat: It was not possible for me to 'put my Limbs to that mechanick Motion, 'Walking: I was forc'd to have my *Ivory* 'Chair to carry me forth, and a proportio-'nable Number of Slaves: I could not live 'in little dirty Lodgings! nor wear Sandals 'under the highest Price. I could not suffer 'the Touch of any Linnen next my Per-'son, that was not extravagantly fine: What 'shall one say, I was so nice, I became un-'sufferable to my self; I retain'd nothing of 'my Birth and Education. but a certain Af-'fection to Lovers of my own Degree—Ha

'——the

« ——the Muſick of the one —— and the « inchanting Voice of another ——— They « ſunk into my Soul! ——————— There's a « ſtrange Delight in beſtowing Favours to « Creatures beneath us ——————— thoſe « that believe themſelves honoured by our « Conceſſion: Here, Sir, the Parallel ſtill « holds. ——————— You have had the ſame « amorous Condeſcenſion for Inferiors, in- « ſomuch that I have heard it reported from « your ſelf, that your firſt Lady's elderly « Charms were the *premier* Favours you ever « taſted from a Gentlewoman; therefore we « have ſeen two Children born to you, one « from a little Mechanick in a Shop, and the « other from your *Bright Cook-Maid*: Ah! « Sir, have you raviſh'd the World with « your Writing! What Raptures has my « Voice occaſion'd? Have you been un- « grateful to your Friends? I have not been « leſs thankleſs to my Benefactors! Have you « aſſum'd a haughty ſupercilious Look? « Have I been more humble? Cou'd any « Thing equal the Pride wherewith I have « made the whole Court wait for my Per- « formance? and when I had a Mind to « exert my Power, I would totally diſap- « point them. Have not you, a little *Plebe-* « *ian*, with as comparative an Inſolence, « preſum'd to treat our moſt exalted Princes « with Indignity? believing your Pen ne- « ver did you ſo much Honour, as when it « aim'd at diſhonouring others. Had not I « it in my Power to make my Fortune?

« nay,

'nay, ſtill have, cou'd I be but perſwaded
'to part with my Pride, and be ſubmiſſive
'and thankful to the Town for their Fa-
'vours. This is exactly your Caſe, you
'wou'd have us think 'tis your own Fault if
'you don't condeſcend to be Great; I be-
'lieve you are only hinder'd like me, be-
'cauſe 'tis ſo dull and tireſome doing no-
'thing but one's Duty; 'tis what we ought,
'and therefore can't come into: Tho' I muſt
'confeſs, I can't ſee what they ſhould court
'you for, 'tis but an Air you give your
'ſelf: Your Morals have made your Pen of
'no Eſtimation: Your Impudence in a-
'buſing the Emperor's beſt Friends, ſhou'd
'but little encourage them to reward you:
'Beſides, mercenary as you are known to
'be, it prevents your carrying any Weight:
''Tis prodigious, when you really need
'Supplies your ſelf, to throw the Calumny
'upon others of writing for Bread: Is it
'not by way of foreſtalling, what they
'might much more juſtly ſay of you? But
'when we would ſpeak of Hypocriſie, the
'Feinte you make of Vertue and Religion,
'there I drop you, becauſe I believed my
'ſelf above all Occaſion for Diſſimulati-
'on; you knew their Amiableneſs, their
'Weight when one would buy Eſteem, if
'you could not attain to the Practice,
'you aſſum'd the Pretence, and that has
'been of Service to you with thoſe, who
'have not paid the Expence of being ac-
'quainted with you.

'But,

'But, Madam, answer'd the Person upon whom the Lady had bestow'd the Name of Don *Phœbo*, tho' your Ladyship be extream nice at a Parallel, as yet you could never pretend, with the Charms of your Voice, to be so important as I have been with my Pen; you have never fed such a Croud beneath you, who satisfy their Hunger only by nibbling at the Redundancy of my Wit. Ha! Sir, answer'd the Lady hastily, that may be true; But how many feed you? the learned Dead, and a great Number of the witty Living; I have heard a pretty large Roll of your Benefactors, and cou'd, upon Occasion, remember the most considerable of them. Methinks, 'twas a little hard to make a certain Person pay you in Wit for the kind Office you did him, in his Distress, in helping him to a *Sage Femme*; then for your Secresie, he is particularly obliged to you for concealing that slender Frailty of his so thoroughly, that all the World knows it; you must be telling your Wife every Thing, these uxorious married Men! But this is nothing to your Performances ——— 'Tis so well known after an Age of Dulness, when you have had a charitable Lift, that I am surpriz'd you will throw the Road open (by censuring others of living upon you) to shew by whom you live: Is there not a certain old Fable of a *Bird dress'd up in borrow'd Feathers*? I am

'afraid,

'afraid, Don *Phœbo*, if every one ſhould 'have a Fancy to his own Ray, your Wor-'ſhip would be very near ſhorn of your 'Beams, or thoſe that remain be found 'with but an indifferent Degree of Luſtre. 'I defie you to ſay any ſuch Thing of me, 'my Excellencies were all my own.

'Your Ladyſhip, anſwer'd Don *Phœbo*, 'keeps very improving Company, let me 'die! grown an abſolute Wit, and a pro-'digious Critick! not altogether ſo poig-'nant as my ſelf! but pretty well; tho' 'this is nothing, Madam, to what may 'be ſaid; we are ſcarce in the Degree of 'Compariſon, till we've heard Particulars, 'by which we may conclude upon Gene-'rals. Your Ladyſhip has already been 'told of what I have to boaſt: I have 'kept nothing a Secret from your Lady-'ſhip that was extraordinary; in Return, I 'prepare my ſelf with a World of Plea-'ſure to expect your Adventures.

'Ah! Sir, reply'd the harmonious Un-'fortunate, as I have miſmanag'd my ſelf 'they are inſignificant, not half ſo conſi-'derable as they might have been; I ne-'ver valu'd the Care of my Fortune, 'twas 'enough I indulg'd my Humour; that was 'a preſent Satisfaction, the other a diſtant 'View. My Father was one of the *Mountai-'neers*; the Charms of his Wife (whom the 'Patriarch of *Nova* had accidentally ſeen) 'lifted him into his Service, where, quick-'ly, all became at my Mother's Devotion.

'Iwas

'I was then six Years old, but (to the 'Mortification of her decaying Charms) ten 'Years after, I proved her Rival; not by 'any Design, I had no Inclination to the 'overgrown Churchman. I had always 'something in me that was an Enemy to 'Hypocrisie, tho' his good Lordship us'd 'to tell me, 'twas better privately to dis-'semble, than give open Scandal. I was 'quickly sick of his fulsome Cant: Tho' 'in Reality he had no Religion at all, a 'strict Sort of Devotion (revenging perso-'nal Injuries with a Gust) excepted. He 'was in his Heart a Heretick, and favour'd 'none but what were so; indeed the Re-'venues of the Chair oblig'd him to con-'form to the Rules of the Church, which 'he us'd to do in a Morning; but then at 'his own Palace, he had *Evening-Explication 'Lectures*, by which he debauch'd the lower 'Sort of People, into whom he was in-'dustrious to instil his heretical Notions: 'Besides, he kept a *Seminary* of Youth at 'his own Charge, who were brought up to 'an Abhorrence of the Orthodox; those 'were only promoted, and put into Pre-'ferments as they fell, infecting the Church 'with a creeping Leprosie, that as the 'pious Patriarch hopes, may in Time, over-'run the Purity of her Doctrine.

'What Opinion could I, a Girl, have of 'Religion, or the Necessity of it, when I 'found my self every Day persecuted to 'my Ruin, by one of the Head Professors?

'Never

'Never was any so heroically cruel; zea-
'lous Man! He was down upon his Knees
'to me in every Corner of his Palace;
'gave me the finest Things; that Part I
'lik'd indeed, but when he would kiss
'me ——— Nauseous ——— my
'Stomach would turn ——— my Mo-
'ther was no longer gracious in his Eyes,
'but as she could influence me to receive
'his odious Address ——— but even
'that would not do, he was forced to bring
'my Father into his Interest; good Patri-
'arch! he would follicite so devoutly ———
'would persuade one 'twas a Sin to be
'cruel ——— so warm in his Con-
'victions! ——— when I told him a
'Priest ——— fie ———'twas scanda-
'dalous! ——— the Patriarch, notori-
'ous! ——— a religious! ——— de-
'testable! ——— He would tell me my
'Charms had Power to tempt an A-
'postle ——— In short, our narrow
'Circumstances produced my Father's abso-
'lute Command, and I was ——— with
'loathing in my Heart ——— sacri-
'fic'd to his hated Embrace: Yet I must do
'my reverend Lover this Justice (remem-
'bering a Piece of his Doctrine, that un-
'less it be an Injury to our selves, we
'should never detract from others) that in
'his Way, he proved the most furious,
'most amorous, most ardent Votary I have
'ever met with.

'The

'The two *Foibles*, by which his Lordſhip
'had been always agitated, were *Love* and
'*Anger*; upon more Occaſions than one, he
'has been ſtruck Speechleſs by theſe two
'mighty Potentates! Poſſeſſion encreas'd
'his Deſire; he was ſo fond, his whole
'Revenue was at my Devotion; this firſt
'taught me to ſquander ——— here I was
'ador'd by his People; they were all my
'Creatures ——— but I hated the *Patriarch.*
'There was a Man ——— Oh Don *Phœbo!*
'who by the Charms of his Voice, capti-
'vated my Soul! his uneaſie Circumſtan-
'ces compelling him, before I was wound-
'ed, to leave the Empire, he deſigned for
'the Court of *Charles* King of the *Franks*,
'who is ſaid to give true Encouragement to
'Arts, unlike our cold Northern Climate,
'our late *Ruſſian* Emperor, who was not
'very likely to reward, what he never de-
'ſign'd nor deſired to hear. Don *Phœbo*,
'who could be ſeparated from the pleaſing
'Warmth, the Pleaſure I received from ſo
'dear a Lover? In a Word, forgetful of In-
'tereſt! Fame! Ambition! I agreed to
'ſhare his Fortune. Whatever I could ga-
'ther from the Patriarch's ſhining Palace;
'what my Father's Credit, tho' unknown
'to him, could procure; the Liberality of
'my Devout Lover! all was packed up to
'be carried along with us. But, ſome Star,
'injurious to Lovers, prov'd averſe, a Wo-
'man whom I truſted with the Secret, be-
'trayed it to my Mother. My Cargo was
ſecured,

'secured, and my self stop'd. The Patri-
'arch became inraged, and ordered me to
'withdraw from out of his Palace; tho
'that was not the Height of my Misfortune;
'my Lover was departed, and my Father
'full of Remorse, not only fell sick, but
'into such a violent Weakness of Mind,
'that no Man in his Senses could be guilty
'of. He wrote down the hated Particulars
'of the Patriarch's Amour with me; the
'detestable Part he had in seducing me,
'because he had dreaded the Power and
'Anger of his Lord; this he sign'd with
'his own Hand, and not long before his
'Death, conjur'd his Confessor to deliver
'it to the Emperor, that he might forbear
'to honour that licentious Prelate with
'his future Esteem.

'Rob'd of my Father's Support, the Pa-
'triarch's Liberality, and involved for
'those Things I had taken upon Credit to
'carry with me: What could I do, but en-
'deavour to make some Advantage of that
'extraordinary Voice which Nature had be-
'stow'd upon me, and which had cost my
'Father more than two thousand Pieces to
'improve? you know the Success ——
'What might I not have expected? How
'was I ador'd? but born with a Genius too
'mighty for my Fortune! incapable of lit-
'tle Things! and surrounded by noisy Cla-
'mours, I was forced to quit the dear De-
'lights of being admir'd, and admiring!
'oblig'd to give up my Dominion over the

'Town

'Town, who have so often waited the Call
'of my Inclination, before I could deter-
'mine whether I would please to allow
'them such Diversion as was in my Power
'to bestow! and which was worse, forc'd
'to grant my Favours to a Person I did not
'love, and suspend conferring them on one
'I did. In a Word, my threatning Credi-
'tors threw me into the Arms of a Milita-
'ry Tribune: I was a long Time buried
'with him in a detested Solitude, near this
'Place; 'tis true, he omitted nothing,
'even beyond his Capacity, to make me
'easie; but alass! what was his little In-
'come to the large Expence I had been
'us'd to? I could have very well lavish'd away
'his Pay in a Week! but this Niggardliness
'of Fortune was not all I had to complain
'of: The Emperor sent him upon an Ex-
'pedition against the *Vandals*, he left me
'alone, (the Extreams of Sorrow in his
'Heart and Face) with what Provision he
'could afford, to serve my Occasion till his
'Return: That was the Time I took Advan-
'tage of, to see the Person belov'd: I of-
'ten went *Incognito* to *Nova*. One fatal
'Day, upon my Return, I was seiz'd and
'hurry'd to this detestable House, where I
'fell in Travail; and tho' I am discharg'd of
'the Debt which brought me hither, am
'oblig'd to expect the necessary Time when
'it will be safe for me to depart.

'Thus you see my Life is not fill'd with
'surprizing Events like yours; I have

'none

'none of those fortunate Incidents in Wed-
'lock; I am still unmarried; but then it
'is confess'd, I am guiltless of that Anxi-
'ety you must have often felt in Fetters,
'especially when after complimenting your
'first Lady (in the Condition she was then
'in) with a real Marriage, how must you
'be affected and perplexed at the Report
'of her Brother's being yet living, by whose
'Death she was entituled to that Wealth,
'which had made a Husband of Don *Phœ-*
'*bo*? Your Fame is not quite so clear in
'reference to that ugly and odd Misfortune,
'which was so fatal to her, occasion'd by
'your Sister; but a younger Wife, and a
'cry'd-up Beauty, were Consolations for a
'less commodious Loss. How is it that a
'Man of your Sense suffers himself to be
'govern'd! by the Women? The Town
'have been let into the Secret; we know
'so well from your Writing, when you
'have had any matrimonial Discontents; I
'can't say Disputes, for I hear the sullen
'Fair seldom does you the Honour to let it
'go so far; how can a Person of your Fire,
'wait, after Midnight, for four Hours to-
'gether, imploring the obdurate Beauty to
'break her killing Silence? whilst she,
'vain of the Adoration, turns her Back,
'stands looking out of a Window, and
'will neither vouchsafe a Word, nor glance
'her Eyes, by the Prospect of their Bright-
'ness, to relieve your Anguish? When you

'come home late, they say the naked Fair
'rises from her forsaken Bed, thus to receive,
'and thus to punish you for your so long
'Stay, which instantly produces a History of
'conjugal Delights from you. I assure you,
'Sir, it is not the least successful Subject;
'you have not succeeded better in many
'Things than in *connubial* Union. Ah,
'Don *Phœbo*, if you had stuck there, and
'not dabbled in awkard Politicks; which
'were often as unseasonable and blamable
'as your present Boast. What do you
'think your Enemies (for your Manner
'has made you many) will say, when they
'come to know from what humble Cir-
'cumstances that exalted Panegyrick upon
'your self, is dated? Do you not believe,
'you will give them too just an Occasion to
'ridicule Self-sufficiency! Vanity! and per-
'haps Pride! I'm sure Presumption. Oh,
'none Madam interrupted the Don, will
'be so uncharitable to reflect, or be witty
'upon a Person in Misfortunes, and of
'such a Nature as mine are; *Who ever made*
'*a Satyr upon a Beggar?* As such I grant
'you, reply'd the Lady, you may be safe,
'and entituled to our Compassion; but
'should we behold a Wretch, (one in the
'Circumstances you name) assuming haugh-
'ty Airs! ridiculing his Contemporaries!
'reproaching them that by him they eat
'and live? Insulting over the Poverty of
'their Genius, vaunting the Richness of his
'own! calling his Friends that had serv'd

'him

'him *Slanderers*, only for reporting his In-
'gratitude: Would not such a Beggar de-
'serve a double Portion of Reproach, and
'be the truest Subject of Satyr? deserve
'something more *poignant* than ever you
'bestow'd upon Lord *Timon*, who had in
'his own Person peculiarly oblig'd your
'Worship; not to insist upon what you
'derived from his immortal Parent, who
'gave your helpless Infancy the memora-
'ble Benefit of an instructive Establish-
'ment; without which charitable Educa-
'tion, 'tis fear'd, Don *Phœbo*, you could
'not have had Learning enough to qualify
'you for being witty upon his Descendant.'

Camillus's graceful Manner made this little Narration, tho' nothing in it self, agreeable to his Hearers. Lord *Horatio* ask'd him, How Love was now made at *Constantinople*? What was the newest Scandal? The Princess had been lately entertain'd with so long a Discourse of Politicks, Changing the Scene to one more Gay, could not be unentertaining. If your Lordship, reply'd *Camillus*, will be pleas'd to ask the fortunate *Celsus*, and he but please to tell you, I am assur'd that nothing escapes his Knowledge that's worth it. 'Tis *Camillus* is the happy Man, answer'd *Celsus*, the Ladies worship him! there's none of their Secrets that are such to him! But he'll tell none of them, interrupted *Horatio*, so we are like to be but little the better for his Knowledge. I am acquainted with his Talent very well;

he's very good at Silence. What! to his Friends, anſwer'd the Princeſs? that's a provoking Quality in a Man of Wit and Humour! we Women ſo little encourage it, that 'tis a Maxim amongſt Ladies, we had rather *they ſhould tell of us, than not tell to us.* *Camillus*, how will you get off this Difficulty, ſaid *Horatio*? There is none in it, with Submiſſion to your Lordſhip, reply'd *Camillus*; becauſe there can't be any Secrets when *Ethelinda* would be informed: Laws were never made for thoſe who carry an univerſal Right to the Obedience of all Mankind, as does her Highneſs. I ſhall be proud to contribute, in my Turn, to the Entertainment of ſo much Beauty. Very gallant, replyed *Horatio*; pray, young Gentlemen, make way as faſt as you can, for ſomething ſo very new as diſcreet *Camillus*'s Diſcoveries.

My Lord, anſwer'd *Camillus*, at your Return, your Lordſhip will find a new Climate at *Conſtantinople*, in relation to Love: Theſe are no longer the Days of Paſſion, as when you adored the bright *Ximena*, were happy with the killing *Livia*, *Livia*! whoſe *Cupid* diſpenſed as many Arrows as Glances! Either the handſome Women are taken up with Parties, buried in Politicks, or compound for ſomething more groſs; the Affections of the Body are as often vari'd as their Cloaths; for, alas! they love no more. My laſt Adventure lets us into a new Mode of Amour; not naming real Names, your Highneſs,

neſs, and his Lordſhip, won't accuſe me of much Indiſcretion. I muſt confeſs, ſecret tho' I am, 'tis a Pleaſure to unburthen my ſelf: The Diſcourſe I heard ſome Days before I left *Conſtantinople*, has run in my Head ever ſince.

Behold me, Madam, be pleas'd to caſt your killing Eyes towards me; with this tolerable Perſon, I made a paſſable Woman, when dreſs'd like one: There was a young Creature who yet perſiſted in ſo unfaſhionable an Air, as Love! ſhe permitted me to viſit her in the Diſguize of her own Sex. As her Fortune was much inferior to her Beauty, ſhe was obliged to take a Poſt about a Lady in the Palace; but my Buſineſs was not Eternal, ſo I did not think her leſs charming for not being Rich. We paſs'd ſome happy Moments in this Garb; I was eſteem'd a Country Relation, and had the Liberty of the Family: Several pretty Rencounters with the Men, amorous *Douceurs* and Languiſhments, from thoſe who thought I was a Woman, ſerv'd as lucky Incidents to keep up our Diverſion and Taſte to one another.

One Evening that I was waiting her Leiſure in a Cloſet, adjacent to the Bed-Chamber, ſhe came running to me, and bid me retire upon the Inſtant, for her own Lady, her Ladyſhip's Siſter, and two young Relations, were coming to enjoy themſelves with *Coan* and *Falern* Wines, upon a grand Conſult, whereto ſhe was not to be admitted; her

Poſt being aſſign'd at the Chamber-Door, to prevent any of their People from knowing their Ladyſhips were there.

I preſently had the Idea of an agreeable Scene between four ſuch faſhionable Ladies, all young, coquet, and prude, at the ſame Time: I begg'd my Miſtreſs that ſhe would let me conceal my ſelf, and ſhe ſhould know their Diſcourſe at ſecond-hand; no Servant was ever Proof againſt Curioſity, or preferr'd Duty to Love; there's more Fidelity due to the latter: She lock'd me in, took out the Key, and immediately I heard the Chamber fill with warbling Voices that thrill'd my Blood, and diſcompos'd my Heart. My melodious Neighbours, without having Patience to ſtay till the Cups were ſet in order, and their Gentlewoman diſmiſs'd, began a confus'd Dialect, each perſiſting in their own Opinion, without hearing what was ſaid by others. I found they were too warm for an Audience to be able even to gueſs at the Matter in Debate. At laſt Lady *Martia*'s Tongue got the better, that was the Name I heard them call her, (for when they went upon private Adventures, to prevent Diſcovery, each had her *Nome de Guerre*); the reſt had weary'd themſelves into a Minute's Silence, and thus her oraculous Ladyſhip deliver'd her ſelf.

'Indeed, Siſter *Fulvia*, I can't underſtand 'what you and my prude Couſin *Aurelia* 'mean by being belov'd; what would you 'be at? you talk of the Heart: What is

'that

'that unseen Thing, so greatly coveted, so 'little understood? I know no other Value 'it has, than as it bestows the Person, 'which is no false imaginary Delight; 'there's Substance in that, and no Deceit; 'you have what you feel you have: Not so 'in the Heart, there's nothing more distant; 'oftentimes even in the Moment you are 'told, with a thousand Professions that 'tis 'yours, you find it at the Disposal of ano-'ther. My Cousin *Julia*'s wife, she knows 'this to be true; but she is not such a Fool 'to discompose her self about it. Not I 'indeed, reply'd the Lady, it answer'd my 'End, I got a young and rich Husband by 'my Beauty; his Heart was certainly in-'gag'd, or it could never have carry'd him 'into a Marriage so unequal in Fortune. 'The first Year or two I was perfectly 'ador'd; the extravagant Cares of a passio-'nate Husband, is certainly the most trou-'blesome, impertinent Thing in Nature! 'I wonder they don't Blush in being guilty 'of Extreams; good Gud, how hot and 'how cold are these Men? Lords of the 'Creation, as they're called, upon my Soul, 'the Contrariety of their Passions, make 'them the most ridiculous Part of it. When 'they have an Appetite they eat with such 'a Gust, nay, so voraciously, as if they 'thought they should never have their 'Bellies full: When (by an Excess of 'Greediness) they feel themselves cloy'd, 'that they are swell'd even to bursting, the

'Fault to be ſure never lies in them, they 'won't own a Surfeit; 'tis we are chang'd, 'not they. Is there any good-natur'd 'Wretch uſes our Table, begins my Health, 'remembers me ſeven Years ago, when I 'was the High mode, tho' perhaps not ſo 'handſome as at preſent? my complaiſant 'Spouſe recollects thoſe dear Days of De-'light, with a Shrug and a Sigh from the 'Bottom of his Heart, cries ah, my Lord '—— ſhe was —— *Julia* was —— at fif-'teen *Julia* was irreſiſtible —— But now, 'alas! —— two or three and twenty——is 'that an Age for Beauty? —— ah, the 'Difference ——— the irretrievable Bloom '——— her Features are grown large and 'coarſe, not like *Julia*'s—— but tis in vain 'to repine ——— whoſe Dial ever ſtands 'ſtill? ——— come hither Spouſe, kiſs me 'for what thou haſt been —— let me, if 'poſſible, dwell upon the dear Remembrance '——— I would give all my Eſtate thou 'wert ſtill the ſame lovely *Julia* I once 'ador'd. Couſin *Fulvia*, if I lov'd the Man, 'don't you think this Manner of Treatment 'would be an inſupportable Mortification? 'quite contrary, I'm eaſie under it, let the 'Wretch be dully witty in his Way —— 'I'll be happy in mine —— But Couſin, 'Reputation being ſo nice a Good, an *Er-'min* that won't bear the leaſt Soil, my 'Couſin *Martia* and my ſelf have found a 'way to taſte the ſubſtantial Part of Love, 'without the Danger and Scandal! now

'Couſin

'Couſin *Fulvia*, and Siſter *Aurelia*, out of
'our great good Reſpect and Tenderneſs we
'have for both of your deſolate Circumſtan-
'ces, (buried, as your neglected Charms
'ſeem to be, in the dull Embrace of Poli-
'tick Husbands) we have thought fit to let
'you into the darling Secret, and if you ap-
'prove, to lend you our Aſſiſtance towards
'carrying on a Communication that may
'give you the ſolid Joys of Love without
'the Reproach, provided you can have Wit
'enough, with us, to wave the Particular
'of the Heart, which ſerves for nothing
'but to diſtract the Senſes. I would not
'love and be beloved by the moſt perfect
'*Adonis* that *Venus* ever ſigh'd for; becauſe,
'without giving me one Grain more of
'Pleaſure, it would indanger a Load of In-
'famy. Pray, what was the Conſequence
'of *Narciſſus*'s Flame, for my Couſin *Mar-*
'*tia*, and the Diſtinction ſhe had for *Narciſ-*
'*ſus*? Was not all the Town buſie with the
'Fragrancy of her good Name, till it be-
'came an offenſive Odour to the Nice and
'the Vertuous? not counting the Perplex-
'ity of his having Amours with others,
'Poſſeſſion it ſelf is a Sweet that cloys!
'*Martia* loaths *Narciſſus* at this Day more
'than ſhe does her Lord; the Cauſe why is
'plain, becauſe ſhe doated on the firſt, and
'never roſe above Indifferency for the
'other. What Torment? what Perplexi-
'ty, to get rid of a Lover that will ſtill be
'belov'd? who believes it meritorious to

‘ perſevere, tho’ what created his Merit
‘ (our Liking) be no more?
‘ Did ever you hear of a Man, who was
‘ in Favour with one of our Diſtinction,
‘ but he had ſome Confidant with whom to
‘ taſte over again the Delights we give?
‘ that Confidant has another, and ſo ſuc-
‘ ceſſively, till we become the publick Theme:
‘ Beſides, young Fellows, now adays, affect
‘ a nauſeous Behaviour in reſpect of Wo-
‘ men: One ſneers in your Face, pulls all
‘ the Beauties of the Town to Pieces, finds
‘ fault with the Eyes of *Berenice*. Who
‘ ever was a *Belle* with blue Eyes? *Octavia*
‘ dreſſes her ſelf like a Fright! ſhe’s ſo old,
‘ dares ſwear near Eighteen; her Cloaths
‘ with all the Colours of the Rain-bow.
‘ Young *Phryne* has ſuch high Shoulders,
‘ ’tis ſuch a forbidding Sight; a Month af-
‘ ter, becauſe her Face is handſome, all the
‘ Town takes the Mode of high Shoulders,
‘ from her natural Defect, and carrying
‘ themſelves into an odious Imitation of
‘ what *Phryne* would have given any Thing
‘ ſhe had not been born with. That ſame
‘ young Fellow comes into the general viti-
‘ ous Taſte, and quarrels with *Domitia*, his
‘ accompliſh’d Miſtreſs, for an Ungain,
‘ Unbred, Country Thing; one who is ſo
‘ ſtupid, ſhe cannot acquire a modiſh Be-
‘ haviour; does not know how to carry her
‘ Hands, and Arms; how to advance her Shoul-
‘ ders with an Air, hers being poſitively, at
‘ leaſt, four Inches below the becoming Height.

‘ Another

‘ Another Fool yawns, gives a Look of
‘ Fatigue and Diſdain, and draws his
‘ Mouth awry, and cries out upon the
‘ Wearisomeneſs of Life! —— no new
‘ Pleaſures! no freſh Scandal! no Invita-
‘ tion to Joy! all's dull! inſipid! worn
‘ out Repetition! what would he give to
‘ have a more vulgar Taſte! — to be dully
‘ pleas'd, as ſo many wretched happy Fel-
‘ lows are? Name War! Ambition! Read-
‘ ing! Building! Dancing! Muſick! the
‘ Theatre! Love! he has tir'd them all out
‘ of Favour. Courage (to which he is a mortal
‘ Enemy) is neceſſary for War; he does
‘ not know where the Pleaſure, by way of
‘ Diverſion lies, of living no more ——
‘ Ambition is for dull plodding Mortals,
‘ unfit for Men of Taſte and Delicacy:
‘ Reading, he has run through all that Part
‘ of the Story, there's nothing new, Au-
‘ thors not only live upon one another, but
‘ themſelves: repeat the ſame Thing twen-
‘ ty Times over, like an old Tale told ſe-
‘ veral ways. There ought to be Inventi-
‘ on to make what they write go down;
‘ ſomething they want *je ne ſcai quoy*;
‘ they produce not any Thing worth look-
‘ ing over, *&c.* Building, both himſelf and
‘ his Eſtate are already worn out that way.
‘ What Men call Diverſions — are no lon-
‘ ger ſuch; there are now no Performers;
‘ who ſings, dances, or ſpeaks with tole-
‘ rable Harmony? wearied with ſuch Apes,
‘ ſuch Parrots, ſuch Cat-Calls, can any who

‘ has

'has tasted *Roscius*, bear Candle-Snuffers?
'——— Love!—ridiculous — a descend-
'ing Goddess could not give him a Pang;
'Yet by way of *Innuendo*, his abstemious
'Worship will let your Ladyship hope, that
'if you are so unfortunate to be enamour'd
'at his fine Person, he wants ill Nature
'enough to throw you quite into Despair.
'A third proves a *Patrician*, one of the
'old (or which is worse, of the new) made
'*Classes*: His Quality has a Title to all the
'Favours any Lady has in Reserve; 'tis a
'Whirl-pool wherein Pride! Vanity! Ig-
'norance! Avarice! Diseases! exposing
'Reputation! are suck'd in and forgotten:
'That my Lord is pleas'd to honour you
'is enough, no Matter for the Merit of the
'Person, or how enormous are his Vices.
'His Lordship would give all the World
'he could be in Love; never was a Lover,
'tho' he has often personated one, yet has
'a Glut of Amours upon his Hands, he s
'so excessively throng'd, what can one do?
'Passions are not in one's own Power! hates
'taking Pains; no Woman can be worth
'the Fatigue of Approaches, or the Plague of
'departing Compliments! How much more
'agreeable would they prove, if they did not
'extort superfluous Address, put a Man to
'the Rack, to confess what his Heart is guilt-
'less of? For his Lordship's Part, he loves a
'Commerce where he does not find himself
'obliged to speak, especially when he is of a
'Humour to be silent.

'But,

'But, granting a Youth of unexception-
'able Merit (one whose Heart were worth
'the touching) become your Conquest;
'the Plague of Jealousie, which always at-
'tends great Passions in such a Court as
'this, certainly discovers the Amour, and
'your Reputation becomes an unavoidable
'Sacrifice to your Lover's Suspicions and
'Indiscretion.

'This I was us'd to tell Lady *Martia*,
'when she was doating on *Narcissus*: I
'drew her off from that Attachment, but
'not till it was too late; I then brought
'her into the Cabal, but she had too much
'Fire for so dull a Commerce; she could
'not taste the pall'd Delights of her own
'Sex. I must confess, she made me an
'Apostate to the Religion (her self ex-
'cepted) whose Votary I am to the highest
'Degree. My Sister *Aurelia* too, was
'one inclin'd to that Worship; but I think
'she's so taken up with managing at Home,
'and assisting her Spouse in Intelligence and
'Politicks, that she neglects her devoir
'to the *Sodality*.

'I hope, my dear *Julia*, interrupted *Mar-*
'*tia*, I have not shewn my self insensible
'of your Love; who left a magnificent
'Palace of my own, to come and be in
'Lodgings near you, because the Distance
'rob'd me of so much Time in going and
'coming? Time! devoted to nicer Joys!
'Ought I, lovely *Martia*, answer'd *Julia*,
'to value my self upon that Sacrifice?

Which

'Which of your Mother's Perfections was 'I oblig'd to for it? her amorous or avari- 'tious? Has not your Principle of good 'Houſewifry (how commendable I won't 'ſay, in one of your Rank) occaſion'd that 'Deſertion by which you have been able 'to reduce without Noiſe, ſo great a Part 'of your Train? but be that as it will; 'ſince the Benefit is mine, the Complaint 'ought not to be ſo.

'There is a Tradition, Lady *Fulvia*, of '*Claudius*'s Empreſs *Meſſalina*, (you need not 'turn over your learned Lords high-bought 'muſty Manuſcripts to find what were her 'Diverſions;) ſhe frequented common Hou- 'ſes, and was pleaſed to be treated as a com- 'mon Woman. 'Tis ſuppoſed the whole 'Sex were acceptable to her Majeſty; ſhe 'received without Diſtinction or Objection 'whoever offered themſelves: Charming '*Martia* and my ſelf have refin'd upon the 'Invention; we firſt put our ſelves in a 'genteel *Diſhabillie*, generally ſpeaking of 'black and white, becauſe moſt worn and 'leſs diſtinguiſhable: Sometimes I viſit 'her Ladyſhip, ſometimes her Ladyſhip 'viſits me; our Intimacy is ſo well known, 'none Wonders at the Dearneſs: Our Peo- 'ple are ſent off. When met, to be ſure we 'paſs the Evening together till far in the 'Night; our Women are acquainted with 'the Pleaſure we have in being ſhut up 'with one another, and of courſe deny us 'to all Company. We ſteal out by a Back-

'Way

'Way in a common Coach to the *Tire-*
'*Woman's* or *Wardrobe Faſhioner's*, where we
'veil and adjourn to the *Amphitheater*,
'ſeat our ſelves amongſt the *Courtizans*,
'and think it Policy to be eſteemed ſuch.

'There we have our Choice of the hand-
'ſomeſt, wittieſt, moſt promiſing of the
'Sex. The Fruit-Women who know all
'that comes, tell us their Character, and
'what Eſtates they have; we take care not
'to ingage with Rakes of what Quality
'ſoever: Let me aſſure you, Ladies, Mo-
'rality, Senſe, Humanity, lies moſt among
'the Rank of Landed-Men, eſteem'd but
'meer Gentlemen: The Youth of Quality
'are too much indulg'd in Idleneſs, to be
'Learned; inſtead of Improvement, they
'practiſe early Pleaſure and Debauchery:
'Beſides, there are a great many military
'Officers very agreeable Fellows, born of
'good Families, with genteel Adreſs, well-
'made Perſons, and a World of Love,
'each in themſelves able to attract a Heart
'of Value; for two Thirds of the Year in
'the Field, baniſh'd from Beauty, they
'look upon Women as Miracles, and
'therefore adore us: We have found Abun-
'dance of ſafe Diverſion among theſe Peo-
'ple: We talk, laugh, eat with them;
'they ſee our Faces, become raviſh'd with
'our Youth and Beauty; forget the *Courti-*
'*zan* in the Charmer, embrace with Ar-
'dour, and give us all that can be accept-
'able in the Sex; nay, pay us too; which

'my

'my Couſin *Martia* thinks none of the 'worſt Part of the Entertainment; tho' ſhe 'can want no Money, yet ſhe fancies what 'ſhe gets that way is lucky; a fooliſh Su- 'perſtition ſhe has: Ask her to ſhew you 'the Purſe conſecrated to *Venus*, where ſhe 'puts all her Gettings? ſhe dares not let 'you know how full it is.

'For my Part I could well diſpenſe from 'receiving the Offering, but for Fear of 'becoming ſuſpected. If we like our 'Treat, we conſent to return another Time 'to the Banquet. The Lover parts from 'us without any Curioſity, becauſe he be- 'lieves we are of a Rank not to deſerve it; 'yet ſo vicious is the modiſh Taſte, that 'he's not the leſs amorous for it: You may 'be ſure we take care our Choice ſhould 'not fall amongſt ſuch as frequent the 'Court. As to our Appearance on ſolemn 'Days, encompaſs'd by Train and Equi- 'page! ſeated in a magnificent Chariot! 'our Perſon blazing with Jewels and ori- 'ental Pearls! Robes ſhining with Gold 'and precious Gems! a Man durſt not believe 'his own Eyes, nor (tho' he heard us ſpeak) 'his Ears. He would perhaps conclude, his 'lovely *Courtizan* was not unlike that re- 'ſplendent Lady, and long with a double 'Guſt till the Hour of Aſſignation, that he 'might poſſeſs the Court-Beauty in the Per- 'ſon of his Common Charmer.

'But, Couſin, interrupted *Fulvia*, are you 'not afraid of Lady *Roſana*'s ill Fortune?

'ſhe

'she used to go upon such Frolicks, but 'how was she serv'd? brought before a Ma-'gistrate, confin'd, and at last forced to 'declare her Quality, to the Confusion of 'her Fame. That was her Indiscretion, 'Madam, reply'd *Julia*, she affected the 'Courtizan, still with Reserve to the Wo-'man of Honour. She would be suspected 'for a Person of Condition, by which she 'gave the Men Curiosity to follow her: 'Dropping all such ill-tim'd, haughty Airs, 'we are never dogg'd, nor are never in 'Danger of it. *Rosana* amused her self 'unprofitably; she would be witty and a-'busive, raise the Lover's Spleen and De-'sires, and then forsake him, which often-'times was not in her Power to do; sus-'pecting her Quality, he would not be for-'saken. Our Business is solid Pleasure, not 'empty Froth, we would love, not talk. I 'could tell you of some very pretty Amuse-'ments, enough to tempt you to be of our 'diverting Society.

'I remember, cry'd *Martia*, my first Ad-'venturer was a young handsome Gentleman 'of the Country: As a certain Proof that 'he did not know me, after we grew inti-'mately well acquainted, he began to curse 'my Father and my Mother for their Op-'pression! which at their own Price, had 'forc'd him to sell a Parcel of Land that 'lay convenient for their Building. Had he 'but known the Reprisals and sweet Re-'venge he took upon their Daughter,

'twould

'twould have doubtleſs comforted him for his Sufferings. I owned he pleaſed me ſo well, that for two Months I thought on nothing elſe; twice a Week I indulg'd in his Converſation, which, believe me, was very diverting and full of practical Inſtructions.

'Siſter *Fulvia*, is not this better than pulling the Pages to Pieces? killing them till they loſe their Breath, hagging the Colour out of their Face; for if of a weakly Conſtitution, thoſe young Wretches ſink under the Effort: If naturally robuſt, they'r always bold, and grow ſo preſumptuous, 'twould make one tremble to think on't.

'Sometimes *Julia* and I change Lovers, ſometimes direct apart, ſometimes together! we ſee Men in all Humours, they don't give themſelves the Pain of Diſſimulation, before ſuch Creatures as they ſuppoſe us to be. I may very well affirm, they carry the Delights of Senſe to as high a Pitch as they can go, we give a Looſe to Nature: The leſs ſhe is diſguiſed, the more amiable ſhe is. I've often wiſhed my ſelf the Perſon I repreſented; a bright and entire Votary to *Venus*, without affected Honour, taſteleſs Grandour, and undeſerved Reputation; in ſhort, what Joys are ſo poignant? What Bliſs comparative to ſwelling Love and dear Security?

'I have been diverted with receiving many good Proffers in my Garb of *Courtezan*, even from Men of our own Family.

'Once

'Once a ſhe Procurer, who was taken with
'ſomething jantie about me, tho' ſhe did
'not ſee my Face, ſate her ſelf down by me
'before the Comedy began, and would have
'made an Aſſignation for my own dear
'Pappa; (I wiſh my Lady-Mother had been
'of the Audience;) but ſhe told me, he
'never gave but a Piece; I begg'd to be
'excuſed, I was above his Lordſhip's ſtingy
'Price ——— I told her, I had more
'Mind to ſuch a one, naming my own
'Spouſe; I fancy'd there might be Hopes
'from his not loving his Lady, and the
'large Eſtate he poſſeſs'd: She gave me mo-
'therly Advice againſt entring my ſelf in-
'to that Gang, unleſs I would reſolve to
'run thro' it, and be undone for ever.
'The Prince of ——— was at their
'Head, the moſt debauch'd, yet the moſt
'inhumane, the moſt dangerous to our Pro-
'feſſion, of any Man living. Perpetually,
'noiſily drunk, and then full of Miſchief.
'As to her Part, he had more than once
'ſcour'd her poor Windows, frighted away
'her Ladies, by the ill-natured Tricks he
'played them; and which was worſe, had
'almoſt ruin'd her Family by carrying a-
'way the Catalogue of Names, true and
'falſe, of her Gentlewomen, with their
'Place of Abode; by which ſhe had been
'at a great Loſs to oblige Perſons of Qua-
'lity in a long Time after.

'Ladies, purſu'd the diſcreet *Martia*, I
'make bold with my own Spouſe, without
'asking

'asking your Leave; but believe me, I 'love conjugal Peace too well to offer at 'any Part of the Diſcovery I may have 'made of either of yours; *Julia* may do as 'ſhe pleaſes.

'O nothing to deſtroy Pleaſure, anſwer'd 'the charming *Julia.*' [All this Time I could hear the Wine warmly paſs about, and oftentimes it, as well as its Effects, commended,] 'I never was ſo tempted in 'my Life, continued ſhe, as at the Addreſſes 'of young *Decius* the *Patrician*'s Son. He 'brought his charming Bride, her Beauty 'dazzling, as the Shine of Angels, to the '*Pantomimes*; yet left her to the Adoration 'of the Croud, to come and divert himſelf 'among the *Courtizvns*. He had been but 'two Days marry'd, but made me the Sa-'crifice. If I would be pleaſed to accept his 'Efforts. I was afraid he would know me, 'or I ſhould not ſo willingly have paſs'd 'over the Graces of his Perſon, his Wit, 'Humour, Converſation, thoſe ſolid, as well 'as gay Accompliſhments, that make him one 'of the moſt polite agreeable Perſons of 'the Age.

'Chance threw me once upon a melan-'choly Lover. He was to have been mar-'ry'd to a lovely Widow, you muſt all 'have heard of Lady *Stratonice*. The Match 'was much to her Advantage, and the more 'becauſe ſhe had had an Affair with *Mu-'tius*, who had reaped her Favours in Con-'ſideration of a Contract he afterwards de-

'ny'd

'ny'd to perform, and dared her to profe-
'cute upon it. Her Fame was of more Va-
'lue, which the Traytor very well knew.
'Befides fhe had then the Offer of the
'young *Equeſtrian Valens.* The Day of Mar-
'riage was aſſign'd; on the Eve of it, the de-
'ſtin'd Bridegroom taking the Liberty of
'the Lodging, came up the Back-ſtairs un-
'ſeen. Hearing *Stratonice*'s Voice in her
'Cloſet, he abſconded behind a Skreen to
'learn her Diſcourſe. The Confidant of
'her Amours with *Mutius* was then with
'her, whom ſhe upbraided in his Name
'with all the Treachery ſhe had met from
'him, recounting her Diſhonour, the Con-
'tract, and thoſe Particulars that had ruin'd
'her! In Conſequence ſhe gave up that fa-
'tal Writing, and all his falſe Letters, to
'the Perſon, and deſired her to return back
'with hers to *Mutius*, for ſhe was now no
'longer her own but *Valens*'s, whom ſhe was
'to eſpouſe the next Day, and therefore
'did not think it diſcreet, to leave ſuch
'Witneſſes of her Frailty in the Hands of a
'Villain.

'*Valens* bleſs'd his Stars for the Diſcovery,
'and from that Moment ſet foot no more in
'*Stratonice*'s Lodgings. But as he had truly
'loved her, ſhe made a deep Impreſſion up-
'on his Heart, he was perſuaded to ſeek his
'Cure in Diverſions, and began with me:
'I ſucceeded ſo well, that in two or three
'Meetings he had forgot the wanton Wi-
'dow. This well-made agreeable Gentle-

'man

'man was so fond, I could not but be grate-
'ful; methought 'twas something more de-
'licate (our Commerce) than only Sense.
'We loved one another. In short for one
'Winter, he made my whole Diversion with
'very little Addition; he even proffered
'me to take me from my Way of living to
'carry me to his Country Seat, and settle an
'ample Fortune upon me; here was good
'Luck for a *Courtesan!* my Cousin *Martia*,
'who can't bear losing what may be got,
'persuaded me to take it, but could not ad-
'vise me in what Manner. So the Matter
'dropp'd; I grew weary of my *Equestrian*,
'and my *Equestrian* I suppose repeated his
'old Remedy to his old Distemper, the
'Cure of a new Face.'

Camillus was thus proceeding, when News was brought the Princess, that King *Beraldus* and Count *Oswald* were at Hand, and sent to tell her Highness, they would in a Moment be with her. The Blood rose to *Ethelinda*'s Face; she was receiving new Proofs of her Charms from the Impatience of a Lover truly touched! insupportable Absence had carryed it from Reason, had carryed it from Interest; and brought the amorous Monarch (regardless of all Things but Love) without being expected, to the Feet of the adorable *Ethelinda*.

FINIS.

The following Books written by the Author of the *New Atalantis*, and Publiſhed by *J. Morphew*, near *Stationers-Hall*.

NOvels. Vol. I. The Powers of Love in Seven Novels, *viz.* I. The Fair Hypocrite. II. The Phyſician's Stratagem. III. The Wife's Reſentment. IV. V. The Husband's Reſentment. In Two Examples. VI. The Happy Fugitives. VII. The Perjur'd Beauty.

A Second Volume of the Novels are in the Preſs.

Lucius, the firſt Chriſtian King of *Britain*, A Tragedy. As it is Acted at the *Theatre-Royal* in *Drury-Lane*. By His Majeſty's Servants.

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